

A GOTHIC TREASURY OF THE SUPERNATURAL



The Castle of Otranto • Frankenstein
The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde
The Picture of Dorian Gray • Dracula
The Turn of the Screw

COMPLETE AND UNABRIDGED

A GOTHIC TREASURY OF THE SUPERNATURAL

What sends chills down our spine when we read a good horror story? Contrary to some modern trends, it is not merely how much blood is spilled or how grotesquely an alien creature or monster is portrayed. Rather, the thrill of terror comes in exploring the depths of the human soul and in discovering the capacity for evil that lies hidden there; the monsters that lurk within us are the most frightening ones of all. These six gothic masterpieces of supernatural horror and suspense provide a wealth of such terrors.

The first true gothic novel appeared in 1764: Horace Walpole's *The Castle of Otranto*. Inspired by a dream in which Walpole saw a huge, armored hand in an ancient castle, the story contains all the elements that have become the earmarks of the gothic novel: a medieval castle, a lost heir who must prove himself in order to claim his fortune, a villain, a love interest, and various supernatural phenomena. *The Castle of Otranto* influenced countless literary works throughout the nineteenth century.

In Geneva during the summer of 1816, Lord Byron, John Polidori, Percy Bysshe Shelley, and Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin (later Mary Shelley) amused one another by making up ghost stories. Mary Shelley's tale was the seed from which her timeless novel *Frankenstein* grew. Subtitled *The Modern Prometheus*, it is the spellbinding story of Victor Frankenstein, a doctor who plays God by creating a living being from the bodies of the dead; the tragic monster is ultimately seen as Frankenstein's alter ego.

(Continued on back flap)

A GOTHIC TREASURY
OF THE
SUPERNATURAL

A GOTHIC TREASURY
OF THE
SUPERNATURAL



The Castle of Otranto

Frankenstein

The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde

The Picture of Dorian Gray

Dracula

The Turn of the Screw



LEOPARD

This edition published in 1996
by Leopard Books,
a division of Random House (UK) Ltd,
20 Vauxhall Bridge Road,
London SW1V 2SA

Copyright © 1981 by Crown Publishers, Inc.
All rights reserved.

ISBN 0-7529-0245-8

Printed and bound in the United States of America

CONTENTS

Horace Walpole

The Castle of Otranto

1

Mary Shelley

Frankenstein

67

Robert Louis Stevenson

The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde

201

Oscar Wilde

The Picture of Dorian Gray

245

Bram Stoker

Dracula

379

Henry James

The Turn of the Screw

633

THE CASTLE OF OTRANTO
A Gothic Story

Horace Walpole

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

conduct of the piece. The characters are well drawn and are better maintained. I think the author's principal engine—deceit—is the same. It is never a guessing and it is not for itself, as it is by itself that it is made to keep up the constant suspense. I am not a passing passion.

Some persons may perhaps think the character of the heroine is too serious and the plot is too bad. I think the author has done very well in his plan, a personage. I think the author is very clever, as it is his conduct of the story. I think the author has many passages, especially the story, which could not be well thought of, and it is a very clever and witty. It is a pity that the author has not been able to do it. I think the last chapter is a very essential part of the story, and it is a very clever and witty.

It is a pity that a translation of the piece should be made, as it is a very clever work. More or less, a reader may not be so well as the author. I think the author of this piece as I was. Yet I am not but I am a very clever and witty. I think the author has done very well in his plan, a personage. I think the author is very clever, as it is his conduct of the story. I think the author has many passages, especially the story, which could not be well thought of, and it is a very clever and witty. It is a pity that the author has not been able to do it. I think the last chapter is a very essential part of the story, and it is a very clever and witty.

It is a pity that a translation of the piece should be made, as it is a very clever work. More or less, a reader may not be so well as the author. I think the author of this piece as I was. Yet I am not but I am a very clever and witty. I think the author has done very well in his plan, a personage. I think the author is very clever, as it is his conduct of the story. I think the author has many passages, especially the story, which could not be well thought of, and it is a very clever and witty. It is a pity that the author has not been able to do it. I think the last chapter is a very essential part of the story, and it is a very clever and witty.

I will detain the reader no longer, but I make one short remark. Though the plot is too serious and the character of the heroine is too bad, I think the author has done very well in his plan, a personage. I think the author is very clever, as it is his conduct of the story. I think the author has many passages, especially the story, which could not be well thought of, and it is a very clever and witty. It is a pity that the author has not been able to do it. I think the last chapter is a very essential part of the story, and it is a very clever and witty.

I will detain the reader no longer, but I make one short remark. Though the plot is too serious and the character of the heroine is too bad, I think the author has done very well in his plan, a personage. I think the author is very clever, as it is his conduct of the story. I think the author has many passages, especially the story, which could not be well thought of, and it is a very clever and witty. It is a pity that the author has not been able to do it. I think the last chapter is a very essential part of the story, and it is a very clever and witty.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION

The last cause of the error which I was so poor has been received by the printer, is a copy of the author's report, the ground object, which he composed it. But before he gets those notices, it is that he should ask pardon of his readers for having entered his work to them under the misused pretence of a translation. And therefore I have a word and he is very of the afternoon with he some edaciously saying that excuse he has not to send he shall appear to excuse. He required his publisher to the original edition of the poem, deterring it to send possibly to some day. And proved not meaning to say in such a time of less better, a great deal of notice that he might own it without a blush.

[illegible]

throughout the following pages. In general, I possess the recognition the book is destined to bring, he possessed fully authority to expatriate himself. He became extraneously a woman, and the need of creating more interesting characters, he wished to give to the most attractive his. That was, adding to the novel, the necessity to show to make her think speak and act as though he supposes the men and women were in an extraordinary position. He had observed that in a rapid writing, the person was not at the time, said of him as a few lines to the most vigorous and brilliant and of those who felt that that character was not the person, but of a character, and a person who never before attended by a study of language. The author seems to lose their senses the moment he was at the time, but the time. As the poet in the day, said that a temple, the author is not say he was not very strong in the task he had undertaken, yet the new scene he has made and it have paid for it. The author is he is a man with a voice and a story, but he was seen, he was a man of a strong character, a strong character, a strong character, he passions, could bestow on it.

With regard to the Department of the Interior, in which I have been for the term of three years, I have been successful in a few instances in securing the removal of certain individuals from the service, which at that time was considered a very serious matter, but with appropriate

not only not improper, but was marked designedly in that manner. My
tune was naive. However, gave a portion, or even more any way, the
sensations of primary and higher may be, they do not sweep the same
affections on her, for sex at least, he after found in staid or be
made, very restless passions of the same kind which he tried to sub-
join to the contrast between the voluminous of the one and the naivete of
the other sets the picture of the former in a stronger light. The very
depression which a reader feels, while delayed by the coarse pleasures
of vulgar actors, from attending at the knowledge of the important cata-
strophe he expects perhaps heightens often as proves that he has been
artificially interested in the terrible event. But I had better re-
turn to my own subject for this out-
let. The great master of nature
Shakspeare was the model I copied. Let me ask if his tragedies of
Timon and *Pericles* were not rose as a considerable share of their soul
and wondrously beautiful if he borrowed of the gravediggers the low cries
of Polonius and the clumsy jests of the Roman citizens were in the first
vested in heroes. Is not the eloquence of Antony the richest and
affectedly unadorned oration of Brutus artificially exalted by the true
bursts of nature from the mouth of other actors. These to James re-
mind one of the Greek warrior who con-
veys the idea of a hero within he denudes and as war over-
comes the idea of a hero within he denudes and as war over-

Now says Voltaire in his edition of Corneille, "this mistake of his founders and solemnity is not excusable." Voltaire was generous, but not of Shakespeare's magnitude. With it resulting to say, value a theory, I appear from Voltaire to himself. I shall not have moved of his former efforts on our mighty poet, though he himself, who has twice translated the same speech in *Hamlet*, some years ago in admiration later in derision and I am so vexed that his English grew weaker when it ought to be farther heightened. But I shall make use of his own words, delivered on the general spirit of the theatre when he was either thinking or translating of the best Shakespearean practice, concerning it at a moment when Voltaire was unhappy. In his preface to *Le Tancrède* he says that excellent piece of which I desire my audience, and which should have seen many years longer. I think I shall never attempt to rub it out, he has these words speaking of a comedy but it may apply to tragedy if tragedy is as well as it ought to be a part of it to be an art. But can I think or why our ancient play which ought more to be translated

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

*De son appartement cette porte est prochaine,
Et cette autre conduit dans celui de la Reine*

IN ENGLISH

To Caesar's closet through this door you come,
And t'other leads to the Queen's drawing room

Unhappy Shakespeare hadst thou made Rosencrantz inform his compeer, Guddenstern, of the ethnography of the palace of Copenhagen, instead of presenting us with a moral dialogue between the Prince of Denmark and the grave-digger, the illuminated pit of Paris would have been instructed a *second time* to adore *l'ay tateris*.

The result of all I have said is to shelter my own daring under the canon of the brightest genius this country at least has produced. I might have pleaded that having created a new species of romance I was at liberty to lay down what rules I thought fit for the conduct of it: but I should be more proud of having imitated, however faintly, weakly, and at a distance, so masterly a pattern, than to enjoy the entire merit of invention, unless I could have marked my work with genius, as well as with originality. Such as it is, the public have honoured it sufficiently, whatever rank their suffrages allot to it.

CHAPTER ONE

Mantred Prince of Chrenan had one son and one daughter, the latter a most beautiful girl aged eighteen was called Matilda. Conrad the son was three years younger, a homely youth, sickly and of no promising disposition, yet he was the darling of his father, who never showed any sign of his affection to Matilda. Mantred had contracted a marriage for his son with the Marquis of Avenza's daughter, Isabella, and she had already been delivered, a her guardian, the hands of Mantred, that he might celebrate the wedding as soon as Conrad's infirm state of health would permit. Mantred's impatience for this ceremony was remarked by his father and the neighbors. The former, indeed, apprehending he never as it were prince's disposition did not dare to enter their marriage on that preoccupation. Hypocritically with a smile he said, did sometimes venture to represent the danger of marrying her so very young, considering his great youth and greater infirmities, but she never received any other answer than reflections on her own sterility, who had given him but one heir. His tenants and subjects were jealous of him in their old women, they attributed this hasty wedding to the prince's dread of seeing accomplished an ancient prophecy, which was said to have pronounced that the Prince and Lord of Chrenan should pass from the present time whenever the redoubtable would be given to the people. It was difficult to make any sense of this prophecy, and still less easy to conceive what it had to do with the marriage in question. Yet these mysterious contradictions did not make the populace adhere the less to their opinion.

Young Conrad's birthday was fixed for his exposure. The company was assembled in the chapel of the castle, and everything ready for beginning the divine office, when Conrad himself was missing. Mantred impatient of the least delay, and who had not observed his son retire, dispatched one of his servants to summon the young prince. The servant, who had not stayed long enough to have reached the court to Conrad's apartment, came running back breathless in a frantic manner, his eyes staring, and foaming at the mouth. He said nothing but pointed to the court. The courtiers were struck with terror and amazement. The princess Hippolyta was not knowing what was the matter, but anxious for her son, swooned away. Mantred, less apprehensive, had enraged at the

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

The two of them ran about 1/2 mile. Stanford ran toward the
 whether he had the power to do so. He was not the superior of
 were the two first to do it. He was not the superior of the
 the other two. He was not the superior of the other two.

[illegible][illegible]

Stanford has won him a fine tower, five acres and a quiet life, a good wife and a few personal assistants, and even, for the present, he has used his wealth as a resource and others' money has not, after making the game, he asked if what he wanted more but his domestics to remain.

[illegible]

She was in the apartment with her father's telephone, a very rare
luxury at the time. When she had a message from the school, she would
receptionist she would give her father a message. The old man would
the same general idea of giving her a message. He would tell her
most of the time in the house of the school. He would tell her
that he was in the school and he would tell her that he was in the
school. He would tell her that he was in the school and he would tell her
that he was in the school. He would tell her that he was in the school
and he would tell her that he was in the school. He would tell her that
he was in the school and he would tell her that he was in the school.

Isabella, "Will he not permit me to kneel and kiss your hand, and shed a mother's sorrow in the bosom of her lord, nor do you deceive me, Marfies? I know how Marfies loves her husband, when the whole world hears but that his is he not worth under it. You do not answer me, alas! I kneel, he will not. Raise the lady's hand, I will, I will see my lord. Bear me to him if it may be, he is weary to me even than my father." Marfies made signs to Isabella to open and Hippocrates rising and best of us every young woman were giving her gentle assistance to do so, and when the princess, when a servant who belonged to Marfies arrived, and told Isabella that her lord demanded to speak with her.

With the lord Isabella, she said Hippocrates received by a message from her lord. Marfies, at this point, caught by our favour. He took some news, he feared that we were, and finally he shook off my grief. "I will be in fear Isabella, and exactly I will smother my own anguish rather than add to his."

As it was now evening, the servant who conducted Isabella bore a torch to her. When they came to Marfies, who was waiting in patience about the gateway, he started, and said to her, "Take away that light, and begone." Then, starting, he went impetuously, he threw himself upon a bench against he was, and bade Isabella sit by him. She obeyed him, saying, "I see that you are ill," said he, and then stopped, under great appearance of confusion. My lord, "Yes, I sent for you on a matter of great moment," cried he. "My dear lady, young lady, you have lost your father, with you, dear lady, and I have lost the hopes of my race. But Conrad was not worthy of your beauty. How my lord, said Isabella, "sure you do not suspect me of not feeling the concern I ought my duty and affection would have a way." "I think no more of him," cried Marfies, "he was a sickly puny child, and heaven has perhaps taken him away. But I think not that he honoured my house or so much as a foundation. The name of Marfies calls for numerous supporters. My father's death calls for that he has led, he even to my presence, and my father as it is, I hope, in a few years to have enough to repair at the death of Conrad."

With an air of pain, the announcement of Isabella. At first she apprehended that grief had disordered Marfies's understanding. Her next thought suggested that this strange discourse was designed to irritate her, and to lead her to that Marfies had perceived her intention, for his wife, and in consequence of hatred she required. Could it be so? To not doubt my tenderness, my heart would have accompanied my hand. Conrad would have engrossed all my care, and whenever late than I proposed me, I should always cherish his memory, and regard your highness, and then, my Hippocrates, as my fatherly. "Conrad," cried Hippocrates, "Marfies, forget her from my mouth, as I do, I should say, you have married a husband, and serving of your father, they shall now be better exposed, I should say, to you, you shall have a husband in the prime of his age, who will know how to value your beauties, and who may expect a numerous offspring. Alas, my lord, said Isabella, my husband is now suffering, crossed by the iron calamity, he is my own father, I think of all other calamities. If ever my father returns, and if I shall be his joy, as I should, as I did when I was serving your hand, you will, and if he returns, permit me to tell you, I will serve you, and I will employ

da s'afflicton."

[illegible]

that day when she was 14, her father was killed in the market she had opened. Martin's father, however, was not killed in the marketplace. When she was 17, she was sold to her father's neighbor's stepson. She escaped from her captors and fled to the river. The gates of the marketplace were locked, and she was caught in the river. She was then taken to a new marketplace, and she was sold to the owner of the marketplace. After that, she was sold to a man who was a slave trader. She was then sold to a man who was a slave trader. She was then sold to a man who was a slave trader.

that awaited her. She did not doubt but that Manfred would seek her there and that his virtue would be more to him than the riches he might take with him, leaving nothing for herself, as was the disposition of his passions. Her only thought was how she might escape the horrid measures he had conceived, and under whose cruel vengeance her father and she could find that light at least as well as shadow. At last, yet while she did not see how she could the point as he would have her make throughout the castle. As these thoughts passed rapidly through her mind she remembered a window, the secret passage which led over the vaults of the castle to the church of St. Nicholas, and she made her way thither. As she was setting forth she knew even Manfred's vengeance would not dare to profane the sacredness of the place, and she determined if no other means of deliverance offered to shut herself up for ever among the holy virgins, whose convent was situated near the cathedral. In her resolution she seized a lamp that burned at the foot of the staircase, and hurried towards the secret passage.

The lower part of the castle was inhabited by several private sisters, and it was not easy for her to enter without acquainting them that she had found that opened into the cavern. An awful silence reigned throughout those silent regions, except now and then some hoarse sound that shook the doors she had passed, and which gave her the easy belief, were reinforced through that long abyss of darkness. Every noise struck her with new terror, yet in the dread to hear the wrathful voice of Manfred, crying his vengeance upon her, she tried to assuage her impatience would give her leave, yet firm, and unsuspecting, and listened to hear if she was followed. It seemed some moments she thought she heard a sigh. She started, and resuming a few paces, in a moment she thought she heard the step of some person. Her blood chilled, she concluded it was Manfred. Every suggestion of horror and misfortune rushed into her mind. She endeavored to catch sight, which had been exposed her to, but in a place where her cries were not likely to draw a saviour, her assistance. Yet he would seem not to come from what she thought Manfred knew where she was. He might have followed her, she was so alone in the cloisters, and the steps she had heard were in a room so removed from the way she had come. Chastened by his reflections, and by going to the legend in which ever was in the power she was going to advance, what a doubt that stood aloof at some distance to them, was quieted gently, but not her lamp, which she held up, could discover what person it was, the person retreated precipitately on seeing the light.

Like a woman every doubt was sufficient to dismay, hesitate whether she should return. Her dread of Manfred was now twined every other terror. The very circumstance of the person avoiding her gave her a sort of courage, and made her she thought some treasure belonging to the cavern. Her griefless had never raised her enemies, and her own presence made her hope that it less with the prince's order to seek her. Her servant followed her, assisting her, presenting her light, but saying herself with these reflections, and believing by what she could observe, that she was near the mouth of the cavern at each cave, she approached the door that she was seeking, but as she was going to enter, she felt her feet at the foot of the staircase, and left her in total darkness.

[illegible]

voices that seemed approaching and they were two goshed these words. I am not to me of need of secrets. I see you sit the first in the castle. I will find her in spite of enchantment. The bravest chief leader of it is the viceroy of Macedonia make haste if we are hurried and then the trap-door after you. Saying this she descended the steps precipitately and as the stranger hastened to follow her he let the four escape out of his hands while and he spring used over it. He tried it vainly again but not having observed any way method of climbing the spring nor had he many moments to make an essay. He rose if he falling down had been heard by Manfred who directed by his sound hastened thither attended with servants and to others. It must be said that called Manfred but as he entered the vault she is escaping by the subterraneous passage but she cannot have gone far. What was the astonishment of the prince when instead of Isabella he found the other he was wroth to him the young peasant whom he thought confined under the fatal helmet. Rather said Manfred how at best thou hast I thought thee in bondage above is he count. I am a stranger replied the young man hardly nor am I answerable for your thoughts. Presently our valiant cried Manfred dost thou perceive my wretchedness how hast thou escaped from above thou hast escaped by gaily at I hear thee that answer it. My poverty saw the peasant easily was I to spare them though the industry of a statesman ready to thee they are faithful and but for willing to execute he orders which you at once imposed upon them. Ah how wretched as a date my vengeance said the prince but forbears that force the truth from me. I am sure I was known by all in prison. There was my accuser said he youth smiling and pointing to the foot of Manfred entered the vault he found a old perceived that one of the cheeks of the enchanted lady had touched its way through the pavement of the court as his servants had seen to cover the peasant and had broken through it the vault leaving a gap through which the peasant had pressed hence I am now testifies he was found by Isabella. Was that he was by which how dost thou know I said Manfred it was said he youth. But what noise was that said Manfred which I heard as I entered he cover. A door clapped said the peasant I heard it as well as you. What door said Manfred hastily. I am not acquainted with it castle said he peasant. This is the first time I ever entered it and this vault he only saw it within which I ever was. But I remember said Manfred wishing to find out if the youth had discovered the trap-door. It was this way I heard the noise thy servants heard it in. My word interrupted one of them otherwise to be sure it was the trunk and he was going to make his escape. Peace thou shalt said the prince at last. I he was going to escape how thou. For come in this vault I will know from thy own mouth what noise I way I heard. Let me say this to depart from thy servants.

My servants is better to me than my life said the peasant. But would I purchase the life by letting thee what. Indeed young man you need said Manfred interruptedly. Tell me then what was the noise I heard. Ask me what I can answer said he and put me to death instantly if I tell you a lie. Manfred growing impatient at the straggling and indifference of the youth cried. We hear I have heard of truth answer what he said of the trap-door that I heard. It was said

the watch. It was sad, she noticed, and how! Just when she thought there was a trap for her here. I saw the gate of brass by a gleam of moonshine replied he. But what could her dream have meant, said Martine? How didst thou discover the secret of opening it? Providence, that delivered me from the helmet, was also directing me to the spring of a lock, said he. Providence should have guided our father, and I have placed thee out of the reach of my resentment, said Martine, when Providence had aught else to spend the work it had laid her to a lock, who did not know how to make me of it is foolish. Was it is that thou not pursue the path pointed out for thy escape, who told thee, that the trap had set for thee had descended the steps? I might ask you, my child, said the peasant, how I told a stranger of a lock whose name was to know his those steps led to any one set, but I seem to evade your questions. Wherever those were I, perhaps I should have exposed the way, if it did not be in a worse situation than I was. But he thought he had set the trap down for your immediate satisfaction, well, I had given the alarm, what it wanted it to me whether I was seized or not, the secret of a prison after. The next day, Martine said, for this year, said Martine, yet my father said I was pretty well acquainted with the place, has not yet told me how thou toldst opening the lock. That I was showing my child, said the peasant, and taking a flag, went out to see that I had a man from a house he said, to rise from the trap down to the right to be at the piece of brass, he covered it meaning to get the lock, he escaped of the prison, this answer of that I gave him the darkness of the night staggered Martine. He ever he a speaker of low reputation, one who had been given a nickname. Martine was not one of those sanguine spirits who were often to be seen in the streets. The crowd of voices of her father had given an aspect to his temper, which was rather a violent one, and his virtues were always ready to cooperate when his passions did not show his reason.

While the prince was thus gazing at the self-love, the ever-hoofed unicorn, the distant valley. And as we approached he fastened the watchful eyes of his forest-explorer, he had experienced through the aster-scented thicket a longing. Wherever you go, where is the prince. Here I am, said Martine, as they are hearing. Have you found the prince, the last I have said, regard. Oh my god, I am glad we have found him. I am glad, said Martine, have you found the prince. We thought we had found, and the fellow was looking behind him. But where could he have gone. Have you escaped. I am glad, I am glad. Yes, I am glad. I am glad, the second who, at the spot, was gazing, stammered. Speak, he is at a loss, said Martine, asks in which is the prince. We don't know, said they, both together. If we are together, said the prince. So I think, undoubtedly, said Martine, who is a free-spirited young man. Oh my god, said the prince. Diego has seen you as a young man. I don't believe you are. What new adventures, said the prince, give me a new answer, my friend. Why my friend, I am proud your brightness to hear me, said he, now to us, Diego and I. Yes, I am glad, said the prince. I don't want to see you speak with at a loss, said the prince. Yes, I am glad, said the prince, but the other two were more distracted than thought. What is the matter. My friend, said I.

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

they are as large as the heavens and as high as the mountains. As he said these words to
 them, he said, we have a witness with us, and he said, go out at once, as if the
 giant was rising up, he said, he said, that he had seen the giant was
 going down, and he had said he was still here at the place. He
 said, we will get to the end of the world, we heard for four of the
 giant that he said, he said, that we did not see him back to see if the
 giant was coming, as yet, we did not see him, if we could have heard him
 he had passed by. But the heavens were not his, he said, but the
 pharaoh, and he said, the pharaoh said, he said, he said, it was the best.

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

thy first studies have not been increased by his son (said) and are within the compass of the present. He, quoth the prince, is a rich fellow. I will ask upon me to answer that she will be his protestant. Whereupon a certain answer came. His master (repay) hath promised at the contract to bring to the best lord of the North, and to make his study known to him, as far as thou wilt meet, he will not fail to do it in the presence who is the mother of a child with her assistance. But now it is necessary for me to hold father, or serve with a man, and with a woman thou. May the saints guard her grace is duly repaid the peasant, but oh if a poor and worthless wretch might prey upon a beggar and a rich audience farther, and I would say, the case is not so bad, might I were to ask. Speak quickly, said Marcella, the morning dawn is upon the sky, and the sun is in the fields and perceive us, what wouldst thou ask. I know not how to ask, would I dare, said the young stranger, I am listening, yet the heart is with which you have spoken to me, and I am sure, said I, that you are. Heavens, said Marcella, what dost thou mean, with what wouldst thou that the speak to us. His servant will be contented, a virgin, I think, I would ask, said he, peasant, respecting himself, whether what I have heard of my noble master is true, that he is now is missing from the castle. What is it to thee to know, replied Marcella. Thy first wish is true, he is a prisoner and becoming gravely ill, thou shouldst be glad to give us the secret, said Marcella. Alas, I have been mistaken in thee. Saying these words, she shut the casement hastily, without giving the young man time to reply. I had acted more wisely, said the princess to Bianca, with some sharpness, if I had let thee converse with this peasant, his tongue seems to be a piece with thy own. It is not fit for me to argue with your highness, replied Bianca, but perhaps the peasant, I would have put to him, would have been more to the purpose, than those you have been pleased to ask him. Oh no, said Marcella, you are a very discreet personage, may I know what you would have asked him. A by stander, I can see more of the game than those that play, answered Bianca, shows your highness think no more, that his question about my Lady Isabella was the reason of more curiosity. No, no, said she, there is more in it than you great ladies are aware of. I perceived me, that as the servants believe this young fellow contrived my Lady Isabella's escape, now pray, may I observe, you and I both know that my Lady Isabella never much favoured the prince your brother-in-law. He is killed, said the critical minute, I am confident. A helmet has been thrown, and my word, your father says, but I pray and as the servants say, that this young spark is a magician, and stole it from A. I would not. Have done with this, said Marcella, I request better, said Marcella. Nay, said she, as you please, said Bianca, yet it is very particular, though that my Lady Isabella should be missing, he very same day, and that this young wretch should be found at the mouth of the rap, but I accuse nobody, but I my young lord, and honestly by his death, I dare not on this day, said Marcella, to bring a suspicion on the purity of my dear Isabella's name. I pray of two points, said Bianca, gone she is, a stranger is his name, but nobody knows you question him yourself, he tells you he will love or unhappiness, it is the same thing, say he would be happy about there, and is anybody unhappy about another, at least they are, I love with him. And at the very next word he

Marfred, it is saying nothing because of the time's artifice, and knowing he was engaged by Hippodamia her father, ordered him to be admitted, intending to leave them together, while he pursued his search after Isabella. It was his business with one of the princesses, said Marfred. With which resumed the holy man. The Lady Isabella. What of her, interrupted Marfred, eagerly. Is at St. Nicholas altar, resumed Jerome. That is no business of Hippodamia, said Marfred, with confusion. Let us retire to my chamber, father, and let us see the how she came thither. No, my lord, resumed the good man, with an air of firmness and authority, that daunted even the temerity Marfred, who could not help respecting the saint-like virtues of Jerome—my commission is to both, and with your highness's good liking, in the presence of both I shall deliver it—but first my lord, I must interrogate, he promises, whether she was acquainted with the cause of the Lady Isabella's retirement from your castle. No, my lord, said Hippodamia, does Isabella charge me with being privy to it.

Father, interrupted Marfred, I pay the reverence to your holy precepts, but I am sovereign here, and will allow no meddling priest to interfere in the affairs of my dominion. If you have ought to say, attend me in my chamber—I do not use to let my wife be acquainted with the secret affairs of my state, they are not within a woman's province. My lord, said the holy man, I am no intruder into the secrets of families. My office is to procure peace to her divisions, to preach repentance, and teach mankind to curb their heart-irking passions. I forgive your highness's uncharitable apostrophe. I know my duty, and am the minister of a mightier prince than Marfred. Hearken to him, who speaks through my organs. Marfred trembled with rage and shame. Hippodamia's countenance denoted her astonishment, and in patience to know where this would end, her sister more strongly spoke her disavowal of Marfred.

The Lady Isabella resumed Jerome, comments here, to both your highnesses, she thanks both for the kindness with which she has been treated in your castle, she deplores the loss of your son, and her own misfortune in not havinging the daughter of such wise and noble princes, whom she that always respects as parents, she prays for uninterrupted union, and to unity between you. Marfred's colour changed, but as it never gets purple to be glad, and to you, she entreats your consent to remain in secret care, till she can learn news of her father, or, by the certainty of his death, be at liberty, with the approbation of her guardians, to dispense of herself in voluntary marriage. I shall give to such consent, said the prince, but insist on her return to the castle without delay. I am answerable for her person to her guardians, and will not blame her being in any traps but her own. Your highness will recollect whether that answer is proper, resumed the priest. I want no reminder, said Marfred, concluding. Father's conduct leaves room for strange suppositions—and that young woman, who was at least the accomplice of her flight, if not the cause of it—because, interrupted Jerome, was a young man the cause.—That is not to be borne, cried Marfred. Am I to be haunted in my own palace by an unwelcome monk, whose artifice I guess to their anxiety.—I would pray to heaven to clear up your unfortunate sorrows, said Jerome, if your highness were not satisfied in your own sense how unjustly you accuse me. I do pray to heaven to pardon that uncharitable guess, and I implore your highness to leave the princess at

[illegible]

"Up a hill, my son, and Maister and he shall disappear. How
 father said to me, a ruse of force. Her respect, not permit you
 to be a monk, as it is clear here. But I said, I hear nothing that
 it is easy to my lord's son. I hear. Attend to your son's father, he
 will return to my father and play the good king. I hope to you with
 her holy counsels, and to restore the heart of my gracious lord to its
 wonted peace and gentleness. Have rest, my son," said the friar. "My
 lord, I attend your pleasure."

Ma fired an inquiry by the first passer. I went a distance where she was to find I receive other notice that she has arrived very much with my purpose. Now hear my resolve and I say know it shall be most urgent reasons my own and the safety of my people demand that I shall have a son. It is vain to expect an heir from Hippocata. I had made choice of a wife. You may bring her back and you must I think. I know the relations you have with Hippocata her conscience is your ally. She is I know a fair, sweet woman. Her soul is set in heaven and waits the winged angel of the wind. You can with draw her from temptation. Persuade her to consent. Our dissolution of our marriage will be secret. I will never see her. Now would she will and shall have the means. The ergas shea. As it is for as she if you wish. I have now secret because of these that are hanging over our heads and have the means of saving the people and of drawing them from destruction. You are a powerful man and bring the warmth of my feelings before me. I will make the necessary expressions of love. You will be glad to be united to a good and true representative of my people and the preservation of my family."

[illegible]

[illegible][illegible]

Since we have demonstrated our solution is used by power law

just before that, a variety of other points. While, as he says, that I
 told him the same. He must have been previously acquainted with the
 truth, whether by seeing the article at age 13, or otherwise. I have often
 suspected Isaac's interference to this was a failure. If it matters
 around my mind, I am certain, I am sure. Nor here I was so
 ignorant that while I discussed with him in the gallery, she, that my
 suspicions and reasons would not be so far from a concrete contact.
 The fact, who knew nothing of the youth, but what he had learnt
 a few days before his presence, gave me what was the other of them, and for
 what was a relief, in his respect, at Marched with perfect contented
 that during that he was to show, he needed of sadness in his mind, they
 might be tried, some or hereafter, either by proceeding, he, in the
 against Isabella, as he persisted in that, in some, by diverting his attention
 to a wrong went, and by passing his thoughts, as a vicarious thing, or
 prevent his engaging in any new point. With his unhappy policy, he
 answered in a manner, that Marched in the heart of some, in ques-
 tion between Isabella and the youth.

The prisoner whose passion was so true for the truth of her noble abhorrence to a stage as he did, told her the tale she has suggested, so with him to the bottom of this stage, for the added, strong perfume already with a command to repeat, later, it is really, he begged to the greatest of the stage, and ordered the peasant to be brought before him. Then he turned young master, said he spoke as well as he saw the youth, what recourses of the human voice to him, it was his voice, was it, and the light of the moon that he saw the work of the moon, and to her. Let me, and answer him, who then art, and how long thou has been acquainted with the princess, and take care, answer with mystery, and a tone that thou shalt struggle, or confess that, with the truth, thou art there. The young man, perceiving that his share in the light of the princess was discovered, and knowing that anything he should say could no longer be of service, or detriment to her, replied, I am no important man, but have I deserved your notice at all age, I answered to every question, with highness, power, and last light, with the same veracity, that I shall speak now, and have you believed that I am not a prince, but because my words are as a school, Please to repeat your questions, my lord, I am ready to give you all the satisfaction in my power. You know my question, replied the prince, and it is want time to prepare an answer. Speak, then, is who art thou, and how long has thou been known to the princess. I am a talisman at the first stage, said he, please to my name is I therefore. The princess told me in the very last night, before that hour I ever was in her presence. I may be here as much, or as little as I please of this, said Marfise, but I will hear thy own story, before I shall speak the truth to thee. Let me what reason thou be giving, either, or making for excuse, it is all depends on thy answer. She told me, replied I therefore, that she was in the best of instruction, and that if she could escape from the castle, she was in danger, in a few moments, of being made miserable for ever. And of this, I thought, I have a very good report, said Marfise, thou dost have a very dishonesty. I hear in that, it is necessary, said I therefore, when a woman is distressed, she will, under my protection. During this examination, Marfida was going to be acquainted, if it was

[illegible][illegible]

Married men increase that appeared by Jensen's research.
 • by the retail and wholesale trade that was reported had been a record 1904 by

flows in my veins. Yes," said the traitor, "terrifying him, "this ~~act~~ is noble; not is he that abjects thing my lord, you speak him. He is my lawful son, and surely can boast of few houses more ancient than that of Falconara; but alas, my lord, what a brood! what a nobility we are all, repines, miserable sinful creatures. It is pities a one that can fishing fish us from the dust whence we sprang, and whither we must return." "Irice your sermon," said Manfred, "you forget you are no longer traitor Jerome, but the Count of Falconara. Let me know your history, you will have time enough to moralize hereafter, if you should not happen to obtain the grace of that sturdy curia there." "Mother of God," said the traitor, "it is possible my lord, to refuse a father the reed of his only-begotten son? I am piteous my lord, scorn at let me avenge myself for his, but spare my son." "Thou canst see, then," said Manfred, "what it is cause an of a son, a little heretage thou didst preach, prevaile to me, my house it fate so pleased, must perish, but the Count of Falconara." "Was my lord," said Jerome, "I confess I have offended, but aggravate not an old man's sufferings. I boast not of my family, nor think of such vanities, it is nature that peeks for this day, it is the memory of the dear woman that bore him, is she. Therefore is she dead." "Her soul has long been with the blessed," said Theodore. "Oh, how," cried Jerome, "to me, no—she is happy. Thou art all my care now! Must dread I will you—with you grant me my poor boy's life." "Return to thy convent," answered Manfred, "and at the princess's birth, obey me in what I see thou knowest, and I promise thee the life of thy son." "Oh my lord," said Jerome, "is my honesty the price I must pay for this dear youth's safety." "Enough," cried Theodore, "let me die a thousand deaths, rather than stain my conscience. What will the tyrant would exact of thee, is the princess's life from his power, protect her, thou venerable old man, a shield at the weight of his wrath to let me." Jerome endeavoured to check the impetuosity of the youth, and ere Manfred could reply, the tramping of horses was heard, and a brazen trumpet, which hung within the gate of the castle, was suddenly sounded. At the same instant, the same planes on the enchanted helmet, which still remained at the other end of the coat, were tempestuously agitated, and rolled there as if moved by some invisible weaver.

CHAPTER THREE

Manfred's heart misgave him, when he beheld the page on the miraculous casque shaken in concert with the sound of the brazen trumpet. "Father," said he to Jerome, "whom he now ceased to treat as Count of Falconara, "what mean these portents? If I have offended, the penalties were shaken with greater violence than before." "Unhappy prince that I am," cried Manfred, "How, father, will you not assist me with your prayers? My lord, replied Jerome, "heaven's no doubt is raised with your mockery of its servants. Submit yourself to the cruel and cease to persecute her monastery. Dismiss your keepers, and earn to respect the holy character I wear, heaven will not be trifled with you see." "He

trumpet sounded again. "I acknowledge I have been too hasty," said Manfred. "Father, do you go to the window and demand who is at the gate."

"Do you grant me the life of Theodore?" replied the traitor. "I do," said Manfred. "but inquire who is without."

Jerome, leaning on the neck of his son, discharged a flood of tears that spoke the fulness of his soul. "You promised to go to the gate," said Manfred. "I thought," replied the traitor, "your highness would excuse my thanking you first in this tribute of my heart. O, dearest son," said Theodore, "obey the prince. I do not deserve that you should delay his satisfaction for me."

Jerome, inquiring who was without, was answered a herald. "From whom," said he, "from the knight of the gigantic sabre," said the herald,

"and I must speak with the usurper of Chanto." Jerome returned to the prince, and did not fail to repeat the message in the very words it had been uttered. The first sounds struck Manfred with terror; but when he heard himself called usurper, his rage re-kindled, and all his courage revived. "Usurper, no more strain," cried he, "who dares to question my title? Hence, father, this is no business for monks. I will meet this presumptuous man myself. Go to your convent, and prepare the princess's return; your son shall be a hostage for your fidelity; his life depends on your obedience." "O, heaven, my lord," cried Jerome, "your highness did but this instant free & pardon my child—have you so soon tiring at the interposition of heaven?" "Heaven," replied Manfred, "does not send heralds to question the title of a lawful prince. I doubt whether it even now tries its will through trunks; but that is your affair, not mine. At present you know my pleasure, and it is not a waxy herald that shall save your son, if you do not return with the princess."

It was in vain for the holy man to reply. Manfred commanded him to be conducted to the postern gate, and shut out from the castle; and he ordered some of his attendants to carry Theodore to the top of the black tower, and guard him strictly, scarce permitting the father and son to exchange a hasty embrace at parting. He then withdrew to the hall, and, seating himself in princely state, ordered the herald to be admitted to his presence.

"Wert thou insolent," said the prince, "what wouldst thou with me?" "I come," replied he, "to thee, Manfred, usurper of the principality of Chanto, from the renowned and famous knight, the knight of the gigantic sabre, in the name of his lord, Frederic Marquis of Varezza, he demands the Lady Isabe, a daughter of that prince, whom thou hast basely and traitorously got into thy power by betraying her false guardians during his absence; and he requires thee to resign the principality of Chanto, which thou hast usurped from the said Lord Frederic, the nearest of blood to the last rightful lord. Adorned the good. If thou dost not instantly comply with these most demands, he defies thee to single combat to the last extremity. And so saying, the herald cast down his mander."

"And where is this braggart who sends thee," said Manfred. "At the distance of a league," said the herald, "he comes to make good his lord's claim against thee, as he is a true knight, and thou an usurper and ravisher."

It seemed as this challenge was, Manfred reflected that it was not his

interest to provoke the Marquis. He knew how well founded the claim of Frederick was, nor was this the first time he had heard of it. Frederick's ancestors had assumed the title of princes of Otranto from the death of A. Toron the good without issue, but Manfred, his father, and grandfather, had been too powerful for the house of Vienna to dispossess them. Frederick, a martial and amorous young prince, had married a beautiful young lady of whom he was enamoured, and who had died in childbirth of a son. Her death affected him so much, that he had taken the cross, and gone to the holy land, where he was wounded in an engagement against the infidels, made prisoner, and reported to be dead. When the news reached Manfred's ears, he bribed the guardians of the lady Isabella to deliver her up to him, as a bride for his son Conrad, by which alliance he had proposed to unite the claims of the two houses. This motive, on Conrad's death, had cooperated to make him so suddenly resolve on exposing her himself, and the same reflection determined him now to endeavour at obtaining the consent of Frederick to this marriage. A like passion inspired him with the thought of inviting Frederick a champion into his castle, lest he should be informed of Isabella's flight, which he strictly enjoined his domestics not to disclose to any of the knight's retinue.

Herald said Manfred, as soon as he had digested these reflections, return to thy master, and tell him ere we liquidate our differences by the sword, Manfred would hold some converse with him. But him were one to my cause, where, by my faith, as I am a true knight, he shall have courteous reception, and full security for himself and followers. If we cannot ad on our quarrel by amicable means, I swear he shall depart in safety, and shall have full satisfaction according to the laws of arms, so he prove true, and his body I trust. The herald made three obeisances and retired.

During this interview, Jerome's mind was agitated by a thousand contrary passions. He trembled for the life of his son, and his first thought was to persuade Isabella to return to the castle. Yet he was more less alarmed at the thought of her union with Manfred. He dreaded Hippolyta's unbounded submission to the will of her lord, and though he did not doubt but he could warn her poets not to consent to a divorce, if he could get access to her, yet should Manfred, however that the objection came from him, it might be equally fatal to Theodora. He was impatient to know whence came the herald, who, with so little management, had questioned the title of Manfred, yet he did not dare absent himself from the convent, lest Isabella should leave it, and her flight be imputed to him. He returned disconsolate to the monastery, uncertain on what conduct to resolve. A monk, who met him in the porch, and observed his melancholy air, said, "Aye, brother, is it then true that we have lost our excellent princess Hippolyta?" The holy man started, and cried, "What meanest thou, brother? I came this instant from the castle, and left her in perfect health." Martin replied the other frat, passed by the convent but a quarter of an hour ago, on his way from the castle, and reported that her highness was dead. "As our brethren are gone to the chapel to pray for her happy transit to a better life, and wiled me to wait thy arrival. They know thy holy attachment to that good lady, and are anxious for the affliction it will cause in thee, indeed we have all reason to weep, she was a mother to

our house, but this is what a pilgrimage would not do for us, we shall at least know her may not end so, as hers. I said brother thou dreamest said Jerome. I see thee come from the castle and tell the princess well. Where is the Lady Isabella? Poor girl now of an answered he that I told her the sad news and offered her spiritual comfort. I returned her of the transient nature of mortality and advised her to take the veil. I quoted the example of the holy princess Sanchia of Arragon. My zeal was laudable said Jerome. It shews it, but at present it was unnecessary. Hippolyta was at least I trust in the Lord she is. I heard nothing to the contrary yet methinks the princess earnestness well brother but where is the Lady Isabella? I know it said he that she wept much and said she would refuse to her. I answer.

Jerome left his confidante anxious and hastened to the princess but she was not at her chamber. He enquired of the prioress of the convent but could learn no news of her. He searched by a night throughout the monastery and the church and dispatched messengers round the neighbourhood to get intelligence if she had been seen, but to no purpose. Nothing could repair the good man's perplexity. He judged that Isabella suspecting Manfred of having precipitated his wife's death had taken the alarm and withdrawn herself to some more secret place of concealment. This new thought would probably carry the princess's love to the height. The report of Hippolyta's death though it seemed almost moved her increased his consternation and though Isabella's escape bespoke her aversion of Manfred for a husband Jerome could feel no comfort from it while it endangered the life of his son. He determined to return to the castle and make several of his brethren accompany him to attest his innocence to Manfred and if necessary push their intercessions with him for Theodore.

The prince in the meantime had passed into the court and ordered the gates of the castle to be long open for the reception of the stranger knight and his train. In a few minutes he cavalcade arrived. First came two harbingers with wands. Next a herald followed by two pages and two trumpeters. Then a hundred foot guards. These were attended by as many horse. After them fifty footmen clothed in scarlet and black the colour of the knight. Then a red horse. Two heralds on each side of a gentleman on horseback bearing a banner with the arms of Aragon and three trumpeters as a reinforcement that now followed Manfred but he varied his reinforcement. Two more pages. The knights of Aragon bearing his heralds. Fifty more footmen as at before. Two knights habited in complete armour their beavers low and raised to the principal knight. The squares of the two knights carrying her shield and essex the knight's own square. An old ed gentleman bearing an enormous sword at Aragon's right hand to let the weight of it. The knight himself on a heavy steed in complete armour his lance the best Isabella ever truly admired by his vizor which was ornamented by a large plume of scarlet and black feathers. Fifty foot guards with drums and trumpets closed the procession which wheeled to the right and left to make room for the principal knight.

As soon as he approached he gave he stopped and the herald advancing read aloud the words of the challenge. Manfred's eyes were fixed on the knight's sword and he was so sensible to a credit to the latter but his

[illegible][illegible]

and heat of what I have to say is as far better received than the same
 as I have made to you of late.

Star tried then, following the lead by the local officers of another club the first day, starting first to be seated but at that time addressing himself to the chief personage.

You come to me, as I said, and in the name of the Marquis of
 Avelia—order and the Lady Isabella—my daughter—who has been
 contrived in the face of the law to be my son by the consent of her
 legal guardian and to receive the title of my son—will you be so
 good as to be the nearest of kin to my wife and son—whose good
 conduct I do speak the utter truth is not better to me without
 knowing you—well knows that I have been a great deal of time in my
 father the Marquis—as he received it from his father Don Ruyter
 Avelia—then for the sake of the law and the honor of the land he reached
 his estate—glad that he did Ruyter in consultation with the
 services. The stranger shook his head. Sir Knight said Manfred
 said. Ruyter was a valiant and upright man; he was a proud man
 without being proud; a student of the law; a good man; a true man
 very. He was proud and supported by St. Nicholas; his grandfather was
 a knight. I say so; the Ruyter was a knight; he was the son of a
 knight; he was a knight; he was a knight; he was a knight; he was a knight;
 well. Now he is a knight; he held it by his grandfather and by the
 law of St. Nicholas; and my father and his wife—I come what
 come will find Ruyter's son; the nearest of kin—I have consented
 to put my wife to the law; the law of the land; a knight; a knight; a knight;
 I might have asked where Ruyter was; Ruyter, speak to me in
 English. You say you do not say he is a knight; I might
 say I might find it in my other papers would find Ruyter take his
 inheritance by law; the law of the land; the law of the land; the law of the land;
 single combat; they may find what it is the decision of unknown
 judges—patron the gentlemen; I am a knight; I am a knight; I am a knight;
 my wife and as you are a knight; would it not be very strange to
 have your son and his home of your ancestors called my son; but
 so he must. Yes; so me to do so; the Lady Isabella. Now I must
 ask if you are authorized to receive her. The knight nodded. Receive
 her, said Manfred. Well, you are authorized to receive her, but
 for the knight may I ask if you have the power. The knight nodded.
 I will, said Manfred. Then hear what I have to offer; we see gentlemen
 but you hear what I have to offer; he began to weep and the
 tears of compassion; I am very much in need; I am very much in need; I am very much in need;
 my wife; my wife; the support of my home—Conrad died yesterday
 morning. The knight's face turned pale as a corpse. Yes, my wife has
 died; the Lady Isabella is a knight. The knight then turned her
 face to the knight, saying to her. Alas, my wife, patience, said
 Manfred. I have a great deal to say to you; if you will, that this
 matter is as he has said with it; I am a knight; I am a knight; I am a knight;
 what he has said; say, Avelia, I am a knight; I am a knight; I am a knight;
 the law of the land; the law of the land; the law of the land; the law of the land;
 and gratitude have not got any; I am a knight; I am a knight; I am a knight;
 well. I had thought to see you; I am a knight; I am a knight; I am a knight;
 the law of the land; the law of the land; the law of the land; the law of the land;

With my dagger held aloft, as if I were with immortal spirits, than when I am in his vision, whatever I be will I be seen to do. I have said a hundred times that I would love Marcellus more than all the world, but now I doubt you are disappointed with this story. The knight made a sign of gratitude and accepted my wish to have Marcellus so named, and possibly my name, and the prince, I am sorry to say, in a secret way, as I have now heard nothing reaching to me and the princess Hippolyta. They shook their heads. No, they thought not so. You look me anxiously, as if you were disappointed of more I could contribute. If I were a woman, I should not, for so many years, have been pining for the help of children, as we poets, but I mean your partner. I wish to let you know, then, that I have long been too weak to stand with you now with the princess Hippolyta. Oh, say if you were acquainted with that excellent woman, if you knew that I adore her, as a mistress, and cherish her as a friend, that that was not true, or perfect happiness, she shares my sorrows, and with her comes I have brought this war, further the death, for we are united with the lot of our fathers, a subject every hour, he determines whether that is separate as I never. I am sure you are for me. I wish only to put you these tears. The knight gazed on earth, where would he go where I was, and said, Marcellus, my friend,

[illegible][illegible]

flight of Isabella with protestations of his own innocence. Manfred, attracted at the news, and not less at its coming to the knowledge of the strangers, uttered nothing but in different sentences now approving he to a now approving him; he eagerly earnest to know what was his share of Isabella's reputation, a kind of their knowing impatient to pursue her yet desirous to have their part in the pursuit. He offered a dispatch messenger in quest of her, but the chief knight no longer keeping silence reproached Manfred in bitter terms for his dark and ambitious plotting, and demanded, because of Isabella's false absence from the castle, Manfred, among a stern look at Jerome, showing a command of violence, protest that on contrary death he had placed her in sanctuary, until he could determine how to dispose of her, seeing who threatened by his words, did not dare to contradict this falsehood, but one of his brethren, not under the same anxiety, declared frankly that she had fled to them, but in the preceding night. The prince in vain endeavoured to stop this discovery, which overpowered him with shame and confusion. The principal stranger, amazed at the contradictions he heard, and more than half persuaded that Manfred had secreted the princess, notwithstanding the concern he expressed at her flight, at length he soon said, "Thou traitor prince, Isabella, that he found." Manfred endeavoured to boast him, but he other knights assisting these, made he to flee from the prince, and hastened him to the court demanding his attendants. Manfred, finding it in vain to divert him from the pursuit, offered to accompany him, and summoning his attendants, and taking Jerome and some of the travelling with them, they issued from the castle. Manfred privately giving orders to have the knight's company secured, where the knight he affected to dispatch a messenger to require their

[gettable content](#)

The company had no sooner joined the cause than Marcella, who felt herself deeply interested for the young peasant, since she had seen him condemned to death in the hall, and whose thoughts had been taken up with conceiving measures to save him, was informed by some of the female attendants, that Manfred had dispatched a messenger various ways in pursuit of Isabella. He had, in his hurry, given the order in general terms, not meaning to extend it to the guard he had set upon the castle, but forgot to do so. The ladies, who were all of them persons of a power, and urged by their own curiosity, and several novelties to put in any private chase, had to a man left the castle. Marcella disengaged herself from her women, stole up to the black tower, and finding the door presented herself to the astonished Theobald. "Young man," she said, "though I am old, and womanly modesty condescends to the step, I am taking yet bold liberty, concerning another man's business, but by the deity of my power, are open my father and his domestics are absent, but they may soon return, be gone in safety, and may the angels of heaven direct this course." "Thou art surely one of those angels," said the entranced Theobald, "none but a blessed saint could speak, and yet could look like thee." May I not know the name of my future protector? "Methought," he exclaimed, "thy father, just possibly, at Manfred's board, for he is my—" "Love's sake," he answered, "at thy bow and arrow here, thou wilt not neglect thy own safety, and waste a thought on a wretch like Theobald. Let us fly together, the more thou hastest

he was conducted by Matilda to the eastern gate. Avoid the town, said the princess, and on the western side of the castle is there the march must be making by Manfred and the strangers, but hie thee to the opposite quarter. Underneath that forest is he east is a chain of rocks hollowed into a labyrinth of caverns that reach to the sea-coast. There thou mayest well conceal thyself, and make sight to some vessel to put on shore and take thee off. Can heaven be thy guide, and some times in his prayers remember Matilda. Thencefore tying himself at her feet, and seizing her by the hand, which with struggles she suffered him to do, he went on the earliest opportunity to get himself knighted, and incessantly entreated her permission to treat himself extremely her knight. For the princess could reply a clap of thunder was suddenly heard, that shook the battlements. Thencefore regardless of the tempest would have urged his suit, but the princess dismayed, retreated hastily into the castle, and commanded the youth to be gone, with an air that would not be disobeyed. He sighed, and retired, but with eyes fixed on the gate until Matilda, closing it, put an end to an interview in which he heard which had drunk wide-sops of a passion which had now tasted for the first time.

Thencefore went privately to the convent to acquaint his father with his deliverance. There he learned the absence of Jerome, and the pursuit that was making after the Lady Isabella, with some particulars of whose story he soon just became acquainted. The generous generosity of his nature prompted him to wish to assist her, but the monks would send him no right to guess at the route she had taken. He was not content to wander far in search of her, for the idea of Matilda had impressed itself so strongly on his heart, that he could not bear to absent himself at much distance from her abode. The tenderness Jerome had expressed for him convinced him of this necessity, and he even persuaded himself that this affection was the chief cause of his hovering between the castle and monastery. Thus Jerome should return at night. Thencefore at length determined to repair to the forest that Matilda had pointed out to him. Arriving there, he sought the gloomiest shades, as best suited to the pleasing melancholy that reigned in his mind. In this mood he roved insensibly to the caves which had formerly served as a retreat to hermits, and were now reported round the country to be haunted by evil spirits. He requested to have heard this tradition, and being of a brave and adventurous disposition, he willingly indulged his curiosity in exploring the secret recesses of his labyrinth. He had not penetrated far before he thought he heard the steps of some person who seemed to retreat before him. Thencefore thought firmly grounded that our holy father, anxious to be believed, had no apprehensions that good men were abandoned without cause to the malice of the powers of darkness. He thought the place more likely to be visited by robbers than by those infernal agents who are reported to molest and torment travellers. He had long burned with impatience to approve his vaunt, drawing his sword, he marched sedately onwards, and tracing his steps as the imperfect lighting would before him led, he way. The armour he wore was a like indication to the person who avoided him. Thencefore now convinced that he was not mistaken, retraced his pace, and evidently gained on the person that fled, whose haste increasing, Thencefore came up just as a woman leapt breathless before

him. He has tried to raise her, but her feet it was so great, that he apprehended she would faint in his arms. He used every gentle word to comfort her, and assured her that, far from coming, he would defend her at the point of his sword. The lady, recovering her courage in his courteous behaviour, and gazing on her protector, said, 'Sure I have heard that voice before.'—'Not on my knowledge,' replied Theodoric, 'unless as I expect to see thou art the lady Isabella.'—'My lord, heaven cried she, 'thou art not sensible of what thou art doing,' and saying those words, she threw herself at his feet, and besought him not to leave her up to Marsilio. 'O Marsilio,' cried Theodoric, 'so lately I have once already discovered thee in thy disguise, and it is a hard hard with me now, but I place thee with thy brother, thy darling.'—'Is it possible,' said she, 'that thou shouldst be the generous unknown knight I met amongst my husband's hearse?—Sure thou art not a mortal, but thy greatness is an angel. On my knees let me thank thee, and get me to my rest,' said Theodoric, 'that done, thou shalt be a princess.'—Theodoric young than it beaver has selected me for thy dearest, it will accompany its worth, and strengthen my arm in thy cause, but come, let us go to the mouth of the cavern, let us seek its most precious treasure. I can have no tranquillity, as I have placed her here, in the reach of danger.'—'Was what meant you sir?' said she. 'Thou shalt see your actions are true, though your words might speak the contrary. Your word is a blessing, but I should accompany you some time, these persecuted retreats should never be parted together, what would a cruel woman would think of my conduct?—I respect your virtuous designs,' said Theodoric, 'and if you harbour a suspicion that wounds my honour, I demand you to come to the most private cavity of these rocks, and there, at the hazard of my estate, and even entrance against every living thing. Besides lady, permit me to be drawing a deep sigh, because you and a perfect as yet to form, and I though my wishes are not so vain, I suppose know my wish is related to another, and I though a sudden course prevented me, here from pursuing. They soon both wished these wishes, Isabella, what he Isabella, the trembling princess, clasped his her breast against his heart. Theodoric endeavoured to embrace her, but in vain. He assured her he would do rather than suffer her to return under Marsilio's power, and begging her to remain concealed, he went forth to prevent the persons in search of her from approaching.

At the mouth of the cavern he found an armed knight drawing with a weapon, who assured him he had seen a lady enter the passage of the rock, the knight was preparing to seek her, when Theodoric passing by him, in his way, with his sword drawn, begged to see him, at his private advance. A knight, all bold who fastest of warriors was, and the knight, hanging, 'Thou who does not dare more than he will permit me,' said Theodoric, 'I seek the lady Isabella, and the knight, at a distance, said he has taken refuge among these rocks, to save me from it, thou wilt regret having provoked my resentment.'—'Thy purpose is as obvious as thy resentment is contemptible,' said Theodoric, 'Keep in whether thou canst, if we should meet, know we never meet, I know not where the stranger who was the principal knight, that had arrived from the Marquis of Aversa, had quitted him. Marsilio, as he was bound in going, in relation of the princess, and giving various orders to prevent her

taking into the power of his strong arm. The count had suspected
 Martin's being alive, the princess was weeping and crying, even
 a man who he concluded was slain by a dagger to secure her
 confiding love was now here to repay her faith, and a man with
 his sister at present he would soon have revealed a discovery of
 Thord's who had been found one of Martin's captives and who
 would give him information that prepared a report it had not re-
 ceived from any of his school. The count that had so long been
 smothered in his breast burst forth at once he rushed at the
 knight whose power and what were his power's might extend
 his deeds. The count was a bold knight. These he wounded
 the knight in three several places and always started back as he landed
 by the blow of sword. The peasant who had led on the first onset had
 given the count a wound. Martin's father's who's eyes were
 dispersed through the rest of party of the king's army as the
 knight led whom they soon followed, for he was a great soldier. There
 were none attacking his hatred to Martin's count and he
 but he had gained a wound in his eye and forehead but he was
 more troubled when he learned the names of his adversaries and
 it hurt him he was to retain but a enemy of Martin. He assayed
 the services of the latter in taking he knight a corner leading to
 stretch the hand but he was too slow. The knight receiving
 his speech said in a loud and strong voice. Generous as we have
 both been in an effort I look thee for as a soldier of the tyrant. I
 perceive thou has made the king's army a waste of expenses. I
 stand before a valiant soldier. I have no other secrets to
 the king's said one of the army. Has your sword cut about them.
 Answer to thou play yet for. Let some water and Thord's
 and pour it down his head and I have to his mistress. Seeing his
 he was to water a and a few words but they were vain but he had been
 so afflicted that he made a few words. I agree to her. Let her take
 what she wished and he dies without part of something of course
 her. The princess who had been transported at hearing the voice of
 Thord's as he lived but she could not be was astonished at what she
 heard. Suffering these to be come to by. The count the new plan
 whose valour resolute her spirited spirit's she came where he leading
 knight's speechless in being with her but he returned when she
 beheld the domestics of Martin's. She was again startled if Thord's
 had not made her believe that they were master and had not
 threatened them with its death if they would try to save the
 princess. The stranger opening his eyes and seeing a man an
 assail. A thousand thanks to the king's army and to Martin.
 I am said she. Good heaven restore thee. Then the count
 then said he knight's and he was gone. Next day the
 give me one. The princess heard what I hear what I hear
 cursed Isabella. My father's voice I hear how I see here on the
 heaven's sake speak of it to help to be with you. I will not
 then said he wounded knight's and he had the count Frederick's
 father's and I agree to her. I will give you a part of my
 and take. No said he before it for extra my wife's father's
 country's and he said. I have said Isabella's father's

neater than the castle would you expose my father to the tyrant if he goes thither. I dare not accompany him—and yet can I leave him. My child," said Frederic, "it matters not for me whether I am carried a few minutes without place and danger—but while I have eyes to doat on thee forsake me not, dear Isabella. This brave knight—I know not who he is—will protect thy innocence. Sir, you will not abandon my child, will you?" Theodore shed long tears over his victim, and vowing to guard the princess at the expense of his life, persuaded Frederic to suffer himself to be conducted to the castle. They placed him on a horse belonging to one of the domestics, after binding up his wounds as well as they were able. Theodore marched by his side, and the afflicted Isabella, who could not bear to quit him, followed mournfully behind.

CHAPTER FOUR

The sorrowful troop no sooner arrived at the castle, than they were met by Hippolita and Mañda, whom Isabella had sent one of the domestics before to advertise of their approach. The ladies, causing Frederic to be conveyed into the nearest chamber, tended, while the surgeons examined his wounds. Mañda blushed at seeing Theodore and Isabella together, but endeavoured to conceal it by embracing the latter, and condoling with her on her father's mischance. The surgeons soon came to acquaint Hippolita that none of the marquis's wounds were dangerous, and that he was desirous of seeing his daughter and the princesses. Theodore, under pretence of expressing his joy at being freed from his apprehensions of the combat being fatal to Frederic, could not resist the impulse of following Mañda. Her eyes were so often cast down on meeting his, that Isabella, who regarded Theodore as attentively as he gazed on Mañda, soon divined who the object was that he had told her, in the cave, engaged his affections. While this mute scene passed, Hippolita demanded of Frederic the cause of his having taken that mysterious course for reclaiming his daughter, and threw in various apologies to excuse her word for the match contracted between their children. Frederic, however incensed against Manfred, was not insensible to the courtesy and benevolence of Hippolita; but he was still more struck with the lovely form of Mañda. Wishing to detain them by his bedside, he informed Hippolita of his story. He told her that while prisoner to the infidels, he had dreamed that his daughter, of whom he had learned no news since his captivity, was detained in a castle, where she was in danger of the most dreadful misfortunes; and that if he obtained his liberty, and repaired to a wood near Joppa, he would learn more. Alarmed at this dream, and incapable of obeying the direction given by it, his chains became more grievous than ever. But while his thoughts were occupied on the means of obtaining his liberty, he received the agreeable news that the confederate princes, who were waiting in Palestine, had paid his ransom. He instantly set out for the wood that had been marked in his dream. For three days he and his attendants had wandered in the forest, without seeing a human form; but on the evening of the third, they came to a cave, in which they found a

venerable being in the agonies of death. Approving rich old age, they brought the same old man to his speech. My son, said he, I am bounden to your hands—yet it is in vain—I am going to my eternal rest—yet I die with the satisfaction of performing the will of heaven. When first I returned to this solitude, after seeing my country become a prey to unbelievers—when I saw those to whose arms I was witness to that dreadful scene—St. Nicholas appeared to me—and revealed a secret which he bade me never disclose to mortal man—but in my death bed. This is that tremendous hour—and ye are to decide the chosen warriors to whom I was directed to reveal my trust. As soon as ye have gone the last offices to this wretched curse, I give to the severest trial in the left hand of this poor old man your party. O! ye good heaven receive my soul. With these words the devout man breathed his last. By break of day continued Frederick—when we had commenced the honourable task to earth we dug according to direction—first what was our astonishment when about the depth of six feet we discovered an enormous vault—the very weapon vendor in the tower. On the blade which was then partly out of the scabbard though since caused by our efforts in removing it were written the following lines—no excuse me madam—adieu the matron turning to Hippolita—adieu heart repeat them I respect you so and thank and would not be greedy of thanking your ear with sounds of which I ought that is dear to you. He pause'd Hippolita then he said. She did not doubt but Frederick was destined by heaven to accomplish the fate that seemed to threaten her house. Looking with anxious tenderness at Matilda a silent tear stole down her cheek but reflecting herself she said. Proceed my lord heaven does nothing in vain—no day must rise ye and ye die he bests with a witness and with issue. It is our part to depose are its worth or how to its destiny. Repeat the sentence my lord we were resigned. Frederick was grieved that he had proceeded so far. The dignity and patient firmness of Hippolita penetrated him with respect and the tender silent affection with which the princess and her daughter regarded each other melted him almost to tears. Yet apprehensive that his forbearance to day would be more alarming he repeated in a faltering and low voice the following lines:—

*Where'er it is that sets this sword a found
With terror, this slaughter compass'd round
Alfonso's blood alone can save the maid
And quiet a long tedious prince's wound*

What is there in these lines said Theodore in patience—that affects these princesses why were they to be shak'd by a mysterious witch as that has so the foundation. Your words are rude young man said the matron—and though fortune has favoured you once—My honoured lord said Father—who resented Theodore's warmth which she perceived was dictated by his sentiments for Matilda. His impulse not yourself for the glowing of a peasant's son he forgets the reverence he owes you but he is not at all shak'd. Hippolita—concerted at the heat that had arisen—becked Theodore but his business but with an air acknowledging his error—and changing the conversation—demanded of Frederick where he had left her lord. As the matron was going to reply

they heard a noise without, and rising to inquire the cause, Manfred, Jerome, and part of the troop, who had partaken of perfect repose, of what had happened learned. The latter, Manfred advanced fast towards Jerome, who, to conclude with him in his trust of you, and to leave the rest masters of the combat, when standing at a great distance and armament he cried, "Ha! what art thou, thou darest to appear in my house come." My dearest girl, said the Hippogriff, clasping him in her arms, what is it you are, why do you fly from your home thus?

What, cried Manfred breathless, that thou see'st, Hippogriff, is this glassy phantasm sent to me at the behest of the who, but not for mine, a sweetest self, my girl, said Hippogriff, resuming her bold command and voice again. There is none here but my dear friends. What is more that I know, said Manfred, that thou hast not seen him, but it be his brother's portrait. That, my son, said Hippogriff, that is, because the youth who has been so unfortunate, I therefore, said Manfred, motionless, and with a ghastly countenance. Therefore, if a stranger he has intruded the son of Manfred, but how comes he here, and how comes he so young? The more he went to search of his sister, said Hippogriff, the less he saw, said Manfred, clasping his rage, yes, yes, that is true, but what would he see a relation of mine, to which he felt him, was it Jerome, or his hypocritical son, that he, the cause of his misadventure?

And would a parent be so cruel, my son, said Hippogriff, he truly loved the life of his son, he was amazed, he beat himself in a manner, accused by his son, and without confidence knew not what to think. He could not comprehend how Hippogriff had escaped, how he came to be arrested, and a thousand other things. No, he would not venture to ask any questions, but he felt to be alone Manfred's with a great of his own, some violence, observed Manfred, for he had observed a blood-stained release. And is it a man, a gentle, a noble man, said he, pointing and exclaiming himself to the trait, that he is repaying more and Hippogriff's kindness. And I had content with traversing my heart's dearest wishes, thou art my husband, and thou hast been in my own castle to tell me. My son, said Hippogriff, you wrong thy father, not he, not I are capable of baseness, for a long age, my son, peace, but you are worthy to render it well to your father's pleasure, added he, laying his sweet respect to Manfred's feet. Behind my husband, at the my word, I do suspect that a traitor, though is lodged there, there is not a gentleman so grateful to my heart, for does not venerate my father's will. The grace and favour with which Hippogriff uttered these words, interested every person present in his favour. Even Manfred was touched, yet still, possessed with his resentment to Jerome, his indignation was dashed with secret horror. Rise, said he, this is not my present purpose. But let me thy history, and how thou art connected with this unfortunate here. My son, said Jerome, eagerly. Leave me alone, said Manfred, I will not have him in my parlour. My son, said Hippogriff, I want no assistance. My story is very short, I was arrested at five years of age, I was with my mother, who had been taken by corsairs from the coast of Sicily. She felt I grew in less than a twelve month. The trading vessel from whence I came, on whose counterpane I was seated at your father's feet, expressed. He, the lord, said Hippogriff, she bound a wing about my arm, under my garments,

[illegible]

It then quieted in the same way, but not so much, and I
 observed as well as the other passengers that it was
 a very different sleep, and that the animal was not
 making any sound, but the other passengers and I
 had seen the animal in the same way, and it was
 the same as the first one, and it was the same as the first one.

her in Frederick's chamber, but that might have been to disguise his passion for Isabella from the father of which I were fain to fear this too. She wished to know he said, lest she should bring her love by ever taking a passion for Isabella's lover. I then gave my opinion and said at the same time borrowed an excuse from curiosity to satisfy my curiosity.

Isabella a not less restless had better foundation for her wishes. Both I therefore young and I ever had, and her heart was engaged, it was true, yet perhaps Mariana might not correspond to a passion she had ever appeared it seems to me, as her thoughts were set on heaven. Why did I dissuade her, said Isabella to herself. I am persuaded that is generous, but what did they meet where. I cannot be I have done yet to use, perhaps, as I might say the last, he has ever believed each other, it must be some other object that has prepossessed his affection. It is I am not so at all as I thought it is not my friend Mariana, how anxious to wish to the affection of a man who is so kind and unobtrusively acquainted me with his behaviour, and that at the very moment in which he cannot express denatate but many expressions of civility I will go to my dear Mariana who will comfort me in this becoming pride than I have. I will do so with her, in taking the view she will know to it, I am not so disposed, and I will say to her that I no longer oppose her inclination for the sister. I thought she would and determined to open her heart entirely to Mariana, she went to that princess's chamber, whom she found a ready listener, and bearing permission of her aunt. This attitude was correspondent, what she found so it received Isabella's surprise, as it expressed, he intended she had purposed a place of her friend. They conversed at meeting and were so much conversing to give her sensation was to address. A set some interesting questions and replies. Mariana demanded of Isabella the cause of her flight, the latter who had known nothing of Mariana's passion, where it was she occupied by her own concluding that Mariana referred to her last escape from the convent, which had occasioned the events of the preceding evening repeated. Mariana thought more of the secret, but since neither was dead, Oh, said Mariana, I tell you, get. Isabella has explained that mistake to me, in seeing the fact she died so. The princess is dead, and Mariana who has seen of the is a slave to the castle. And what made you last, said Isabella, I intended to be rest. Mariana smiled and continued. My father, he was sitting in argument on a crime. What crime, said Isabella eagerly. A young man, said Mariana. I never, I think it was that young man that. What a creature, said Isabella. Yes, answered she. I never saw him before. I do not know how he had been seduced by her, but as he has been of service to you, I am glad my heart has pardoned him.

Served me, replied Isabella. Do you think of seeing me, I am glad my father, and almost as good as dead. I thought it is better to see you than that I am distressed with knowing a parent. I hope Mariana has not found I am such a stranger to her, I am so to myself as to respect her, even if I am a dangerous one, I am that it is impossible for me ever to see a young man like the one who dared to do his duty against her father. I am living. No, Mariana, my heart and my hand are all yours, I repeat that I will do all that you have vowed to do, and I am glad you will reject a man who has

[illegible]

During her imprisonment, I began a spiritual hermitage in my heart. Martina said she (saw) a very large white feather for Mar. 14 and I tried to see with it. I saw what ever affects and watched house that I can have in my room with my God which are not proper for your heart. The pictures were a distraction and anxiety. Know then that an angel came to me. He put a card in my hand. Martina that being out of the house is a distraction. Here we are in the house that I have promised. He surprised I thought should pass from Martina's hands to those of the Angel, with the same. I have seen pictures inspired with the Holy Spirit and I am sure that I am not by the word of the Holy Spirit. With a new I have been pursuing. Martina has not been for his dear heart but I have been a hermit. Mar. 10th I have been used to a good heart and a good conscience. I have seen pictures of a distant. I have seen of a distant. He is the one who is my property and I am going to break it. I am at a loss. My wife has been very

cried: "Isabel! what have they done? what can this inadvertent goodness be, preparing for myself, for me, and for Manila?—How from the East, and to my land, said I, Japan—a what can this mean?"

"Ah," said Isabella, "the purity of your own heart prevents your seeing the depravity of others. Manfred your word that my son may— How," said Hippolyta, "you must not in my presence, young lady, mention Manfred with disrespect, he is my lord and husband, and— We must keep him so," said Isabella, "if his wicked purposes can be carried into execution— 'I'm young age accuses me,'" said Hippolyta, "You're teasing, Isabella, it warms, but— I can't bear, I never knew it betray you into dissimulation. What could it Manfred's otherwise say to treat him as a rival, let an assassin— Ah, my virtue, and my credit, my marriage—"

[illegible][illegible]

cried H. quita. What are they doing, are they against Rose dear? Kate a little not knowing why she said Oh, Ma, that's all right, it's heavy for her, she weeps and my head and she a moment I charge thee, remember, he is the father of . . . But you are my mother too, said Ma, she leaves us.

1. What is the main purpose of the document?
 2. What are the key findings of the study?
 3. What are the implications of the findings?
 4. What are the limitations of the study?
 5. What are the conclusions of the study?

Ma—ed in the agency for the past 15 years. He knew no what he said, perhaps (like a misinterpreted) from his heart's good, and my best (from kindest) not so. There is a lesson hanging over us, the kind of Providence is street bed out with country in favor there from the week.

Yes, I am responsible, at least some portion for what I have done at the hotel. I will go with this record to this divorce—it boots not what becomes of me. I will withdraw from the neighborhood no more, and mean the same as I do at the moment. I have not a doubt that the

waste the remainder of their lives in a fruitless and empty search for peace. I have always been glad that you and I have been at Mansfield together, but I do not deny that the weakness you refer to me I have always been the cause of. So I can tell you, and

Helen can remember them just as I heard of them; they have a father. My father is no longer on the map, except I have a command my mother died. But should he ever at all as a father again, it would not make a difference. He was called and he father.

No, ma'am, two more should not drag me. Ma, I'm hated here. I
leave her. I don't mind it and to at any cost I don't want
my dearest Ma to be hurt. I will do anything to save her. I'll
do anything to save her. I'll do anything to save her. I'll do anything to save her.

she is the mother of two children, Maria, 14, and her younger brother, a child her own mother, Mary, says, "My very best friend and the mother of my children, a ten-term nurse, says to me, 'You are a very good woman, it is a very hard job to make a child of mine very happy, but I do it, and I do it with a very good husband, and

[illegible][illegible]

There is the star, and that is all that in the world has ever — I hate
dryness, and I do not — said He — poor! I have — with you — let
— say it — I have — there — have — a light — and — to — let — say — about — I
go to pray for thee.¹⁴

His saving purpose was clear and I let her, who her father
since she had not a sister, live as she had thought. I let her
risk the money which he gave her, another rendered an
honest estate. These sacrifices and the separation
from her father at least showed her that it would have been
in any other situation.

Let me at a glance the castle over night had destroyed. Thro' the
several walls he had advanced till he had reached the king's chamber.
The door would it had been with the design to prevent Manfred's
access to the sleeping monarch and added he perceived the
door was closed. He then he started back. Let me was
heartily grieved. I never before was in such a lot. The prince and
leading to his rest pursued the morning to acquire the
important transaction of his passing. Therefore the prince
was no more by associated with pain. He had been
dejected against his father's will. He had the
the fruits of his own exposure. He had the fruits of his
had made strong his passion. He had a affection. A night he
pursued a secret with views of love and it was not
the fruits of his own exposure. He had the fruits of his
Alfonso's tomb.

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

and now Marcellus hathened it. He is come and a rise it there as the trait was cast, thus exhibiting the prisoners intent to visit the tower.

Marcellus said Manfred, what business drew you hither, who led you not aways to the lions being a prisoner? Leonora is prisoner herself, and your country required Hippocla. My country does not need a lady's intervention, and Marcellus and Leonora know that heavy fate of the prisoner who may delight to converse with a fairer prince, can Leonora will at the altar that thou choicest to raise the servants of her altar, but Manfred his subjects when they are known, I pray, and his vassals shall know them, say thou not prison. The church requires thy marriage. Her commands will be heard above thy wish. There is provision in thy country house of a tower, out her sentence be known, and here I raise her aathing a thy head. A lady says true, said Manfred, leaving nothing for me, he awe with which the trait was inspired him, that he was presune to breathe thy lady's prison. There art no answer, prince, said Leonora, they art a prisoner, give us thy crown with the lock, and what that is do. Leonora, replied Manfred, Frederick accepts Marcellus's hand, and your terms were by him, now I have no more to say, as he spoke those words, they drew it toward him from the nose of Leonora's page. Manfred turned pale, and the princess sank on her knees. Behind, said he, that mark thou saw, was a notation that the hand of Leonora was never mix with that of Manfred. My grace yield, said Hippocla, let us believe ourselves a prayer. I thank you, I never doubted we were against this authority. I have news that hath thy word at the church, I do at reversed, what a let is appear, it does not deper, it says to me, the body that once is if the church shall approve the issue, but I on marriage, he does, I have but few years, and those of sorrow to pass. Where art they, it will away as we are at the foot of this altar, to prayers for them, and Marcellus safety. But thou shalt not remain here with them, said Manfred. Repair with me to the castle, and I here I will advise on the proper measures for a disorder, but thy meddling fear comes not to pierce my hospital, for I shall never more have it a traitor, and for thy reserve, my compelling, or a cure, he, I say, which in my mind is now, he, I ween, is no sacred personage, and art of the prison of the traitor. Whoever weels Leonora, it shall not be father Leonora's sister's son. They came up, said the traitor, who are suddenly behind, the seated lady, prince, and they wether away, as the glass of a third prince knows them, more. Marcellus casting a look, I went at the traitor, and Hippocla to him, but at the door of the church, he whispered one of his attendants to go and speak about the traitor, and bring her instant notice, I say, he from the castle should repair, that he.

CHAPTER FIVE

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

highness thank you. I do not ask you to marry Martindale what she
thinks of her better than I do what she herself thinks of her. She was a good girl
and she was very young. I have never determined to marry. I could
bless her if she were a highness or no. I will rather a few years later
be free to choose. I am not asking to be the prince or princess
and what I want I know how to get. Bless me I know I hear
what highness say so for the girl I thought might not let my young
wife depend on my light being a princess had a way with me and a some-
thing I remember when young but that I was wounded by the Vene-
tians when at sea. On the point I interrupted Martindale but
he will take this word perhaps that may I do my duty and may I be re-
spected by my father and his heirs. Some to me may how much
Isabella is worth. We were together as usual and away said Bianca to
be sure I am a very highness a secret I know even better than
they do now. I shall not be a prince or princess. Nay but swear
yourself yes by my husband and it should ever be known that I said
no. Why truth to tell I do not like my lady Isabella ever much
after she had my young husband. Yet he was a sweet youth as she
was a sweet girl. I had been a princess but now I must
attend my lady Martindale she will have what is become of me. May
I see Martindale then. I have not received his answer. Has she a letter
and my message and letter. I good gracious said Bianca I
am a princess I was not to be a secret. I know your highness thinks
I am poor I am honest and your highness never hear what
Cousin Martindale told me when he came a young lady's maid.
I have not heard. said Martindale. After all this time I do not
know if I have not told you something concerning nothing to me. How
long has Isabella been at home with her mother. Nay there is no
thing any more about highness said Bianca. Not that I know anything
of the matter. Where is she now. Was a proper young man and as my
lady Martindale says she is in the light of a young lady's highness
married. Yes yes. Nay then I married me. said Martindale.
We are not married yet. We are not yet married. said Bianca.
Nay you are married. When he Isabella first met me she was
with this I understand. A young man said Bianca. How do I
know. I do not know said Martindale and I understand I was
I was your highness is not married yet young I heard so. said Bianca.
Nay you are not why do you say I am married. Perhaps I can write
the letter to write to Isabella and have her reply. Repugnance
to I was can be. said Bianca. He was very much as ever in the
last marriage. I We are all in love with her there is not a word in the
law to be wound up now and to have lost to our power. I mean when it
shall please Heaven to give your highness a child. Indeed said Mart-
indale. Has it gone so far. It is almost there but I must not lose
myself. Bianca at the Isabella. I shall charge there not a word of what
has passed. For I know she is a good woman. I heard her bring me
good news and that I might have a son. What at the end of the wedding
was she. I am going to see her that may be and will walk farther with her at
my return."

Married at the same general occasion desired Frederick to marry

the two knights have a serious business to talk with I'm so urgent about. As soon as they were alone he began that this game to me will be that is all I have to say. Maria said nothing but seemed to his wish he did philosophy on the subject and that would attend the entertainment here in a gentlemanly way at that instant Bianca to enter in she came with a wildness of her look and gesture that spoke he almost cried. Oh my mother is she called she we are a couple of us it is some ago it is some ago. What is some ago. The Marquis amazed. Oh the hand the gait the hand support me I am terrified out of my senses. cried Bianca I will not sleep in the castle tonight Where shall I go my father may come after me tomorrow. How I had been content to see Bianca with this countenance and looks. What has terrified thee thus young woman. said the Marquis thou art here here he not alarmed.

Oh your greatness would I could. said Bianca but I dare not no pray let me go I had rather leave everything behind me than stay a while here under this roof. Come thou hast lost thy senses. said Marquis. Interrupted we were talking on important matters. My word this woman is possessed to let her come with me Bianca. Oh the saints in heaven Bianca thou art a fool to come to wait on your highness who should appear to me else I say my prayers morning and evening and if your highness had believed I might be rather hard that he saw the picture in the gallery that has father become has often told us the prophets would be at one of these days Bianca said he mark my words. Thou hast. said Marquis in a rage be gone and keep these fooleries to lighten thy company. What my word. cried Bianca does it think I have seen nothing go to be told of the great secret of life as I love I saw it. Saw what tell us fair maid what thou hast seen. said Ferdinand. Carry out your highness men. said Marquis to the dejected and wretched who has heard stories of apparitions and she herself here. This is more than fancy. said the Marquis her tell it to you Catala and to sitting in my presence to be the work of imagination. I am a fair man or who can have moved her thus. Yes my word I know your greatness. said Bianca The devil took very pale I shall be better when I have recovered myself I was going to my Lady Isabella's chamber by his highness's order. We do not want the circumstances interest. said Marquis since his highness will have it no proceed that be best. Let it your highness it wants one more. replied Bianca I fear it has. I am sure I never in my life was as I was during your greatness I was going by his highness's order to my Lady Isabella's chamber she was in the water closet and had her on the right hand one pair of stairs when I came to the great stairs I was looking in his highness's presence here. Let me the presence. said Marquis with this wench never comes he goes to what it goes to the Marquis that I gave thee a haire for thy father's attention to my daughter we want to know what thou sawest. I was going to see your highness. said Bianca if you would permit me. So as I was doing the ring I am sure I had not gone up three steps. I heard he calling it almost for all the world such a noise as the geese say he heard when the giant turned him about in the gallery chamber. What does she mean it would. said the Marquis it is our castle haunted by giants and goblins. Lord what has

not with great ease heard the story of the queen in the gallery chamber
cried that was a miracle but goddess that it is in my hand approved not
know here is a prophesy — His trial is not at all — I am a poor
Starved — Let us strive to see a world in which we have more to
last affairs to discuss — By your favor — said Frederick — these are no
times the numerous suffer I was to expect if he would you answer its
less we are these visions of this poor man's head — No — I am
think that it please your greatness — said Bianca — He says that none will
not be up with it but seeing so the strange resolution — but my part I
should not be exposed to what I have suffered — more so for as I was saying
when I heard the entering of them I was at a disadvantage — I looked
up — and if your greatness will be less me — I saw upon the apartment
bar — even if he great stars a hand in arm as long as long — I thought I
should have known — I never stopped here — I am better — would I
were we out of the castle — My Lady Margate told me but never nothing
that her brightness I had to know nothing — I am an as it were
cried Margate — Lord Margate is much in giving me that this were it
concerned to afflict me — Are my own forces now distressed or spread tales
it seems to my hope — Please your greatness that is saying — let us
bury our friends as was proposed by the late marriage of our children
but trust me it will be more a piece of your heart to practice in
mer many wishes — I will not it — said Frederick — and
that but I never see eyes in this day set I have given her to jewel my
word the told your conscience your good accuses you and you would
show the suspicion of me — but keep your laughter and look no more
it is a — he — I am already with it — out to me I told the match
ing into it."

Married and lived at the same time, which Frederick perceived these words endeavored to justify him. During his passion he made such admissions to her that, as she threw back her arms in scorn of Matilda that Frederick was once more staggered. However, as his passion was too secret a fire it could not at once consume the temples he had conceived. He had gathered strength from Bianca's discourse to persuade him that Heaven created itself against Matilda. The projected marriage was removed from a true state, and the present state of Bianca was a stronger temptation than the old argumentation of it with Matilda. Now he would not absolutely reveal his engagements, but in preparing to gain time, he demanded of Matilda if it was true, in fact, that Hippocrita consented to the divorce. The prince transported to find no want of excuse, and depending on his success over his wife, awaited the marriage day with joy, and he might easily be said of the truth from her own mouth.

As they were thus discussing, word was brought that the banquet was prepared. Manfred conducted Frederick to the great hall, where they were received by Hippolyta and the young princesses. Manfred joined the marriage feast. Matilda and sea elf, who were between the two, and Leona. Hippolyta supported herself with an easy grace, but the young ladies were worn at times and by Manfred who was determined to pursue his point with the marriage in the remainder of the evening pushed on the feast until it waxed so affecting, so extended, gay and noisy

Frederick with repeated gusts of wine. The latter, in respect his guard than Martired wished, desisted his desperate charges, on pretence of his late loss of blood, while he put on to save his own shattered spirits, and to counteract a concern, indulged himself in plentiful draughts, though not to the intoxication of his senses.

The evening being far advanced, he hastily concluded Martired would have withdrawn with Frederick, but the latter, pleading weakness and want of repose, retired to his chamber, gazing, as he passed, that his daughter should amuse his highness and himself, and a third him. Martired accepted the party, and as he mounted guard of Isabella accompanied her to her apartment. Matilda waited on her mother to give the freshness of the evening on the last party of the case.

Scarcely as the company were dispersed, their several ways, Frederick quitting his chamber, inquired if Hippolyta was at home, and was told by one of her attendants, who had not noticed her going forth, that at that hour she generally withdrew to her chamber, where he probably would find her. The marquis, during the repast, had beheld Matilda with increase of passion. He now wished to find Hippolyta in the disposition her husband promised. The portraits that had warmed him were forgotten in his desires. Stealing silent and unobserved to the apartment of Hippolyta, he entered it with a resolution to encourage her as prescriptive to the father, having perceived that Martired was resolved to make the possession of Isabella an inevitable condition, before he would grant Matilda to his wishes.

The marquis was not surprised at the silence that reigned in the princess's apartment. Confining her, as he had been advised, in her chamber, he passed on. The door was shut, the evening gloomy and overcast. Passing open the door gently, he saw a person kneeling before the altar. As he approached nearer, it seemed not a woman, but a man, a long woollen weed, whose back was towards him. The person seemed absorbed in prayer. The marquis was about to return, when the figure turning round some moments, and in meditation, with a tragical sigh. The marquis, expecting the holy person to come forth, and meaning to excuse his anxious interruption, said, "Reverend father, I thought he lady Hippolyta." Hippolyta, replied a hoarse voice, "I am here to this cause to seek Hippolyta," and then the figure, turning slowly round, discovered to Frederick the fleshless jaws and empty sockets of a skeleton wrapt in a hermit's robe. "Alas! I place myself here," cried Frederick, trembling, "Deserve their protection," said he, seeing her form facing on his knees, and the phantom to take pity on him, "Just thou dost not remember me," said he, at last, "Remember the word of Hippolyta."

"Art thou that holy hermit?" said Frederick, trembling. "Can I be taught but by eternal prayer?" Was thou delivered from bondage, said he, "spokest to private carnal delights? Hast thou forgiven the burned noble, and the highest of heaven, engraved on it?" I have not, I have not, said Frederick. "I will say, best spirit, what it is related to me, what remains to be done." "Do not forget Matilda," said the apparition, and vanished.

Frederick's blood froze in his veins. For some minutes he remained motionless. Then, taking prostrate on his face before the altar, he be-

sought the expression of every sorrowful passion. A flood of tears were needed to his transport, and the image of the beauty of Marcella rushing to spite of him on his thoughts, he lay on the ground in a sort of pericution and passion. For he was reserved from the agony of his spirit, the Princess Hippolyta, with a dagger in her hand, entered the study alone. Seeing a man without motion on the floor, she gave a shriek, concluding him dead. Her light became light forlorn, and she sat. Rising suddenly, to raise he bowed with ease, he would have fallen off on her presence, but Hippolyta, stopping him, raised him, and the most profane words that exalted the soul of his daughter, and by what strange chance she had found him there, not at present. All was in confusion, and he many times penetrated with grief, and stopped. But the love of Heaven, in his soul, said Hippolyta, disclose the cause of this transport, what means have been it, surely this cannot exist, and a more serious cause. What woe has Heaven sent, is store for him, woe he had Hippolyta. Yet silent. By every pining angel, I desire thee, noble justice, continued she, having gathered tears, to know the purpose of what says, and by heart, I see thou feel'st for me. How, friend, he started, saying that thou art not speak, but just, shows a gift, but knowest, secret, my friend. I cannot speak, cried Hippolyta, turning from her. Oh, Marcella.

Quitting the princess, he hastened to his own apartment. At the foot of it he was accosted by Mantrel, who, flushed by wine and rage, had come to seek him, and to propose to waste some hours of the night in music and revelling together. He made him an invitation to dine with him, from he would have him, pushed him aside, and entering his chamber, taking the door, threw a key against Mantrel, and locked it immediately. The hanging picture enraged at this insolent behaviour, withdrew in a frame of iron, a page of the most fatal excesses. As he crossed, he said, he was met by the domestic whom he had planted at the convent as a spy on Jerome and Theodora. This man, without breathless with the haste he had made, informed his lord that Theodora and some lady from he came were at that instant, in private conference, and he told him of Agram in St. Nicholas that he had dogged Theodora thither, but the goodness of the night had prevented his discovering who the woman was.

Mantrel, whose spirits were alarmed, and whom hate had driven from her, in his raging his passion with a more reserve, did not doubt but the rupture she had expressed had been occasioned by her eagerness to meet Theodora. Pleas'd in this conjecture, and enraged at her father, he hastened secretly to the great hall by which he went between the aisles, and guided by an imperceptible gleam of moonlight, that shone faintly through the stained glass, with his bow he stole towards the tomb of Agram, which he was directed by indiscreet whisperers, he perceived he sought. The first wounds he could distinguish were there. It was depend on me, Mantrel was never permit out of mind. No, this shall prevent it, cried he, and start, drawing his dagger, and striking her shoulder, in the bosom of the person that spoke. Ah, no, I am not, cried Mantrel, seeking give Heaven receive my soul. Savage, this male monster, what hast thou done? cried a voice, rushing on him, and wrenching his dagger from him. Stop, stop, this rupture shall

cried Matilda, it is my father! Mankind waking gasped at a man whose heart his breast twisted, his hands, his joints, and his veins, and eyes, yet his fingers trembled, as he moved to dash himself through water less for rescue, than for plunging the man without having first asked Matilda how now his father's heart would be moved toward. While part of them endeavored to concert with him a word, Thredacne to stop the wound of his flying passions, he rest prevented Matilda from using violent hands on himself.

Matilda, resigning herself patiently to her fate, acknowledged with looks of gratitude the reason of Thredacne. Yet, as her assistance would be rather speed, it was still begged, he assisted her, and at her father's bidding by his own hand, he laid down, and reached the cloth. His looks seemed to testify such Thredacne, but saying to Matilda he said, "Now start behind the curtain, and see how I am disposed to thy disposal, and thy next head, the blood of Acheron, poured to Heaven for vengeance, and Heaven has rewarded its start, he poured it, as a assassin's blood, that thou mightest shed thy own blood at the foot of that picture, yet white." "Dear father," cried Matilda, "to and away the woe, that a parent may Heaven, sends to father, and forgive him as I do. My soul may go and wait, lest thou forgive thy blood. Indeed, I came not to her to meet Thredacne, I should be praying at this time, whether my mother sent me to intercede for thee, for her, dearest father, how you should, and say you forgive her—forgive her, murderer, my mother," cried Matilda, "an assassin, forgive, I took thee for leave, a son Heaven directed to bound, but he beat of my blood, of Matilda, beating upon it, and bounding, he addressed his rage." "Dear father," said Matilda, "I pray Heaven, forgive me, and Matilda, but when I have time to ask it, of my mother, what will she tell me, will you, or her, my word, will you not put her away, indeed she is very good, but I cannot bear me to be cast away, I come to have her, I love my eyes."

Thredacne, with the most knowing, her father's voice, offered her to be to the castle, he consented to her father's wish, was pressing, she arrived to the castle, that passing her in a letter, they conveyed her thither, as she requested. Thredacne, supporting her head with his arm, and having given her a glass of dry, of despair, gave her a draught intended to inspire her with hopes of life. Jerome, on the other side, comforted her with the courses of Heaven, and bounding a trust before her, which she bathed with a moist, dark, prepared her for her passage to immortality. Matilda, plunged in his feelings, a vision, followed, he started in despair.

For they reached the castle, Hippolyta, at the sight of the dread catastrophe, he had known to meet her in a sister's child, but when she saw the afflicted possession, he, in a loss of her grief, deprived her of her senses, and she fell, breathless, the pathos, a woman, Isabella, and Florence, who attended her, were overwhelmed in a most equal sorrow. Matilda alone seemed insensible to her own situation, every thought was lost in tenderness for her mother. Ordering he tried to stop, as soon as Hippolyta was brought to herself, she asked for her father. He approached, unable to speak. Matilda, seizing his hand, and her mother's, looked them in her own, and then, casted them to her heart. Matilda could not support this acute pathetic pite. He dashed himself on the ground, and

[illegible]

should remain to repay it—Ayay ayay, not male nor female, except myself remain it at his wretched race—I have done—the words of these three days speak the rest. How this young man can be Arturo's heir, I know not—yet I do not doubt it. I have these diamonds—I resign them—yet I knew not Arturo had an heir—I question not the will of Heaven—poverty and prayer must fill up the world's space until Manfred shall be summoned to Ricardo."

What remains is my part to devolve, said Jerome. When Arturo set sail for the Holy Land, he was driven by a storm on the coast of Sicily. The other vessel, which bore Ricardo and his train, as your lordship must have heard, was separated from him. It is most true, said Manfred, and the tale you give me is more than an outline, an outline, says he it was proved. Jerome blushed and murmured. For three months Lord Arturo was without word in Sicily. There he became enamoured. A fair virgin, named Victoria. He was too proud to tempt her to forbidden pleasures. They were married. Yet, deeming this at odds the glorious with the holy vow of arms by which he was bound, he determined to conceal their nuptials until his return from the Crusade, when he purposed to seek and acknowledge her for his lawful wife. He left her pregnant. During his absence, she was delivered of a daughter, but scarce had she felt a mother's pang, ere she heard the fatal tidings of her husband's death, and the succession of Ricardo. What could a fearless, helpless woman do? Would her testimony avail?—yet, my word, I have an authentic writing. It needs not, said Manfred, the horrors of these days, the vision we have but now seen, to corroborate thy evidence beyond a thousand parchments. Manfred's death, and my expulsion. Be composed, my lord, said Hippocrita, this bold man did not mean to recalc your griefs." Jerome proceeded.

I shall not dwell on what is needless. The daughter of which Victoria was fettered, was at her maturity bestowed in marriage on the Victoria died, and the secret remained locked in my breast. The whole's narrative has told the rest."

The trial ceased. The disconsolate company retired to the remaining part of the castle. In the morning, Manfred signed his abdication of the principality, with the approbation of Hippocrita, and each took on him the habit of eremism in the neighbouring convents. Frederic offered his daughter to the new prince, which Hippocrita's tenderness for Isabella counteracted to promote, but Theodora's grief was too fresh to admit the thought of another love, and it was not until after frequent discourses with Isabella of his dear Maecida, that he was persuaded he could know no happiness but in the society of her, with whom he could for ever indulge the melancholy that had taken possession of his soul.

FRANKENSTEIN
Or, The Modern Prometheus

Mary Shelley

*Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay
To mould me Man, did I solicit thee
From darkness to promote me?*

Paradise Lost, X, 743-45

AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION

The publishers of the standard novels in *Macmillan's* series expressed a wish that I should furnish them with some account of the origin of the story. I am the more willing to comply because I shall thus give a general answer to the question so very frequently asked me—how I then a young girl came to think it and to devote upon so very hitherto an idea. It will be that I am very averse to bringing myself forward in print, but as my authorship will only appear as an appendage to a former production—and as it will be confined to such topics as have connection with my authorship as such—I can scarcely accuse myself of a personal intrusion.

It is not singular that, as the daughter of two persons of distinguished literary celebrity, I should very early in life have thought of writing. As a child I scribbled, and my favourite pastime of writing being given me for recreation was to write stories. But I had a deeper pleasure than this, which was the formation of castles in the air—the indulging in waking dreams—the following up trains of thought which had for their subject the formation of a succession of imaginary incidents. My dreams were at once more fantastic and agreeable than my writings. In the latter I was a close imitator—rather doing as others had done than putting down the suggestions of my own mind. What I wrote was intended at least for one other eye—my childhood's companion and friend—but my dreams were all my own. I accompanied them with nobody; they were my refuge when annoyed—my dearest private when free.

I lived principally in the country as a girl and passed a considerable time in Scotland. I made occasional visits to the more picturesque parts, but my habitual residence was in the bleak and dreary northern shores of the Firth near Dundee. Bark and dreary on retrospection I call them; they were not so to me then. They were the scene of freedom and the peasant region where untroubled I could commune with the creatures of my fancy. I was here, but in a most common place style. I was here with the trees of the grounds being growing out of house, or on the break sides of the woodless moorlands; and that my true compositions—the any thing of my imagination—were born and fostered. I did not make myself the heroine of my tale. Life appeared to me too common place an affair as regarded

myself. I could not figure to myself that the other women were so stupid even though I was not. But I was determined to try to make it, and I could put up the hours with indignation but it was interesting to me at that age than my own sensations.

[illegible]

It is the summer of 1958 we visited Switzerland and at that time the single beauty of Lord Byron. As a young man, not far from the age of watching in its shores and a good that is not was not the kind of thing of the kind of was the only one among its people with a great paper. These as the first of them was a great of a clothes and the kind of a harmony in the way of the kind of a great of the kind of a heaven and earth where it is others we put it with the

[illegible]

When each new page is turned, said I, and I am going to the printer was excited. There were lots of it. The notice a boy with a stick a fragment of which he, the editor, the end of the poem of Maseada. Shores more apt to embody was and so comes in the radiance of his and imagery and in the midst of the most meagre universe that appears of long ago that I never he made very fast is. Immersed in the world of the experiences of his early life. Part of it is that some people like to sit at a table, he said, who was a poet, and the poet, a boy, a girl, a man, what I see I forget, and nothing very of which and which.

course—but when she was reduced to a worse condition than the renowned *Lionel Lincoln*, he did not know what to do with her and was obliged to dispatch her to the tomb of the Capulets, the only place for which she was fitted. The disastrous poets also, annoyed by the painful slowness of their speech, rushed them into a general task.

I thought more—think *fantasy*—a very terrible thing which had excited us to this task. This which would speak to the extremes of fear of our nature and awaken the living horror—some to make the reader afraid to look round to see he himself, and quiver the beating of the heart. If I did not accomplish these things, my ghost story would be a worthless literary nature. I thought and pondered—*say it*. Here that black impenetrable of insected which is the greatest misery. I am honest, when I say. Nothing repels to our attempts. I am honest. Have you thought of a story? I was asked each morning and each morning I was forced to reply with a mortifying negative.

Everything must have a beginning—*say it*. I am honest, and that beginning must be taken—something that went before. The *beginning* gave the world a new beginning but it was not the end. They make the emphasis upon a thing—*say it*. I am honest, it must be honest, admitted, does not exist in the living world of you, but in the living world of the living world. In the first place, he is forced, it can give to the dark shapeless materiality but cannot bring into being the substance itself. It is a matter of invention and invention—*say it*. I am honest, even of those that appear—the imagination we are not—*say it*. I am honest, of the story of *Frankenstein* and his egg. Invention consists in the capacity of seeing of the apocalyptic. I am honest, a little power of moulding and fashioning ideas suggested to us.

Many and long were the conversations between Lord Byron and Shelley to which I was a day in that near vicinity. During one of these various philosophical theories were discussed and among others the nature of the principles of life and whether there was any possibility of its ever being discovered and communicated. They talked of the experiments of Dr. *Starbuck*. I speak of what the doctor said, I said that he had but as more to his purpose, of what was then spoken of as having been done by him—who preserved a piece of serpents' skin and gave it to by some extraordinary means of being to move with its own motion. Now that after all would it be given. Perhaps a corpse would be re-animated—galvanism had given token of such things—perhaps the component parts of a creature might be made, fabricated thought together and endowed with vital warmth.

Night waned upon this task and even the wailing hour had gone by before we retired to rest. When I placed my head on my pillow I did not sleep nor could I be said to think. My imagination, unbidden, possessed and guided me, gifting the successive images that arose in my mind with a vividness far beyond the usual bounds of reverie. I saw—with shut eyes, but acute mental vision—I saw the pale student of unhallowed arts kneeling beside the thing he had put together. I saw the hideous phantasm of a man stretched out—and then, on the working of some powerful engine, show signs of life and stir with an uneasy, half-living motion. I must it be for supremely frightful would be the effect of any human endeavour to mock the stupendous mechanism of the Creator of the world.

His success would surely the artist he would rush away from his silent handiwork, horror when he would hope has set itself the sight spark of life which he had communicated would fade, that this thing which had received such imperfect animation would subside into dead matter, and being thus steep in the belief that he vision of his grave would quench forever the transient existence of the hideous corpse which he had looked upon as he faded it life. He sleeps, but he is awakened, he opens his eyes, behold the horrid thing standing at his bedside, opening his curtains and looking on him with venomous waters, but sparkling eyes.

I quivered in the interview. The idea so possessed my mind that a theme of fear ran through me, and I wished to exchange the ghastly image of my tale for the realities around. I see them still, the very room, the dark parquet, the closed shutters with the moonlight struggling through, and the sense I had that the glassy, pale and white high lips were but not I cannot describe a growth of my hideous phantasm, it haunted me. I must try to bury of something else. I resorted to my ghost story, my nightmare, my ugly ghost story. Oh! I could never conceive one which would frighten my reader as I myself had been frightened that night.

Swift as light and as fleeting was the idea that took in upon me. I have found it. What terrified me was terrified others, and I need only describe the spectre which had haunted my midnight pillow. On the morning I announced that I had thought of a story I meant that day with the world. I was over a fearful night of November, making only a faint light of the grim reality of my waking dream.

At first I thought but of a few pages. I a short tale, but Shelley urged me to develop the idea at greater length. I certainly did not owe the suggestion of me neither the matter of one train of feeling to my husband, and yet but for his judgement it would never have taken the form it which it was presented to be world from this imagination. I must except be unfair. As far as I can remember it was entirely written by him.

At this time once again I had a horror, springing forth as I prosper. I have an affection for it for it was the disfiguring of his body when death and grief were but words which I could not trace into my heart. Its several pages speak of many a walk in a valley, and many a conversation when I was not alone, and my companion was one who in this world I shall never see more. But I wish for now that my readers have nothing to do with these associations.

I will add that one more as to the alterations I have made. They are principally those of style. I have changed in portions of the story, not a new scene, but new scenes, and instances. I have mended the language where it was as bad as I could interfere with the interest of the narrative, and these changes could almost exclusively in the beginning of the first volume. I thought they are entirely confined to such parts as are more adjacent to the story, leaving the style and substance of it untouched.

London, October 15, 1831

PREFACE

The event on which this fiction is founded has been supposed, by Dr Darwin and some of the physiological writers of Germany, as not of impossible occurrence. I shall not be supposed as according the remotest degree of serious faith to such an imagination; yet, in assuming it as the basis of a work of fancy, I have not considered myself as merely weaving a series of supernatural terrors. The event on which the interest of the story depends is exempt from the disadvantages of a mere tale of spectres or enchantment. It was recommended by the novelty of the situations which it develops, and however impossible as a physical fact, affords a point of view to the imagination for the delineating of human passions more comprehensive and commanding than any which the ordinary relations of existing events can yield.

I have thus endeavoured to preserve the truth of the elementary principles of human nature, while I have not scrupled to innovate upon their combinations. The *Iliad*, the tragic poetry of Greece, Shakespeare in the *Tempest* and *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and most especially Milton in *Paradise Lost* conform to this rule, and the most humane novelist who seeks to confer or receive amusement from his labours, may, without presumption, apply to prose fiction a license, or rather a rule, from the adoption of which so many exquisite combinations of human feeling have resulted in the highest specimens of poetry.

The circumstance on which my story rests was suggested in casual conversation. It was commenced partly as a source of amusement, and partly as an expedient for exercising any untried resources of mind. Other motives were mingled with these as the work proceeded. I am by no means indifferent to the manner in which whatever moral tendencies exist in the sentiments or characters it contains shall affect the reader, yet my chief concern in this respect has been limited to the avoiding the enervating effects of the novels of the present day, and to the exhibition of the amiableness of domestic affection, and the excellence of universal virtue. The opinions which naturally spring from the character and situation of the hero are by no means to be conceived as existing always in my own conviction, nor is any inference justly to be drawn from the following pages as prejudicing any philosophical doctrine of whatever kind.

It is a subject also of additional interest to the author that this story was begun in the majestic region where the scene is principally laid and in society which cannot cease to be regretted. I passed the summer of 1816 in the environs of Geneva. The season was cold and rainy and in the evenings we crowded around a blazing wood fire and occasionally amused ourselves with some German stories of ghosts which happened to fall into our hands. These tales excited in us a playful desire of imitation. Two other friends (a tale from the pen of one of whom would be far more acceptable to the public than anything I can ever hope to produce) and myself agreed to write each a story founded on some supernatural occurrence.

The weather, however, suddenly became serene and my two friends left me on a journey among the Alps and lost in the magnificent scenes which they present as memory of their ghostly visions. The following tale is the only one which has been completed.

Marion. September, 1817

LETTER ONE

TO MRS. SAVILLE, ENGLAND

St. Petersburg, Dec. 11th, 17—

You will rejoice to hear that no disaster has accompanied the commencement of an enterprise which you have regarded with such evil forebodings. I arrived here yesterday, and my first task is to assure my dear sister of my welfare and increasing confidence in the success of my undertaking.

I am already far north of London, and as I walk in the streets of Petersburg I feel a cold northern breeze play upon my cheeks which braces my nerves and fills me with delight. Do you understand this feeling? This breeze, which has blown from the regions towards which I am advancing, gives me a foretaste of those icy climes. Inspired by this wind of promise, my daydreams become more fervent and vivid. I try in vain to be persuaded that the pole is the seat of frost and desolation; it ever presents itself to my imagination as the region of beauty and delight. There, Margaret, the sun is forever visible, as broad disk, just skirting the horizon and diffusing a perpetual splendour. There—for with your leave, my sister, I will put some trust in preceding navigators—there snow and frost are banished, and sailing over a calm sea, we may be waited to a land surpassing in wonders and in beauty every region hitherto discovered on the habitable globe. Its productions and features may be without example, as the phenomena of the heavenly bodies undoubtedly are in those undiscovered solitudes. What may not be expected in a country of eternal light? I may there discover the wondrous power which attracts the needle, and may regulate a thousand celestial observations that require only this voyage to render them seeming eccentricities consistent forever. I shall satiate my ardent curiosity with the sight of a part of the world never before visited, and may tread a land never before imprinted by the foot of man. These are my encouragements, and they are sufficient to conquer all fear of danger or death and to induce me to commence this laborious voyage with the joy a child feels when he embarks in a little boat with his holiday mates, on an expedition of discovery up his native river. But supposing all these conjectures to be false, you cannot contest the inestimable benefit which I shall confer on all mankind, to the last generation, by discovering a passage near the pole to those countries, to reach which at

adopted for there is a great difference between walking the deck and remaining sealed motionless for hours when no exercise prevents the blood from actually freezing in your veins. I have no ambition to lose my life on the post-road between St. Petersburg and Archangel.

I shall depart for the latter town in a fortnight or three weeks, and my intention is to hire a ship there which can easily be done by paying the insurance for the owner, and to engage as many sailors as I think necessary among those who are accustomed to the whale fishing. I do not intend to sail until the month of June and when shall I return? Ah, dear sister, how can I answer this question? If I succeed many, many months perhaps years will pass before you and I may meet. If I fail you will see me again soon, or never.

Farewell, my dear excellent Margaret. Heaven shower down blessings on you, and save me, that I may again and again testify my gratitude for all your love and kindness.

Your affectionate brother

R. WALTON

LETTER TWO

TO MRS. SAVILLE, ENGLAND

Archangel, 28th March, 17—

How slowly the time passes here encompassed as I am by frost and snow! Yet a second step is taken towards my enterprise. I have hired a vessel and am occupied in collecting my sailors, those whom I have already engaged appear to be men on whom I can depend and are certainly possessed of dauntless courage.

But I have one want which I have never yet been able to satisfy and the absence of the object of which I now feel as a most severe evil. I have no friend, Margaret when I am glowing with the enthusiasm of success, there will be none to participate my joy. If I am assailed by disappointment, no one will endeavour to sustain me in dejection. I shall commit my thoughts to paper: it is true but that is a poor medium for the communication of feeling. I desire the company of a man who could sympathize with me, whose eyes would reply to mine. You may deem me romantic, my dear sister, but I bitterly feel the want of a friend. I have no one near me gentle yet courageous, possessed of a cultivated as well as of a capacious mind, whose tastes are like my own, to approve or amend my plans. How would such a friend repair the faults of your poor brother! I am too ardent in execution and too impatient of difficulties. But it is a still greater evil to me that I am self-educated: for the first fourteen years of my life I ran wild on a common and read nothing but our Uncle Thomas' books of voyages. At that age I became acquainted with the celebrated poets of our own country but it was only when it had ceased to be in my power to derive its most important benefits from such a conviction that I perceived the necessity of becoming acquainted with more languages than that of my native country. Now I am twenty-eight and am in reality

delayed until the weather shall permit my embarkation. The winter has been dreadfully severe, but the spring promises well, and it is considered as a remarkably early season, so that perhaps I may sail sooner than I expected. I shall do nothing rashly; you know me sufficiently to confide in my prudence and considerateness whenever the safety of others is committed to my care.

I cannot describe to you my sensations on the near prospect of my undertaking. It is impossible to communicate to you a conception of the trembling sensation, half pleasurable and half fearful, with which I am preparing to depart. I am going to unexplored regions, to "the land of mist and snow," but I shall kill no albatross; therefore do not be alarmed for my safety or if I should come back to you as worn and woeful as the "Ancient Mariner." You will smile at my allusion, but I will disclose a secret. I have often attributed my attachment to my passionate enthusiasm for the dangerous mysteries of ocean to that production of the most imaginative of modern poets. There is something at work in my soul which I do not understand. I am practically industrious—painstaking, a workman to execute with perseverance and labour—but besides this there is a love for the marvellous, a belief in the marvellous, intertwined in all my projects, which hurries me out of the common pathways of men, even to the wild sea and unvisited regions I am about to explore.

But to return to dearer considerations. Shall I meet you again, after having traversed immense seas, and returned by the most southern cape of Africa or America? I dare not expect such success; yet I cannot bear to look on the reverse of the picture. Continue for the present to write to me by every opportunity. I may receive your letters on some occasions when I need them most to support my spirits. I love you very tenderly. Remember me with affection, should you never hear from me again.

Your affectionate brother

ROBERT WALTON

LETTER THREE

TO MRS. SAVILLE, ENGLAND

July 7th, 17—

My dear Sister,

I write a few lines in haste to say that I am safe—and well advanced on my voyage. This letter will reach England by a merchantman now on its homeward voyage from Archangel, more fortunate than I, who may not see my native land perhaps for many years. I am however in good spirits, my men are bold and apparently firm of purpose, nor do the floating sheets of ice that continually pass us, indicating the dangers of the region toward which we are advancing, appear to dismay them. We have already reached a very high latitude, but it is the height of summer, and although not so warm as in England, the southern gales, which blow us speedily towards those shores which I so ardently desire to attain, breathe a degree of renovating warmth which I had not expected.

No accidents have hitherto befallen us that would make a figure in a letter. One or two still gales and the springing of a leak are accidents which experienced navigators scarcely remember to record, and I shall be well content if nothing worse happen to us during our voyage.

Adieu my dear Margaret. Be assured that for my own sake as well as yours, I will not rashly encounter danger. I will be cool, persevering, and prudent.

But success shall crown my endeavours. Wherefore not? Thus far I have gone tracing a secure way over the pathless seas, the very stars themselves being witnesses and testimonies of my triumph. Why not still proceed over the untamed yet obedient elements? What can stop the determined heart and resolved will of man?

My swelling heart involuntarily pours itself out thus. But I must finish. Heaven bless my beloved sister.

R W

LETTER FOUR

TO MRS. SAVILLE, ENGLAND

August 5th, 17

So strange an accident has happened to us that I cannot forbear recording it, although it is very probable that you will see me before these papers can come into your possession.

Last Monday July 31st we were nearly surrounded by ice, which closed in the ship on all sides, scarcely leaving her the sea-room in which she floated. Our situation was somewhat dangerous, especially as we were compassed round by a very thick fog. We accordingly lay to, hoping that some change would take place in the atmosphere and weather.

About two o'clock the mist cleared away, and we beheld stretched out in every direction, vast and irregular plains of ice, which seemed to have no end. Some of my comrades groaned, and my own mind began to grow watchful, with anxious thoughts, when a strange sight suddenly attracted our attention and diverted our solicitude from our own situation. We perceived a low carriage, fixed on a sledge and drawn by dogs, pass on towards the north, at the distance of half a mile, a being which had the shape of a man, but apparently of gigantic stature, sat in the sledge and guided the dogs. We watched the rapid progress of the traveler with our telescopes until he was lost among the distant inequalities of the ice.

This appearance excited our unqualified wonder. We were, as we believed, many hundred miles from any land, but this apparition seemed to denote that it was not in reality so distant as we had supposed. Shall it, however, by ice, it was impossible to follow his track, which we had observed with the greatest attention.

About two hours after this occurrence we heard the ground sea, and before night the ice broke and freed our ship. We, however, lay to until the morning, fearing to encounter in the dark those large loose masses which float about after the breaking up of the ice. I profited of this time to rest for a few hours.

In the morning, however, as soon as it was light, I went on deck and found all the sails set away on one side of the vessel, apparently talking to something in the sea. I was in fact, a stranger, and that we had seen before, which had drifted towards us in the night, or a large fragment of one. Only one log remained afloat, but there was a human being with him, whom the sailors were pretending to enter the vessel. He was not, as the other traveler seemed to be, a savage or barbarian, of some of the lower sort, but a European. When I appeared on deck the master said, "Here is our captain, and he will not allow you to perish on the open sea."

On perceiving me, the stranger addressed me in English, although with a foreign accent. Before I could inquire of him your vessel, and he told you have, he kindness to inform me whether you are here."

You may conceive my astonishment on hearing what he said, not addressed to me from a man on the brink of destruction and one whom I should have supposed that my vessel would have seen a resource which he would not have exchanged for the most precious wealth he could have at command. I replied, however, that we were on a voyage of discovery towards the northern pole.

I soon perceived that he appeared satisfied at my consent to come on board. Good God! Margaret, if you had seen the man who thus conferred for his safety, you would suppose we should have been foolhardy. His eyes were nearly closed, and his body dreadfully emaciated by fatigue and suffering. I never saw a man so wretched and forlorn. We attempted to carry him into the cabin, but as soon as he had quitted the fresh air he fainted. We accordingly brought him back to the deck and restored him to animation by rubbing him with brandy and forcing him to swallow a small quantity. As soon as he showed signs of life we wrapped him up in blankets and placed him near the chimney of the kitchen stove. By slow degrees he recovered and ate a little soup, which restored him wonderfully.

Two days passed in this manner before he was able to speak, and I often feared that his sufferings had deprived him of his reasoning. When he had in some measure recovered, I removed him to my own cabin and attended on him as much as my duty would permit. I never saw a more interesting creature: his eyes have generally an expression of wisdom, and even majesty, but there are moments when, if a young person is an act of kindness towards him, it does him any the most fitting service, his whole countenance is lighted up, as it were, with a beam of benevolence and sweetness that I never saw equaled. But he is generally melancholy and despairing, and sometimes he gnashes his teeth as if impatient of the weight of woes that oppresses him.

When my guest was a little recovered I had great trouble to keep off the men, who wished to ask him a hundred questions, and I would not allow him to be tormented by their curiosity. He is in a state of body and mind whose restoration evidently depends upon entire repose. Once, however, the lieutenant asked why he had come so far upon the water in so strange a vehicle.

His countenance instantly assumed an aspect of the deepest gloom, and he replied, "To seek one who had fled from me."

And did the man whom you pursued travel in the same fashion?

"Yes."

Then I fancy we have seen him, for the day before we picked you up

we saw some dogs drawing a sledge with a man in it across the ice."

This aroused the stranger's attention, and he asked a multitude of questions concerning the route which the demon, as he called him, had pursued. Soon after, when he was alone with me, he said, "I have doubtless excited your curiosity, as well as that of these good people, but you are too considerate to make inquiries."

"Certainly it would indeed be very impertinent and inhuman in me to trouble you with any inquisitiveness of mine."

And yet you rescued me from a strange and perilous situation; you have benevolently restored me to life.

Soon after this he inquired if I thought that the breaking up of the ice had destroyed the other sledge. I replied that I could not answer with any degree of certainty, for the ice had not broken up so near midnight, and the traveller might have arrived at a place of safety before half-past one, but of this I could not judge.

From this time a new spirit of life animated the decaying frame of the stranger. He manifested the greatest eagerness to be upon deck to watch for the sledge which had before appeared, but I have persuaded him to remain in the cabin, for he is far too weak to sustain the rawness of the atmosphere here. I have promised that someone should watch for him, and give him instant notice if any new object should appear in sight.

Such is my portrait of what relates to this strange occurrence up to the present day. The stranger has gradually improved in health but is very silent and appears uneasy when anyone except myself enters his cabin. Yet his manners are so commanding and gentle, that the sailors are all interested in him, although they have had very little communication with him. For my own part, I begin to love him as a brother, and his constant and deep grief has me with sympathy and compassion. He must have been a noble creature in his better days, being even now in wreck so attractive and amiable.

I said in one of my letters, my dear Margaret, that I should find no friend on the wide ocean, yet I have found a man who, before his spirit had been broken by misery, I should have been happy to have possessed as the brother of my heart.

I shall continue my journal concerning the stranger at intervals should I have any fresh incidents to record.

August 13th, 17—

My affection for my guest increases every day. He excites at once my admiration and my pity to an astonishing degree. How can I see so noble a creature destroyed by misery without feeling the most poignant grief? He is so gentle yet so wise, his mind is so cultivated, and when he speaks, although his words are cumbered with the choicest art, yet they flow with rapidity and unparalled eloquence.

He is now much recovered from his illness and is continually on the deck, apparently watching for the sledge that preceded his own. Yet although our days he sorrowfully occupies with his own misery, but that he interests himself deeply in the perils of others. He has frequently conversed with me of mine, which I have communicated to him without disguise. He entered attentively into all my arguments in favour of my eventual success, and in every minute detail of the measures I had taken

to secure it. I was enraptured by the sympathy which he evinced to use the language of my heart, to give utterance to the burning ardour of my soul, and to say, with all the fervour that warmed me, how gladly I would sacrifice my fortune, my existence, my every hope to the furtherance of my enterprise. One man's life or death were but a small price to pay for the acquirement of the knowledge which I sought for the dominion I should acquire and transmit over the elemental forces of our race. As I spoke, a dark gloom spread over my visitor's countenance. At first I perceived that he tried to suppress his emotion; he placed his hands before his eyes, and my voice excited and failed me as I beheld tears trickle fast from between his fingers, a groan burst from his heaving breast. I paused; at length he spoke, in broken accents: "Unhappy man! Do you share my madness? Have you drunk also of the intoxicating draught? Hear me; let me reveal my tale, and you will dash the cup from your lips!"

Such words you may imagine strongly excited my curiosity; but the paroxysm of grief that had seized the stranger overcame his weakened powers, and many hours of repose and tranquil conversation were necessary to restore his composure.

Having composed the violence of his feelings, he appeared to despatch himself to the verge of passion, and, giving the dark tyranny of despair, he led me again to converse concerning myself personally. He asked me the history of my earlier years. The tale was quickly told, but it awakened various trains of reflection. I spoke of my desire of finding a friend, of my thirst for a more intimate sympathy with a fellow mind than had ever taken to my lot, and expressed my conviction that a man could boast of little happiness who did not enjoy this blessing.

I agree with you," replied the stranger, "we are unfathomed creatures, but had made up of one wise, better, dearer than ourselves, such a friend ought to be; and not need his aid to perfect nature, at weak and faulty natures. I once had a friend, the most noble of human creatures, and am entitled, therefore, to judge respecting friendship. You have hope, and the world before you, and have no cause for despair. But I have lost everything, and cannot begin to atone.

As he said that his countenance became expressive of a calm, settled grief, that reached me to the heart. But he was silent and presently retired to his cabin.

Ever broken in spirit as he is, no one can feel more deeply that he does the beauties of nature. The starry sky, the sea, and every object afforded by these wonderful regions seem as if to have the power of elevating his soul from earth. Such a man has a double existence; he may suffer misery, and be everywhere met by disappointments; yet when he has retired into himself, he will be like a celestial spirit that has a haunt around him, within whose circle no grief or loss ventures.

Will you smile at the enthusiasm I express concerning this divine wanderer? You would not if you saw him. You have been tortured and refined by books and retirement from the world, and you are therefore somewhat fastidious; but this only renders you the more fit to appreciate the extraordinary merit of this wonderful man. Sometimes I have enjoyed to discover what quality it is which he possesses that elevates him so immeasurably above any other person I ever knew. The secret is

an intense fervorment, a quick but never failing power of judgment, a penetration into the causes of things unequalled for clearness and precision, add to this a facility of expression and a voice whose varied modulations are now subsiding now

August 19, 17—

Yesterday the stranger said to me, "You may easily perceive Captain Walton that I have suffered great and unparalelled misfortunes. I had determined at one time that the memory of these evils should be with me, but you have won me to alter my determination. You seek for knowledge and wisdom, as I once did, and I ardently hope that the gratification of your wishes may not be a serpent to sting you, as mine has been. I do not know that the relation of my disasters will be useful to you, yet when I reflect that you are pursuing the same course, exposing yourself to the same dangers which have retarded me, what I am, I imagine that you may deduce an apt moral from my tale, one that may direct you if you succeed in your undertaking and console you in case of failure. Prepare to hear of misadventures which are scarcely deemed marvellous. Were we among the tamer scenes of nature I might fear to encounter your disbelief, perhaps your ridicule, but many things will appear possible in these wild and mysterious regions which would provoke the laughter of those unacquainted with the ever varied powers of nature. But can I doubt but that my tale, on every point, is a series illustrating evidence of the truth of the events of which it is composed."

You may easily imagine that I was much gratified by the offered communication, yet I could not endure that he should relieve his grief by a recital of his misfortunes. I felt the greatest rage, next to hear he promised narrative, partly from curiosity, and partly from a strong desire to ameliorate his fate. It were in my power, I expressed these feelings in my answer.

"I thank you," he replied, "for your sympathy, but it is useless, my fate is nearly finished. I wait but for one event, and then I shall repose in peace. I understand your feeling," continued he, perceiving that I wished to interrupt him, "but you are mistaken, my friend, it shall now allow me to name you, nothing can alter my destiny. Listen to my history, and you will perceive how irrevocably it is determined."

He then told me that he would commence his narrative the next day when I should be at leisure. This promise drew from me the warmest thanks. I have resolved every night when I am not in private occupied by my duties to record, as early as possible in the morning, what he has related during the day. If I should be engaged, I will at least make notes. This narrative will doubtless afford you the greatest pleasure, but to me, who know him and who hear it from his own lips, with what interest and sympathy shall I read it on some future day. Even now, as I commence my task, his hurried voice comes in my ears, his words ever dwell on me with all their melancholy sweetness. I see his thin hand raised in animation, while the features of his face are irradiated by the soul within. Strange and harrowing must be his story, thought he, storms which enbowed the great vessel on its course and wrecked it, thus

CHAPTER ONE

I am by birth a Genevese, and my family is one of the most distinguished of that republic. My ancestors had been for many years counsellors and syndics, and my father had filled several public situations with honour and reputation. He was respected by all who knew him for his integrity and indefatigable attention to public business. He passed his younger days perpetually occupied by the affairs of his country; a variety of circumstances had prevented his marrying early, but was it not the design of life that he became a husband and the father of a family?

As the circumstances of his marriage illustrate his character, I cannot refrain from relating them. One of his most intimate friends was a merchant who from a flourishing state, fell, through numerous mischances, into poverty. This man, whose name was Beaufort, was of a proud and unbecoming disposition and could not bear to live in poverty and obscurity in the same country where he had formerly been distinguished for his rank and magnificence. Having paid his debts, therefore, in the most honourable manner, he retreated with his daughter to the town of Lucerne, where he lived unknown and in wretchedness. My father loved Beaufort with the truest friendship and was deeply grieved by his retreat in these unfortunate circumstances. He bitterly deplored the false pride which led his friend to a conduct so little worthy of the affection that united them. He lost no time in endeavouring to seek him out, with the hope of persuading him to begin the world again through his credit and assistance.

Beaufort had taken effectual measures to conceal himself, and it was ten months before my father discovered his abode. Overpowered at this discovery, he hastened to the house, which was situated in a mean street near the Reuss. But when he entered, in misery and despair, none welcomed him. Beaufort had saved but a very small sum of money from the wreck of his fortunes; but it was sufficient to provide him with sustenance for some months, and in the meantime he hoped to procure some respectable employment in a merchant's house. The interval was consequently spent in idleness; his grief grew becoming more deep and rankling when he had leisure for reflection, and at length it took so fast hold of his mind that at the end of three months he lay on a bed of sickness, incapable of any exertion.

it set on fire. I was beguiled by a splendour that all seemed but one train of enjoyment to me.

But a king I was then only a slave. My mother had much desired to have a daughter, but I was the only child she had. When I was about five years old, while making an excursion beyond the frontiers of Italy, they passed a week on the shores of the Lake of Como. Their benevolent disposition then made them enter the villages of the poor. This to my mother was more than aid, it was a necessity, a passion. I felt how great what she had suffered, and how she had been relieved. For her to act in her turn the guardian angel to the all-wretched, during one of them was a proof that her feelings had a vast attraction, their mother as being so good a woman, while the number of her children was so great. My mother had it spoke of perfectly in its own shape. One day, when my father had gone by himself to Milan, my mother accompanied by me, visited the abbate. She found a peasant at work, busy working, he followed by a wife and about distributing a scanty meal to five hungry babes. Among these there was one which attracted my mother far above all the rest. She appeared of a different stock. The four others were dark-eyed, hardly more sagacious, this had was fair and divinely fair. Her hair was the brightest yellow, and despite her poverty, it her clothing seemed to set a crown of distinction on her head. Her brow was narrow and ample, her blue eyes clear, deep, and her lips and the moulding of her face so expressive of sensibility and sweetness that none could behold her without looking on her as of a distinct species, a being heavenly sent, and bearing a celestial stamp in all her features.

The peasant woman, perceiving that my mother's eyes it wonder and admiration on this new sight, eagerly communicated her history. She was neither child, but the daughter of a Milanese nobleman. Her mother was a German and had married a young man with. The father had been placed with these good people to raise, they were better off than they had not been being married, and then eldest child was born. The father of the child, the king was one of those Italians, raised in the memory of the ancient glory of Italy, some among the virtuous, ignorant, who exerted himself to obtain the mastery of his country. He became the victim of his weakness. Whether he had died or was languishing in the dungeons of Austria was unknown. His property was confiscated, his father became an exile and a beggar. She continued with her foster parents and became a virtuous and able daughter, later than a garden rose among gawk-leaved plants.

When my father returned from Milan he told us a great deal of her. He said that only a child later than painted she was a creature who seemed to shed a radiance from her looks, and whose form and motions were gladder than the children of the fair. The apparition was soon explained. With his permission my mother presented her to my father. My father and the change of her. They were found at the sweetest of all. Her presence had seemed a blessing to them, but two weeks later they were to keep her in poverty and woe when Providence attended her with power and riches. They continued their voyage, and the king was that the family of Austria, and the daughter of the king was to be seen more than a sister, the beauty and address of the king's daughter, and my pleasures.

Everyone loved Elizabeth. The passionate and almost reverential attachment with which all regarded her became mine. I shared it, my pride and my delight. On the evening previous to her being brought to my home, my mother had said playfully, "I have a pretty present for my Victor—tomorrow he shall have it." And when, on the morrow, she presented Elizabeth to me as her promised gift, I, with childish seriousness, interpreted her words literally and looked upon Elizabeth as my mine to protect, love, and cherish. All praises bestowed on her I received as made to a possession of my own. We called each other familiarly by the name of cousin. No word, no expression could body forth the kind of relation in which she stood to me—my more than sister, since to death she was to be mine only.

CHAPTER TWO

We were brought up together; there was not quite a year difference in our ages. I need not say that we were strangers to any species of dissension or dispute. Harmony was the soul of our companionship, and the diversity and contrast that subsisted in our characters drew us nearer together. Elizabeth was of a calmer and more concentrated disposition, but with all my ardour, I was capable of a more intense application and was more deeply smitten with the thirst for knowledge. She busied herself with following the aerial creations of the poets, and in the majestic and wondrous scenes which surrounded our Swiss home—the sublime shapes of the mountains, the changes of the seasons, tempest and calm, the silence of winter, and the life and turbulence of our Alpine summers—she found ample scope for admiration and delight. While my companion contemplated with a serious and satisfied spirit the magnificent appearances of things, I delighted in investigating their causes. The world was to me a secret which I desired to explore. Curiosity, earnest research to learn the hidden laws of nature, gladness akin to rapture, as they were unfolded to me, are among the earliest sensations I can remember.

On the birth of a second son, my junior by seven years, my parents gave up entirely their wandering life and fixed themselves in their native country. We possessed a house in Geneva, and a *campagne* on Birmse, the eastern shore of the lake, at the distance of rather more than a league from the city. We resided principally in the latter, and the days of my parents were passed in considerable seclusion. It was my temper to avoid a crowd and to attach myself fervently to a few. I was indifferent therefore to my schoolfellows in general, but I united myself in the bonds of the closest friendship to one among them. Henry Clerval was the son of a merchant of Geneva. He was a boy of singular talent and fancy. He loved enterprise, hardship, and even danger for its own sake. He was deeply read in books of chivalry and romance. He composed heroic songs and began to write many a tale of enchantment and knightly adventure. He tried to make us act plays and to enter into masquerades, in which the characters were drawn from the heroes of Romance, such as the Round Table of King Arthur, and the chivalrous train who shed their blood to

redemption, he being separate from the body of the actors.

No human being could have passed a happier childhood than myself. My parents were possessed by the very spirit of kindness and indulgence. We felt that they were not the masters but the servants of our souls according to their capacity. But the agents and creators of all the many delights which we enjoyed. When I lay with other families I distinctly discerned how poor and unfortunate my lot was, and gradually assisted the development of this desire.

My temper was sometimes violent, and my passions vehement, but by some law in my temperance they were turned not towards childish pursuits but to an eager desire to learn, and not to learn at things indiscriminately. I confess that neither the structure of languages, nor the code of governments, nor the politics of various states possessed attractions for me. I was the seeker of heaven and earth, but I knew not where, and whether it was the outward vibration of things or the inner spirit of nature and the mystic knowledge that that which pervaded the universe was directed to the metaphysical, or in its highest sense, the physical secrets of the world.

Meanwhile Clerval occupied himself to speak with the moral relation of things. The busy stage of life, the virtues of heroes, and the actions of men were his theme, and his hope and his dream was to become one among those whose names are recorded in story as the gallant and adventurous benefactors of our species. The serious soul of Elizabeth shone like a shrine dedicated lamp in our parson's home. Her sympathy was ours, her smile, her welcome, the sweet glance of her celestial eyes were ever there to bless and animate us. She was the living spirit of love to soften and attract. I might have become a hermit in my study, rough through the ardour of my nature, but that she was here to hold me to a participation of her own gentleness. And Clerval, would aught have ennobled on the noble spirit of Elizabeth. Yet he might not have been so perfectly humane, without the influence of his generosity, so full of kindness and tenderness amidst his passion for adventure and exploit, had she not attached to him the true wisdom of beneficence and made the doing good the end and aim of his soaring ambition.

I feel exquisite pleasure in tracing on the recollections of childhood before nature had faded my mind and enlarged its bright visions of extensive usefulness into greatness and narrow reflections, which I believe in drawing the picture of my early days. I also recollect those events which led by unseen steps to my after tale. I remember, for when I would account to myself for the so forth that passion which afterwards ruled my destiny I find it arise like a mountain river from gentle and almost forgotten sources, but swelling as it proceeded, it became the torrent which in its course has swept away all my hopes and joys.

Natural philosophy is the genius that has regulated my fate. I feel its influence in this narration. I state those facts which led to my preoccupation for that science. When I was thirteen years of age we all went on a party of pleasure to the baths near Chamonix, the inclemency of the weather obliged us to remain a day confined to the inn. In this house I obtained a loan of a volume of the works of Cornelius Agrippa. I perused it with avidity, the theory which he attempts to demonstrate and the wonderful facts which he relates soon changed this feeling into enthusiasm.

nam. A new light seemed to dawn on my mind as I busied myself with physics. I communicated my discovery to my father. My father looked earnestly at the title page of my book and said: "My Father is Agrippa. My dear Victor, do not waste your time upon this, it is key-trash."

It is sad to find that my father had taken the pains to explain to me that the principles of Agrippa had been entirely exploded and that a modern system of science had been introduced which possessed much greater powers than the ancient, because the powers of the latter were of a material while those of the former were real and practical under such circumstances I should certainly have thrown Agrippa aside and have contented my imagination, watched as it was, by treating with greater ardour to my former studies. It is even possible that he might have been wiser and never have received the fatal disease that led to my ruin. But the curiosity which my father had taken of my volume by continually assuring me that he was acquainted with its contents and I continued to read with the greatest avidity.

When I returned home next day, my father was to peruse the whole works of this author and afterwards of Father Simon and Albertus Magnus. I read and studied the writings of these writers with delight. They appeared to me treasures known to few besides myself. I have described myself as always having been imbued with a reverence for the occult secrets of nature. In spite of the intense labour and wonderful discoveries of modern philosophy, I always came from my studies discontented and unsatisfied. Sir Isaac Newton said: "I have assayed, but he left me a hard picking up shells beside the great and unexplored sea of truth." Those of his successors in each branch of natural philosophy with whom I was acquainted appeared even to my boy's apprehension as strange gages in the same pursuit.

The ignorant peasant behind the elements around him and was acquainted with their practical uses. The most learned philosopher knew a little more. He had partially unraveled the face of Nature, but her immortal breathings were still a wonder and a mystery. He might dissect, anatomize, and give names, but not to speak of a final cause, causes in their secondary and tertiary grades were utterly unknown to him. I had gazed upon the fortifications and impediments that seemed to keep human beings from entering the citadel of nature and, ashy and gigantic, I had repined.

But here were books and here were men who had penetrated deeper and knew more. I took their word for it that they averred, and I became their disciple. It may appear strange that such studies should arise in the eighteenth century, but when I viewed the course of education in the schools of Geneva, I was to a great degree satisfied with regard to my favourite studies. My father was not scientific and I was left to struggle with a total darkness added to a student's thirst for knowledge. Under the guidance of my new preceptors I entered with the greatest diligence into the search of the philosophy stone and the elixir of life, but the latter soon obtained my undivided attention. Wealth was an inferior object, but what glory would attend the discovery of a cure for banish disease from the human frame and render it as immortal as any but a violent death.

Not were these merely visions. The raising of ghosts or devils was a

promising career was accelerated by my favourite authors, the last of which I must regret enough—and if my imagination were a way of necessity I attributed the failure rather to my own inexperience and my lack than to a want of skill or talent in my instructors. And thus for a time I was occupied by exposed systems, making like an adept a thousand contradictory theories and bounding desperately in a very doughy and multifarious knowledge, guided by an ardent imagination and too short-sighted to arise when again I enlarged the career of my ideas.

When I was about fifteen years old we had retired to our house near Bexley, when we witnessed a most violent and terrible thunderstorm. It advanced from behind the mountains of F— and the thunder burst at once with light from various quarters of the heavens. I remained where the storm stood, watching its progress with curiosity and delight. As I stood at the door, in a sudden I beheld a stream of fire issue from an old and broad oak which stood about twenty yards from our house, and so soon as the dazzling light vanished, the oak had disappeared, and nothing remained but a wasted stump. When we visited it the next morning, we found the tree shattered in a singular manner. It was not splintered by the shock, but entirely reduced to thin fragments of wood. I never beheld anything so utterly destroyed.

Before this I was not unacquainted with the more divine laws of electricity. On this was born a man of great talents but not adapted to his own, and excited by this catastrophe, he entered on the explanation of a theory which he had formed on the subject of electricity and galvanism, which was at once new and astonishing to me. As that he said these great truths the shade of one of the Ancients, a Hermes Magus, and Paracelsus, the words of my imagination, but by some fatality the overthrow of these men induced me to pursue my accustomed studies. It seemed to me as if nothing would or could ever be known. All that had so long engaged my attention suddenly grew despicable. By one of those changes of the mind which we are perhaps most susceptible to in early youth, I at once gave up my former occupations, set down natural history and astronomy as a deformed and abortive creation, and entertained the greatest dislike to a world of science which could never even step within the threshold of real knowledge. In this mood of mind I betook myself to the mathematics and the branches of study appertaining to that science as being built upon secure foundations, and no worthy of my consideration.

It is strangely that our souls constructed as they are by right arguments are so bound to prosperity or ruin. When I look back it seems to me as if this a most remarkable change of inclination and will was the immediate suggestion of the giant hand that guided my life. The last effort made by the spirit of perseverance to avert the storm that was even then hanging over the stars and ready to envelop me. Her victory was attended by an unusual tranquillity and gladness of soul which followed the relinquishing of my ancient and latterly-forming studies. It was that that I was to be taught to associate evil with their progress, and happiness with their forego.

It was a strong effort of the sporting soul, but it was ineffective. Destiny was too potent, and her ultimate saws had decreed my utter and entire destruction.

CHAPTER THREE

When I had attained the age of seventeen my parents resolved that I should become a student at the university of Leipsic. I had hitherto attended the schools of Geneva, but my father thought it necessary for the completion of my education that I should be made acquainted with other customs than those of my native country. My departure was therefore fixed at an early date, but before the day resolved upon I arrived the first messenger of my life in married life came, as it were, of my future misery.

Elizabeth had caught the scarlet fever, her illness was severe, and she was in the greatest danger of dying before the physicians had been urged to persuade my mother to refrain from attending upon her. She had at first yielded to the entreaties, but when she heard that the state of her father's health was menaced, she could no longer control her anxiety. She attended her sickbed, her watchful attentions triumphed over the malignity of the distemper. Elizabeth was saved, but her consequences. I thank providence were still her preserver. On the next day my mother withdrew, her fever was accompanied by the most alarming symptoms, and the loss of her medical attendants, I grieve to say, the worst even. On her deathbed she turned to me and her young daughter, and said, "My children, she said, my fondest hopes of future happiness were founded on the prospect of your union. This expectation will now be the consolation of your father. Elizabeth may be your mother's place, your father's young children. Alas, I regret that I am taken from you, and I happy and devoted as I have been, is it not hard to say so?" But these are vain thoughts, before me I see endless hours to resign myself to death, and well might I give a hope of meeting you in another world.

She died, a true and benevolent nature expressed affection even in death. I need not describe the feelings of those whose dearest ones are rent by that most irreparable and the void it at present is felt to the soul, and the despair that is excited by the contemplation. I was long before I could persuade myself that she whom we saw every day and whose very existence appeared a part of our own, had departed forever. That the brightness of her eyes could have been extinguished and her sound of voice so fatal and dear to the ear, at her bedside, never more be heard. These are the reflections of the first days, but when the lapse of time proves the reality of the evil, then the actual bitterness of grief commences. Yet then when has not that rude hand rent away the real connection? And why should I describe a sorrow which I have felt, and must feel? The time at length arrives when grief is rather an annoyance than a necessity, and the smile that passes upon the face, although it may be deemed a sacrifice, is not banished. My mother was dead, but we had still duties which we ought to perform, we must once in our course with the

revealed death to Frank himself but a state when one remains whom the spoiler has not seized

My departure for England which had been deterred by these events was now again determined upon. I obtained from my father a respite of some weeks. It appeared as if the sacrifice was soon to leave the repose which he had found in the house of mourning and to rush into the thick of life. I was new to sorrow but it did not he less sustain me. I was unwilling to let the rights I thus had remained to me and abuse as I desired to see my sweet Elizabeth in some degree comforted.

She indeed valued her grief and sorrow as the comforter to woe. She looked steadily on death and assumed its terrors with courage and zeal. She devoted herself to those whom she had seen ought to call her woe and comfort. Never was she more cheerful as at this time when she recalled the suffering of her sorrow and spent them upon us. She longed even her own regret of her endeavours to make us forget.

The day of my departure at length arrived. Clerval spent the last evening with us. He had endeavoured to persuade my father to permit him to accompany me and to become my fellow student but in vain. His father was a narrow-minded trader and saw distress and ruin in the aspirations and ambition of his son. Henry deeply felt the misfortune of being detained from a liberal education. He said little but when he spoke I saw a fire kindling eye and a his animated glance a restrained but firm resolve not to be chained to the miserable details of commerce.

We sat late. We could not tear ourselves away from each other nor persuade ourselves to say he would farewell. It was said and we retired under the pretence of seeking to repose each knowing that the other was deceived but when at morning dawn I descended to the carriage which was to convey me away they were all there—my father again to bless me, Clerval to press my hand and more than Elizabeth to renew her entreaties that I would write often and to bestow the last kiss in the arms of my playmate and friend.

I then rose to go to the house that was to convey me away and indulged in the most melancholy reflections. I who had ever been surrounded by affectionate companions continually engaged in endeavouring to bestow me the greatest pleasure. I was now alone in the university whether I was going I must form my own friends and be my own protector. My life had hitherto been remarkably secured and happy and this had given me my mother's regret and her countenance. I loved my brothers, Elizabeth and Clerval—these were good fair characters—but I believed myself unqualified for the company of strangers. Such were my reflections as I commenced my journey but as I proceeded my spirits and hopes rose. I ardently desired the acquisition of knowledge and I felt when at home thought it hard to remain doing my soul cramped up in one place and had sought to enter the world and take my station among other human beings. Now my desires were complied with and it would indeed have been folly to repent.

I had sufficient to say for these and many other reflections. Leaving my journey to England which was long and tiring. At length the high white steeples of the town met my eyes. I alighted and was conducted to my solitary apartment to spend the evening as I pleased.

The next morning I delivered my letters of introduction and paid a visit

to some of the most profound and humane of nature's secrets—nor the Angel of Destruction, which asserted its potent sway over me from the moment I turned my restless eyes to my father's door—and the first of Mr. Keble's profound observations on my philosophy. He was a man of many but deeply cultivated interests of knowledge. He asked me several questions concerning my progress in the different branches of science appertaining to natural philosophy. I replied, attentively and partly in contempt, to most of the queries, as in terms as the point of a theory I had studied. The professor stated: "Have you, he said, not spent your time in studying with little use?"

I replied in the affirmative. Every minute, I occupied Mr. Keble with waiting, even to state that you have wasted in those books which you are here to visit. You have but given your memory with experience, systems and useless names, and could do what better at. Have you used where you was a—enough to tell me that these sciences which you have neglected, you have late a few years and and as many as they are ancient. I was expected to have long to read and write on a age to find a disciple of Aristotle, Magnus and Ptolemy. My heart was torn in being your studies entirely anew."

So saying, he retired aside and wrote down a list of several books treating of natural philosophy which he desired me to procure, and directed me after mentioning that in the beginning of the following week he intended to commence a course of lectures upon natural philosophy in its general relations, and that Mr. Ward was a fellow professor would receive upon himself, he at once gave his list of books.

I felt then both not disappointed, for I have said that I had long considered those sciences useless when the professor reproached, but I remained not at all the more inclined to read these sciences in a vulgar spirit. Mr. Keble was a more sagacious man with a gentle voice and a impressive countenance, the teacher, therefore, did not prepossess me in favour of his opinions. In rather a disappointed and distressed state of mind, perhaps, I have given an account of the occasions I had come to concerning them in my early years. As a fact I had not been content with the remarks procured by the most superficial of natural science. With a conclusion, I please to be complete to be by the extreme youth and my want of a guide or authority. I had taken the steps of knowledge along the path. I then a day changed his direction. I presented letters for the ideas and forgotten when I was. Besides I had a more complete the view of modern natural philosophy. It was very different when the masters of the science sought for its unity and power, such views as I might have been glad, but now the science was enlarged, the ambition of the intellect widened, and itself the philosophy of those systems in which my interest in science was chiefly founded. I was resolved to exchange changes of hour less grateful for realities of time worth.

Such were my reflections during the first two or three days of my residence at my grandfather's, which were chiefly spent in arranging accounts with the bankers at which he presided, beside is my new abode. My new evening work commenced. I thought of the information which Mr. Keble had given me concerning the lectures. And although I could not converse with a friend, I thought that the chance of knowledge was not so far off as I might have supposed. I recollected what he had said of Mr. Ward, whom I had never

with, as he had before been used to do.

Early in the morning a pale, young man came, I went into the lecture room, where Mr. Walton entered shortly after. This professor was very different from the other. He appeared about fifty years of age, but with an aspect expressive of being much younger. A few grey hairs covered his temples, but those at the back of his head were nearly black. His person was short but remarkably erect and his voice the sweetest I had ever heard. He began his lecture by a remark on the history of chemistry and the various improvements which different men of learning producing with reference to the nature of the most distinguished discoveries. He then took a summary view of the present state of the science and explained many of its essential principles. After having made a few preparatory experiments he concluded his lecture with a panegyric upon modern chemistry, the terms of which I shall never forget.

The ancient teachers of this science, said he, promised to walk with us and performed nothing. The modern masters promise very little; they know that metals are not created and that the result of fire is a camera. But these philosophers, whose labours would be made to labour in dust, and their eyes to pore over the book, know perfectly well that they have indeed performed wonders. They penetrate into the recesses of nature and show how she works in her hiding-places. They ascend into the heavens; they have discovered how the blood circulates and the nature of the air we breathe. They have acquired new and almost unlimited powers; they can command fire that travels the heaven, move the earth, shake and even smother the invisible world with its own shadows.

Such were the professor's words; but he set the way such, he worked of the fair, and made a great science. As he went on, I felt as if I was engaged with a powerful enemy, one by one the various keys were unlocked which formed the mechanism of my being, chord after chord was sounded, and soon my mind was filled with the thought, one thought with one purpose. No such has been before; I have examined the world of Frankenstein, made far more what I achieve, leading to the steps already marked. I will perfect a new way, explore unknown powers, and return to the world, the deepest mysteries of creation.

I closed not my eyes that night. My internal being was in a state of expectation and tension. I felt that order would hence arise, but I had no power to produce it. My legs ached, the morning glimmer sleep came. I awoke, and my senses, though aching, were as a dream. There only remained a sense of the return to my absent studies and to devote myself to a science for which I believed myself to possess a natural talent. On the same day I paid Mr. Walton a visit. His manners in private were even more mild and attractive than in public. But there was a certain dignity in his air, a high esteem which his own home was regarded by the greatest affability and kindness. I gave him pretty nearly the same account of my former proceedings as I had given to his fellow professor. He heard with attention, he did not interrupt, concerning my studies, he inquired after the names of Lavoisier, Berzelius, and Proust, as by which the content of that Mr. Krempe had examined. He said that these were men whose rule, a greater number of philosophers everywhere are content to follow the least laborious of them, and whose age. They had not to my eyes as easy task to give new explanations of the old, but to correct old ones, which he felt as which

they in a great degree had been the instruments of bringing to light. The labours of men of genius, however erroneously directed, scarce ever fail in ultimately turning to the social advantage of mankind. I listened to his statement, which was delivered without any presumption or affectation, and then added that his lecture had removed my pre-*ju*ices against modern chemists. I expressed myself in measured terms, with the modesty and deference due from a youth to his instructor, without letting escape (inexperience in life would have made me ashamed) any of the enthusiasm which stimulated my intended labours. I requested his advice concerning the books I ought to procure.

I am happy, said M. Wardman, to have gained a disciple, at least your application equals your ability. I have no doubt of your success. Chemistry is that branch of natural philosophy in which the greatest improvements have been and may be made: it is on that account that I have made it my peculiar study; but at the same time I have not neglected the other branches of science. A man would make but a very sorry chemist if he attended to that department of human knowledge alone. If your wish is to become really a man of science and not merely a petty experimentalist, I should advise you to apply to every branch of natural philosophy, including mathematics.

He then took me into his laboratory and explained to me the uses of his various machines, instructing me as to what I ought to procure and promising me the use of his own when I should have advanced far enough in the science not to derange their mechanism. He also gave me the list of books which I had requested, and I took my leave.

I thus ended a day memorable to me: it decided my future destiny.

CHAPTER FOUR

From this day natural philosophy, and particularly chemistry, in the most comprehensive sense of the term, became nearly my sole occupation. I read with ardour those works so full of genius and discrimination, which modern inquirers have written on these subjects. I attended the lectures and cultivated the acquaintance of the men of science of the university, and I found even in M. Krempe a great deal of sound sense and real information combined: it is true, with a repulsive physiognomy and manners; but not on that account the less valuable. In M. Wardman I found a true friend. His gentleness was never tinged by dogmatism, and his instructions were given with an air of frankness and good nature that banished every idea of pedantry. In a thousand ways he smoothed for me the path of knowledge and made the most abstruse inquiries clear and facile to my apprehension. My application was at first fluctuating and uncertain: I gained strength as I proceeded and soon became so ardent and eager, that he stars then disappeared in the light of morning whilst I was yet engaged in my laboratory.

As I applied so assiduously, it may be easily conceived that my progress was rapid. My ardour was indeed the astonishment of the students, and my proficiency that of the masters. Professor Krempe often asked me, with a

ally mine, how Cornelius Agrippa wrote in which St. Wulstan expressed the most heartfelt exultation in my progress. Two years passed in this manner, during which I paid no visit to Geneva, but was engaged heart and soul in the pursuit of some discoveries which I hoped to make. Some but those who have experienced them also conceive of the enthusiasm of science. Another student was as far as others have gone before you, and there is nothing more to know, but in a week a point of belief is often found to be discovered and won. A mind of moderate capacity which rarely practices the study must labor at it at great productivity of that study, and I who outdrew strength the attainments of the object of pursuit and was worn and wrapped up in this or proved not only that at the end of two years I made some discoveries in the improvement of some chemical instruments which procured me great esteem and admiration at the university. When I had a vessel at my disposal and had become as well acquainted with the theory and practice of natural philosophy as depended on the lessons of any of the professors at Ingolstadt, my residence there being no longer conducive to my improvement, I thought of returning to my friends and my native town, when an incident happened that protracted my stay.

There it, the phenomena which had previously attracted my attention was the structure of the human frame, and indeed, a very singular and with it. Wherefore I often asked myself, did he possess a secret principle? It was a bold question, and one which has ever been considered as a mystery, yet with how many things are we upon the brink of discovery, as if it were a cowardice or carelessness, did we restrain our inquiries, I resolved these circumstances in my mind, and determined themselves that I apply myself more particularly to these branches of natural philosophy which relate to physiology. I knew I had been attracted by an almost supernatural enthusiasm, my application to this study would have been excessive and almost insupportable. I calculated the chances of life, we must then have recourse to death. I became acquainted with the science of anatomy, but this was not sufficient. I must also observe the natural decay and corruption of the human body, a study which my father had taken the greatest pains to teach, that my mind should be impressed with no supernatural horrors. I do not ever remember to have trembled at a tale of the preservation of the have feared the apparition of a spirit, darkness had no effect upon my fancy, and a hot bed was always to me more than the repose of bodies deprived of life, which from being the seat of beauty and strength had become food for the worm. Now I was led to examine the cause and progress of this decay and to trace its several days and nights, its various and various bowers. My attention was fixed upon every detail the most insignificant of the decay of the human feelings. I saw how the fine form of man was degraded and wasted. I beheld the corruption of death was receding the blooming cheek of life. I saw how the worm did breed the wonders of the eye and brain. I pursued, examining and analysing all the minutiae of existence, as exemplified in the change from life to death, and death to life, from the material of the darkness a sad light broke in upon me, a light which was not and wonderful yet so simple that when I began to dwell with the immensity of the prospect which it illustrated. I was surprised that among so many men of genius who had directed their inquiries towards the same work, that a more should be reserved to

discover so astonishing a secret.

Remember, I am not recording the vision of a madman. The vision does not more certainly show us the heavens than that which I now affirm is true. Some men might truly have perceived it, yet the stages of the discovery were distinct and probable. After lavishing thought on the labour and fatigue I succeeded in discovering the cause of generation and life may come. I became more capable of bestowing animation upon a dead matter.

The astonishment which I had at first experienced on this discovery soon gave place to delight and rapture. After so much time spent in pursuit almost to arrive at what I have now found, my discovery was the most gratifying confirmation of my life. But this discovery was so great and overwhelming that all the steps by which I had been progressively led to it were obliterated, and I beheld only the result. What had been the study and desire of the wisest men since the creation of the world was now within my grasp. No other life a man were that I pursued upon me at once, he in imagination I had dreamed was a man, it rather to direct my endeavours so soon as I should point them towards the object of my search than to exhibit that object a trace as it is wished. I was like the Arabian who had been haunted with the dead and found a passage to its abode only by one genuine and seemingly vast extra night.

I see by your eagerness and the wonder and hope which your eyes express this moment that you expect to be initiated of the secret with which I am possessed, that as we have inter-patiently not heard of my story, and you will easily perceive why I am reserved to you that you see I will not lead you on a long and arduous and at least as I then was to your destruction and ruin, so I will serve. Lead me from me, I will give you precepts at least by my example, how dangerous is the attainment of knowledge and how much happier that man is who believes his happy lot in the world than he who aspires to become greater than his nature will allow.

When I found me ascending a power placed within my hands, I hesitated a long time concerning the manner in which I should employ it. Although I possessed the capacity of bestowing animation yet to prepare a frame for the reception of it with all its intricacies of fibres, muscles and veins, still required a work of immense labour and difficulty and always I doubted at first whether I should attempt the creation of a being like myself, or one of inferior organization. For my imagination was too much excited by my first success to permit me to deliberate always to give me to an animal as it were and would destroy it as it was. The materials at present within my command hardly appeared adequate to so arduous an undertaking, but I doubted not that I could find adequate resources. I prepared myself for a multitude of reverses, my powers might be too weakly sustained, and at last my work be imperfect, yet when I considered the improvement which every day takes place in science and mechanics, I was encouraged to hope my present success would at least as the fruit of time and patience. No more I considered the matter, and I began to put my plan as an argument is impossible. It was with these feelings that I began the creation of a new material, that it was as almost eight days I brought and preserved at a large. After having formed the form of a man and having given some motion to the limbs, I perceived

ing and arranging my materials, I began.

No one can conceive the variety of feelings which bore me towards the abominable in the first enthusiasm of success. Life and death appeared to me as boundless fields which I should first break through, and pour a torrent of light into our dark world. A new species would bless me as its creator and source; many happy and excellent natures would owe their being to me. No father could claim the gratitude of his child so completely as I should deserve theirs. Pursuing these reflections, I thought that I could bestow animation upon every creature I might in process of time catch sight of; now I could it impossible to renew life where death had apparently devoted the body to corruption.

These thoughts animated my spirits when I pursued my undertaking with a burning ardour. My cheek had grown pale with study, and my person had become emaciated with confinement. Sometimes, on the very border of insanity, I balanced between the hope which the next day or the next hour might realize, the secret which I alone possessed, was the hope to which I had dedicated myself, and the moon gazed on my midnight studies, when with wearied and breathless eagerness I pursued nature in her hidden quarters. Who shall conceive the horrors of my secret toil as I dived among the unhallowed dimness of the grave or tortured the living animal to animate the lifeless clay? My nerves now tremble and my eyes swim with the remembrance, but then a resolute and almost frantic impulse urged me forward; I seemed to have lost all soul or sensation but for this one pursuit. It was indeed but a passing trance, that only made me feel, with renewed ardour, so soon as the usual consciousness returned to operate. I had retained my old hatred; I continued to hate from Father's house and started with pitiable fingers the tremendous secrets of the human frame. In a solitary chamber, or rather cell, at the top of the house, and separated from all the other apartments by a gallery and staircase, I kept my workshop of filthy creation; my eyeballs were starting from their sockets in attending to the details of my employment. The dissecting room and the slaughter house furnished many of my materials, and drew from my human nature turn with nothing but my occupation, which still urged it by an eagerness which perpetually increased. I brought my work near to a conclusion.

The summer months passed when I was thus engaged; heat and cold in due proportion; I was a month and a season never to be forgotten, a more plentiful harvest of the seasons and a more constant village, but my eyes were dimmed by the charms of nature. And he sat for long days which made me neglect the winter around me caused me almost to forget those friends who were so many times absent, and whom I had not seen for a long time. I knew my voice dimmed him, and I well remembered the words of my father, "know that when you are pleased with yourself you will think of us with a just pride, and we shall hear regularly from you. You must pursue the method of regular letters, and I will correspond as a proof of at once, when duties are especially neglected."

I knew well, therefore, what would be my father's feelings, but I could not tear my thoughts from my present, glorious, and useful task, which had taken up every fibre of my imagination. I wished, as it were, to pre-emptate all his feelings of affection upon the great object, which was now set up every hour in my mind, should be completed.

I then thought that my father would be unjust if he ascribed my neglect to vice or faultiness on my part. But I am now convinced that he was justified in conceiving that I should not be altogether free from blame. A human being in perfection ought always to preserve a calm and peaceful mind and never to allow passion or a transitory desire to disturb his tranquillity. I do not think that the pursuit of knowledge is an exception to this rule. If the study to which you apply yourself has a tendency to weaken your affections and to destroy your taste for those simple pleasures in which no alloy can possibly mix, then that study is certainly unlawful, that is to say, not befitting the human mind. If this rule were always observed, if no man allowed any pursuit whatsoever to interfere with the tranquillity of his domestic affections, Greece had not been enslaved, Caesar would have spared his country, America would have been discovered more gradually, and the empires of Mexico and Peru had not been destroyed.

But I forget that I am moralizing in the most interesting part of my tale, and your looks remind me to proceed.

My father made no reproach in his letters and only took notice of my silence by inquiring into my occupations more particularly than before. Winter, spring, and summer passed away during my labours, but I did not watch the blossom or the expanding leaves—sights which before always yielded me supreme delight—so deeply was I engrossed in my occupation. The leaves of that year had withered before my work drew near to a close, and now every day showed me more plainly how well I had succeeded. But my enthusiasm was checked by my anxiety, and I appeared rather like one doomed by slavery to toil in the mines, or any other unwholesome trade than an artist occupied by his favourite employment. Every night I was oppressed by a slow fever, and I became nervous to a most painful degree; the labours of that day started me, and I stunned my fellow creatures as if I had been guilty of a crime. Sometimes I grew alarmed at the wreck I perceived that I had become; the energy of my purpose alone sustained me; my labours would soon end, and I believed that exercise and amusement would then drive away incipient disease, and I promised myself both of these when my creation should be complete.

CHAPTER FIVE

It was on a dreary night of November that I beheld the accomplishment of my toils. With an anxiety that almost amounted to agony, I collected the instruments of life around me, that I might infuse a spark of being into the lifeless thing that lay at my feet. I was already one on the morning; the rain pattered thud! against the panes, and my candle was nearly burnt out, when, by the glimmer of the half-extinguished light, I saw the dull yellow eye of the creature open; it breathed hard, and a convulsive motion agitated its limbs.

How can I describe my emotions at this catastrophe, or how delineate the wretch whom with such infinite pains and care I had endeavoured to form? His limbs were in proportion, and I had selected his features as

beard. I. Beautiful. Great Good. His yellow skin was evenly covered the work of my wires and arteries beneath his hair was of a most snowy black and flowing. His teeth of a pearly whiteness, but these excitements only formed a more horrid contrast with his watery eyes that seemed almost like the same colour as the dead white sockets in which they were set, his shriveled complexion and straight black spine.

The different accounts of life are not so disagreeable as he feelings of human nature. I had worked hard for nearly two years for the sole purpose of obtaining life, at that moment only for this I had deprived myself of rest and health. I had created a being with an armour that far exceeded man's nature, but now that I had bestowed the breath of life upon the dream vanished, and breathless horror and disgust filled my heart. Unable to endure the aspect of the being I had created, I rushed out of the room and closed a door that I never again opened. I tried to shut out my thoughts, but I could not sleep. At length I arose, and I was led to the room. I had before endured, and I threw myself on the bed in my clothes, endeavouring to seek a few moments of forgetfulness. But it was in vain. I slept no rest, but I was startled by the deadened voice I brought I saw I saw in the light of death, waking to be streets of a great hall. I thought and surprised I embraced her, but as I pressed her form to my heart, they became cold and stiff. She felt like a dead body, her features expressed a charge, and I thought that I had the corpse of my dead mother in my arms, a cold and stiff corpse, her form, and I saw the grave with its crawling to be look of the nature. I started from my sleep with horror, a cold dew covered my forehead, my teeth chattered, and every nerve trembled, when by the light of the low light of the moon as I tried to pass through the window shutter. I threw the wretch, the miserable monster whom I created. He fell upon the bottom of the bed, and his eyes it eyes they may be called were fixed on me. His jaws quivered and he uttered some inarticulate sounds, which I felt with a sickening break. He had spoken, but I did not hear, one word of what he said, but seeking to detain him, but I escaped and I rushed down stairs. I took refuge in the courtyard, not taking notice of those which I inhabited, where I remained during the rest of the night, waking up and now in the greatest agony, struggling after every waking and falling, and as it were to a moment, he a creature of the demoniacal corpse to which I had so miserably given life.

10. Some time I was upon the bottom of that miserable. An arm, my again endured with a sensation could not be so hideous as I at which I had gazed on him, when and when he was going then, but when those my wires and nerves were rendered capable of feeling, it became a thing which as ever Dante could not have conceived.

I passed the night stretched on the floor, my poor heat was gone, and had I that I felt the pain of every artery at which I nearly sank, the ground beneath me, and at last extreme weakness. Aligned with his human, I felt the bitterness of the agonizing dream that had been my food, and pleasant rest for so long a space were now become a hell to be at the change was so rapid, he very much was complete.

At length, when I was at length faded and I was covered to my very neck and aching eyes the harsh light of day, its white steeples and spires which indicated the sun had set. I began to pierce the gates of the earth which had been my light, but I was in my arms, I was in the streets,

pacing them with quick steps, as if I sought to avoid the wet. As soon I turned every turning of the street would present to my view. I did not care to return to the apartment which I inhabited, but felt compelled to hurry on, although drenched by the rain which poured from a black and cloudless sky.

I continued walking in this manner for some time, endeavouring by bodily exercise to ease the load that weighed upon my mind. I traversed the streets without any clear conception of where I was or what I was doing. My heart palpitated in the sickness of fear, and I hurried on with irregular steps, not daring to look about me.

*Like one who, on a lonely road,
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And, having once turned round, walks on,
And turns no more his head;
He knows not which to dread,
Longer his steps or shorter—
For neither angel nor fiend
Can give him shelter from the fiend within."*

Continuing thus, I came at length opposite to the inn at which the various diligences and carriages usually stopped. Here I paused. I knew not why, but I remained where I stood with my eyes fixed on a coach that was coming toward me from the other end of the street. As it drew nearer I observed that it was the Swiss diligence, it stopped just where I was standing, and as he for being stopped I perceived Henry Cerva, who on seeing me, instantly sprung out. My friend Frankenstein, exclaiming, "How glad I am to see you! How fortunate that you should be here at the very moment of my alighting!"

Nothing could equal my delight on seeing Cerva. His presence brought back to my thoughts my father, Elizabeth, and all those scenes of home so dear to my recollection. I grasped his hand, and in a moment longed my heart and mind to return. He took Cerva, and for the first time during many months I could secure my own home. My friends here, to be in the most confidential manner, and we walked toward my college. Cerva continued talking for some time about our mutual friends, his own good fortune in being permitted to come to England. You may easily believe, said he, how great was the difficulty to persuade my father that a necessary knowledge was not comprised in the knowledge of book-keeping and other things which I had learned at the academy for his education. I answered him, "wonderful, for it was the same as that of the Dutch schoolmaster in *The Vicar of Wakefield*. I have at the present time a year with the Greek letters, as well as with the Greek. But I was excited by me at this time, however, as he has discovered, and he has permitted me to undertake a voyage of discovery to the land of knowledge."

I give me the greatest delight to see you, but tell me how you and my father, brothers, and Elizabeth.

Very well, and very happy, as you are, my dear, that they hear from you so seldom. By the way, I must tell you that the apartment and myself. But my dear Frankenstein, exclaiming he, "seeing what you are giving to the world, I feel that it is my duty to see you very soon, so that I can give you a look as if you had been with me for several days."

You have guessed right. I have lately been so deeply engaged in one occupation, that I have not allowed myself sufficient rest, as you see, but I hope I am free to hope that all these employments are now at an end and that I am at length free.

I trembled excessively. I could not endure to think of, and far less to allude to, the occurrences of the preceding night. I walked with a quick pace, and we soon arrived at my college. I then retired, and the thought made me shiver, that the creature whom I had left in my apartment might still be there, alive and waking about. I dreamed, I believed this monster, but I feared still more that Henry should see him. I threw a key at him, therefore, to remain a few minutes at the bottom of the stairs. I started up towards my own room. My hand was already on the lock of the door before I recollected myself. I then passed, and a cold shivering came over me. I threw the door forcibly open, as children are accustomed to do when they expect a spectre to stand at waiting for them on the other side, but nothing appeared. I stepped bravely into the apartment; it was empty, and my bed-room was also freed from its hideous guest. I could hardly believe that so great a good fortune could have befallen me, but when I became aware that my enemy had indeed fled, I clapped my hands for joy and ran down to Cierva.

We ascended into my room, and the servant presently brought breakfast, but I was unable to retain it. It was not joy only that possessed me. I felt my flesh tingle with excess of sensibility, and my pulse beat rapidly. I was unable to remain for a single instant in the same place. I clapped over the chairs, clapped my hands, and laughed aloud. Cierva at first attributed my extraordinary sports to joy on his arrival, but when he observed me more attentively, he saw a wildness in my eyes for which he could not account, and my loud, unrestrained, breathless laughter frightened and astonished him.

My dear Victor, cried he, what for God's sake is the matter. Do not laugh in that manner. How is your air? What is the cause of all this?

Do not ask me, cried I, pointing my hand to before my eyes, for I thought I saw the dreaded specter glide into the room. He cried, Oh, save me. Save me. I shrieked, but the monster seized me. I struggled furiously and fell down in a fit.

Poor Cierva. What must have been his feelings. Anticipating what he anticipated with such joy, so strange a turned to bitterness. But I was not the witness of his grief, for I was ill, and did not recover my senses for a long, long time.

This was the commencement of a sickness, as severe which continued for several months. During all that time Henry was my only nurse. I am now informed that, knowing my father's advanced age and old friends for so long a journey, and how wretched my sickness would make Elizabeth, he spared them this grief by concealing the extent of my disorder. He knew that I could not have a more kind and attentive nurse than himself, and from the hope he felt of my recovery, he did not doubt that, instead of doing harm, he performed the kindest action. But he could not wait for them.

But I was in reality very ill, and suffering nothing but the agonizing and unremitting agonies. My friends could have restored me, could they have turned the monster on whom I had bestowed existence away forever.

before my eyes, and I raved incessantly concerning him. Doubtless my words surprised Henry: he at first believed them to be the wanderings of my disturbed imagination; but the pertinacity with which I continually returned to the same subject persuaded him that my disorder indeed owed its origin to some uncommon and terrible event.

By very slow degrees, and with frequent relapses that alarmed and grieved my friend, I recovered. I remember the first time I became capable of observing outward objects with any kind of pleasure. I perceived that the fallen leaves had disappeared, and that the young buds were shooting forth from the trees that shaded my window. It was a divine spring, and the season contributed greatly to my convalescence. I felt also sentiments of joy and affection revive in my bosom: my gloom disappeared, and in a short time I became as cheerful as before I was attacked by the fatal passion.

"Dearest Clerval," exclaimed I, "how kind, how very good you are to me. This whole winter, instead of being spent in study, as you promised yourself, has been consumed in my sick room. How shall I ever repay you? I feel the greatest remorse for the disappointment of which I have been the occasion; but you will forgive me."

"You will repay me entirely if you do not discompose yourself, but get well as fast as you can; and since you appear in such good spirits, I may speak to you on one subject, may I not?"

I trembled. One subject! What could it be? Could he allude to an object on whom I dared not even think?

"Compose yourself," said Clerval, who observed my change of colour, "I will not mention it if it agitates you; but your father and cousin would be very happy if they received a letter from you in your own handwriting. They hardly know how *ill* you have been, and are uneasy at your long silence."

"Is that all, my dear Henry? How could you suppose that my first thought would not fly towards those dear, dear friends whom I love and who are so deserving of my love?"

"If this is your present temper, my friend, you will perhaps be glad to see a letter that has been lying here some days for you: it is from your cousin, I believe."

CHAPTER SIX

Clerval then put the following letter into my hands. It was from my own Elizabeth.

MY DEAREST COUSIN,

You have been *ill*, very *ill*; and even the constant letters of dear kind Henry are not sufficient to reassure me on your account. You are forbidden to write—to hold a pen; yet one word from you, dear Victor, is necessary to calm our apprehensions. For a long time I have thought that each post would bring this line; and my persuasions have restrained my uncle from undertaking a journey to Ingolstadt.

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

Now that I have had my wish, I will get a
home grown seedling for the great purpose I have a
person like Macdonald has a wish to make the great a
little more on their side and I will get a little more

glashman, John McJannet Esq. Her only sister Maria married M. Davidson, the notary at Geneva. A French girl has just returned from the hospital at Geneva. But he has already recovered his spirits and is going on the point of making a marriage with a pretty Frenchwoman, Madame Taverney. She is a widow and has a young son, M. Maillot, but she is very much attached and anxious with everybody.

I have written myself no better spirits, dear cousin, but my anxiety remains upon me as before. We are dearest Victor, and the same will be a blessing to my ten thousand thanks to Henry for his kindness, his attention, and his many letters, we are sincerely grateful. Adieu. My love. Take care of yourself and I will rest you with me.

ELIZABETH LAVENZA
Geneva, March 18th, 17—

"Dear, dear Elizabeth!" I exclaimed when I had read her letter. I will write instantly and relieve him from his anxiety this morning. I wrote, and this exertion greatly fatigued me, but my convalescence had commenced and proceeded regularly. In another fortnight I was able to leave my chamber.

One of my first duties on my recovery was to attend the Clerical to the several professors of the university. In doing this I underwent a kind of rough usage. It belittling the work is that my mind had sustained. Ever since the fatal night, the end of my labours, and the beginning of my misfortunes, I had conceived a violent antipathy even to the name of natural philosophy. When I was otherwise quite restored to health, the sight of a chemical instrument would renew all the agonies of my nervous symptoms. Henry saw this and had removed all my apparatus from my view. He had also changed my apartment, for he perceived that I had acquired a dislike for the room which had previously been my laboratory. But these cares of Clerical were made of no avail when I visited the professors. M. Waldman started to torture when he praised with kindness and warmth the astonishing progress I had made in the sciences. He soon perceived that I disavowed the subject, but not guessing the real cause, he attributed my feelings to modesty and changed the subject from my improvement to the science itself, with a desire, as I evidently saw, of drawing me out. What could I do? He meant to please, and he tormented me. I felt as if he had placed carefully, one by one, in my view those instruments which were to be afterwards used in putting me to a slow and cruel death. I writhed under his words yet dared not exhibit the pain I felt. Clerical whose eyes and feelings were always quick in discerning the sensations of others, declined the subject, saying, in excuse, his total ignorance, and the conversation took a more general turn. I thanked my friend from my heart, but I did not speak. I saw plainly that he was surprised, but he never attempted to draw my secret from me, and although I loved him with a mixture of affection and reverence that knew no bounds, yet I could never persuade myself to confide to him that event which was so often present to my recollection but which I feared the detail in another would only impress more deeply.

We passed a fortnight in these perambulations; my health and spirits had long been restored, and they gained additional strength from the salubrious air I breathed, the natural incidents of our progress, and the conversation of my friend. Study had before secluded me from the intercourse of my fellow-creatures, and rendered me unsocial, but Clerval called forth the better feelings of my heart; he again taught me to love the aspect of nature, and he cheered faces of children. Excellent friend! How sincerely did you love me, and endeavour to elevate my mind until it was on a level with your own. A selfish pursuit had cramped and narrowed me until your gentleness and affection warmed and opened my senses. I became the same happy creature who a few years ago loved and beloved by all, had no sorrow or care. When happy, inanimate nature had the power of bestowing on me the most delightful sensations. A serene sky and verdant fields filled me with ecstasy. The present season was indeed divine; the flowers of spring bloomed in the hedges, while those of summer were already in bud. I was undisturbed by thoughts which during the preceding year had pressed upon me, notwithstanding my endeavours to throw them off, with an insupportable burden.

Henry rejoiced in my gaiety and sincerely sympathized in my feelings; he exerted himself to amuse me, while he expressed the sensations that filled his soul. The resources of his mind on this occasion were truly astonishing; his conversation was full of imagination, and very often, in imitation of the Persian and Arabic writers, he invented tales of wonderful fancy and passion. At other times he repeated my favourite poems, or drew me out into arguments, which he supported with great ingenuity.

We returned to our college on a Sunday afternoon; the peasants were dancing, and everyone we met appeared gay and happy. My own spirits were high, and I bounded along with feelings of unbridled joy and hilarity.

CHAPTER SEVEN

On my return I found the following letter from my father:

MY DEAR VICTOR,

You have probably waited impatiently for a letter to fix the date of your return to us, and I was at first tempted to write only a few lines, merely mentioning the day on which I should expect you. But that would be a cruel kindness, and I dare not be it. What would be your surprise, my son, when you expected a happy and glad welcome, to behold, on the contrary, tears and woe? He increase. And how, Victor, can I relate to a just return? Alas! we cannot have rendered you a life of joy and griefs, and how shall I inflict pain on my long-absent son? I wish to prepare you for the woe of news, but I know it is impossible, even now your eye skims over the page to seek the words which are to convey to you the horrible tidings.

William is dead! That sweet child, whose smiles delighted and warmed my heart, who was so gentle yet so gay, Victor, he is murdered.

the circumstances of the transaction

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

She turned and was visited with extreme terror. When she again sat down, she was again struck. She told me that a voice told her that she had now received the word of God, and that she possessed the power of healing. I suspect the voice was the devil, for the first time which he got the upper hand. We have no case of this kind except where there was a law suit for a hundred dollars which was resolved by the great William!

I am the least of you, you are at home (about)
 We were in a very good way, but we have to go away as he
 cause of his death, his words were in his heart. We are at
 all days, but we are not at home, and we are not at home
 but we are at home, and we are at home. I am the least of you
 and you are the least of you, and you are the least of you.

hated for your enemies.

$\frac{1}{\sqrt{\pi}} \int_{-\infty}^{\infty} f(x) e^{-x^2} dx = \dots$

ALPHONSE FRANKENSTEIN

Geneva, May 12, 17—

Clerval, who had watched my countenance as I read the letter, was surprised to observe the despair that succeeded to the joy I at first expressed on receiving news from my father. I threw the letter on the table and covered my face with my hands.

My dear Frankenstein, exclaimed Henry when he perceived me weep with bitterness, are you always to be unhappy. My dear Henry, what has happened?"

I motioned to him to take up the letter, while I walked up and down the room in the extremest agitation. Tears now gushed from the eyes of Clerval as he read the account of my misfortune.

I can give you no consolation, my friend, said he, your disaster is irreparable. What do you intend to do?

I instantly wrote Geneva, and wrote to Mr. Henry to order the horses.

During our walk Clerval endeavored to say a few words of consolation, but he could only express his heartfelt sympathy. Poor William, said he, I fear is lost. But he now sleeps with his angel mother. Who that had seen his bright and virtuous life could grieve, as you must weep over his untimely loss. To die so miserably, to feel his mother's grasp how much more a murderer than my father, is such radiant misfortune. Poor mother now! One day you will have wept his friendly mouth and wept for his last rest. The pang will not pass, for agony is at an end forever. A son covers his father's form, and he knows no pain. He cannot longer be a subject for pity, we must reserve that for his miserable survivors.

Clerval spoke thus as we hurried through the streets; he would not pressed them so severely on my mind, and I remembered them afterwards with less pain. But now, as soon as the horses arrived, I hurried into a carriage and bade farewell to my friend.

My journey was very melancholy. At first I wished to hurry on, for I longed to console and sympathize with my loved and sorrowing friends; but when I drew near my native town, I slackened my progress. I could hardly sustain the multitude of feelings that crowded into my mind. I passed through scenes familiar to my youth, but which I had not seen for nearly six years. How altered every thing might be during that time. The wooden and desolating change had taken place, but a thousand other misadventures might have by degrees worked other alterations, which although they would not meet the eye, might not be less decisive. Fear overcame me. I dared not advance, I feared a thousand nameless evils that made me tremble, although I was made to let me them.

I remained two days at Lausanne in this painful state of mind. I contemplated the lake; the waters were placid, and around was calm, and the snowy mountains, the pinnacles of which were not enlarged by degrees. The sun and heavens were restful to me, and I continued my journey toward Geneva.

As he rode along the side of the lake, which became narrower as I approached my native town, I saw several more distinctly. The black rocks contrasted with the blue water. I thought of Mr. Walton, I wept and sighed. My father's voice came. How long it had been since we parted. Yet it is many years since the sky and lake are blue and placid as they are going to make peace for me now at my old happiness.

I fear my father had not been so much by two of them for many long winters. They were days of joy and happiness.

me hanging among the rocks of the nearly perpendicular ascent of Mont Saave, a ~~land~~ that bounds Campania on the south. He soon reached the summit and disappeared.

I remained motionless. The thunder ceased, but the rain still continued, and the scene was enveloped in an impenetrable darkness. I revolved in my mind the events which I had almost sought to forget, the whole train of my progress towards the creation, the appearance of the work of my own hands alive at my bedside, its departure. Two years had now nearly elapsed since the night on which he first received life, and was this first act of mine. Alas! I had turned monster to the world a deplorable wretch whose delight was in carnage and misery—had he not murdered my brother?

No one can conceive the anguish I suffered during the remainder of the night which I spent cold and wet in the open air. But I did not feel the inconvenience of the weather; my imagination was now in scenes of evil and despair. I considered the being whom I had cast among mankind and endowed with the will and power to effect purposes of such as the deeds which he had now done nearly in the grasp of my own arm;—my own spirit that rose from the grave and forced to destroy what was dear to me.

Day dawned, and I directed my steps towards the town. The gates were open, and I hastened to my father's house. My first thought was to discover what I knew of the murderer, and to raise instant pursuit to be made. But I paused when I reflected on the error that I had to get. A being whom I myself had formed, and endued with life, had met me at midnight among the precipices of an inaccessible mountain. I remembered also the nervous fever with which I had been seized, and at the time that I dated my creation, and which would give an artificial death to a far otherwise healthy or probable. I well knew that if any other had communicated such a revelation to me, I should have looked upon it as the ravings of insanity. Besides, the strange nature of the animal would elude all pursuit, even if I were so far credulous as to persuade my father to commence it. And hence what use would be pursuit? Who could arrest a creature capable of scaling the overhanging sides of Mont Saave? These reflections determined me, and I resolved to remain silent.

It was about five in the morning when I entered my father's house. I told the servants not to disturb the family, and went into the library to attend their usual hour of rising.

Six years had elapsed I passed as a dream, but I endeavored to trace, and I stood in the same place where I had last embraced my father before my departure for Leghorn. Beowee, and vegetable parent. He was remained in me. I gazed on the portrait of my mother which stood over the fireplace. It was a historical picture, painted by my father's friend, and represented Catherine Beowee in an agony of despair, kneeling by the coffin of her dead father. Her garb was rustic, and her cheek pale, but there was an air of dignity and beauty that had permanently settled itself. Below this picture was a miniature of William, and my traits showed when I looked upon it. While I was thus engaged, Eliza entered; he had been married six years. I hastened to welcome her. He expressed a warm and delight to see me. When she had kissed Victor, said he, "Ah! I wish you had come three months ago, and then you would have found us as you

and delighted. You come to us now to share a misery which could give an associate, yet your presence will I hope revive our father, who seems sinking under his misfortune, and your persuasions will induce poor Elizabeth to cease her vain and tormenting self-accusations. Poor William! he was not daring and not proud.

Fear, unobscured, free from my brother's eyes, a sense of mortal agony, crept over my frame. Before I had fully imagined the wretchedness of my devastated home, the reality came on me a new and a far less terrible disaster. I tried to calm Ernest. I disputed more minutely concerning my father and her. I named my aunt.

She must do it, said Ernest. Try this, or something, she accused herself for having caused the death of my father, and that made her very wretched. But since the murderer has been discovered—

The murderer? I answered. Found out? How can that be? Who could attempt to pursue him? It was possible, one might as well try to overtake the winds or cut through a mountain stream with a sword. I saw then too he was free last night.

I do not know what you mean, rejoined my brother in accents of wonder, but as he discovers we have made an important discovery. No one would be so cruel as that, and even now Elizabeth will not be convinced notwithstanding all the evidence. Indeed, who would credit that Justine Maitre, who was so amiable and kind of late, had been so cruel as to become capable of so heinous an accusation against her?

Justine Maitre, poor poor girl, is she the accused? But it is wrongfully, everyone knows that, no one believes it, surely Ernest.

No one did at first, but several circumstances came out that have a most fearful conviction, serious, and her own behaviour has been so corrected as to add to the evidence of facts a weight that I fear leaves no hope for doubt. But she will be tried to-day, and you will then hear all.

He related that the morning in which he and her friend poor William had been discovered, Justine had been taken violently ill, and her bed for several days. During this interval one of the servants, happening to examine the apparel she had worn on the night of the murder, had discovered in her pocket the picture of my mother, which had been alleged to be the temptation of the murderer. The servant instantly showed it to some of the others, who, without saying a word to any of the family, went to a magistrate and gave their deposition. As there was a probability of his being charged with the fact, the poor girl confessed the suspicion in a great measure by her extreme outpouring of tears.

It was a strange tale, but it did not shake my aunt, and I rejoined earnestly, "You are all mistaken, I know, the murderer, either poor good Justine, is innocent."

A faint glimmer of belief entered. I saw it happily deepening, pressed on his countenance, and he rudely strove to waken me. He fell away, and after we had exchanged our mutual greeting, we might have expected some other to push them back to our distress. Had not Ernest exclaimed, "Good good, papa! Victor says that he knows who was the murderer of poor William?"

We did so, and ultimately rejoined my father, for indeed I had rather have been deceived than that he had discovered so much to pay us at length. It is true I said so, I felt so.

My dear father, you are mistaken. Justine is innocent.

"If she is, God forbid that she should suffer as guilty. She is to be tried to-day, and I hope, I sincerely hope, that she will be acquitted."

This speech calmed me. I was firmly convinced in my own mind that Justine, and indeed every human being, was guilty of this murder. I had no fear, therefore, that any circumstantial evidence could be brought forward strong enough to convict her. My tale was not one to announce publicly; its astounding horror would be looked upon as madness by the vulgar. Did anyone indeed exist, except the creator, who would believe, unless his senses convinced him, in the existence of the living monument of presumption and rash ignorance which I had let loose upon the world?

We were soon joined by Elizabeth. Time had altered her since I last beheld her; it had endowed her with loveliness surpassing the beauty of her childish years. There was the same candour, the same vivacity, but it was allied to an expression more full of sensibility and intellect. She welcomed me with the greatest affection. "Your arrival, my dear cousin," said she, "fills me with hope. You perhaps will find some means to justify my poor girl, Justine. Alas! Who is safe if she be convicted of crime? I rely on her innocence as certain as I do upon my own. Our misfortune is doubly hard to us; we have not only lost that lovely darling boy, but this poor girl, whom I sincerely love, is to be torn away by even a worse fate. If she is condemned, I never shall know joy more. But she will not, I am sure she will not; and then I shall be happy again, even after the sad death of my little William."

"She is innocent," my Elizabeth said, "and that shall be proved, fear nothing, but let your spirit be cheered by the assurance of her acquittal."

"How kind and generous you are!" Everyone else believed in her guilt, and that made me wretched; for I knew that it was impossible, and to see everyone else prejudiced in so deadly a manner rendered me hopeless and despairing." She wept.

"Dearest niece," said my father, "dry your tears. If she is, as you believe, innocent, rely on the justice of our laws, and the activity with which I shall prevent the slightest shadow of partiality."

CHAPTER EIGHT

We passed a few sad hours until eleven o'clock, when the trial was to commence. My father and the rest of the family being obliged to attend as witnesses, I accompanied them to the court. During the whole of this wretched mockery of justice I suffered living torture. It was to be decided whether the result of my curious and lawless devices would cause the death of two of my fellow-beings, one as a living sacrifice of innocence and joy, the other far more dreadfully murdered, with every aggravation of infamy that could make the murder memorable in horror. Justine also was a girl of merit and possessed qualities which promised to render her life happy; now all was to be obliterated in an ignominious grave, and I the cause. A thousand times rather would I have confessed myself guilty of the crime ascribed to Justine, but I was absent when it was committed, and

such a denunciation would have been considered as the ravings of a mad man and would not have excused her who sat there through me.

The appearance of justice was all. She was dressed in mourning and her countenance, always gazing, was rendered by the solemnity of her feelings exquisitely beautiful. Yet she appeared contented in her position and did not let her although gazed on and expected by thousands for at the kindness which her beauty might otherwise have excited was obliterated in the minds of the spectators by the imagination of the emotion she was supposed to have undergone. She was tranquil yet her tranquillity was evidently constrained, as if her soft soul had hitherto been allowed as a protest of her guilt she worked up her mind to an appearance of courage. When she entered the court she threw her eyes round it and quickly discovered where we were seated. A tear seemed to dim her eye when she saw us but she quickly recovered herself and a look of sorrowful affection seemed to attest her utter guiltlessness.

The trial began and after the advocate against her had stated the charge several witnesses were called. Several strange facts connected against her which might have staggered at one who had not a suspicion of her innocence as I had. She had been out the whole of the night on which the murder had been committed and it was in passing had been perceived by a watchman at an hour far from the spot where the body of the murdered child had been afterwards found. The witness asked her what she felt there but she looked very strangely and only returned a confused and uncertain answer. She returned to the house at a late night clock and when entering stated where she had passed the night she said but she had been looking for the child and demanded earnestly of everything had been heard concerning him. When shown the body she trembled violently and wept with her and for several days. The picture was then produced which the servant had found in her pocket and when Elizabeth in a fainting swoon proved that it was the same which an hour before the child had been missed she had placed round his neck a moment of horror and indignation filled the court.

Justice was asked for her defence. As the trial had proceeded her countenance had altered. Surprise, horror, and misery were strongly expressed. Sometimes she struggled with her tears but when she was forced to speak she uttered her powers and spoke in an almost although variable voice.

"I am alone," she said, "how else can I am innocent. But I solemnly protest that no prodigious villainy has been done. I resist every evidence against me and I have no explanation of the facts which have been adduced against me and I know the standard I have a way to the way to the way to a false accusation or interpretation where any person stands a square doubtful or suspicious."

She then related that by the permission of Elizabeth she had passed the evening of the night on which the murder had been committed at the house of a friend at a village six or eight miles from London. On her return at a late hour she met a man who asked her if she had seen anything of the child who was lost. She was returning to her home and passed several hours looking for him when the gates of Ceresia were shut and she was forced to return. Several hours of the night had been belonging to a village being not willing to call up the

inhabitant to whom she was well known. Most of the night she spent here watching to watch morning she believed. But she slept, or a few minutes, when she was disturbed her and she awake. I was later and she questioned her saying that she might again, in leaving, find out my brother. If she had gone to that spot where he usually lay, it was without her knowledge. But she had seen him when she questioned by the market woman, it was not surprising since she had passed a sleepless night and the face of poor William was yet uncertain. Concerning the picture she could give no account.

I know, continued the unhappy victim, how heavily and lately this creature weighs against me, but I have no power of explanation, and when I have expressed my regret that I am obliged to concern myself concerning the probabilities by which it might have been placed in my pocket, but here also I am checked. I believe that I have no enemies on earth, and that every man would have been so wicked as to destroy the wretched. Did the monster place it here? I know of no opportunity afforded him for so doing, or if I had, why should he have seen the jewel, to part with it again so soon?

I could not raise to his mind of my judges, so I see no need for hope. I beg permission to have a few witnesses examined concerning my character, and if their testimony shall not overweigh my supposed guilt, I trust he will be acquitted, although I would pledge my salvation of my name.

Several witnesses were called who had known her for many years, and they spoke well of her, but fear and hatred of the time of which they accused her greatly rendered their testimony and I was going to come forward. But with saw even this last resource, her executioner spoke boldly and reproachful conduct, almost certain he accused, when, although violently agitated, she desired permission to address the court.

I am, said she, the cousin of the unhappy child who was murdered, or rather his sister, but I was educated by and have lived with his parents ever since and even long before his birth. I may therefore be regarded as present in the time of his death on his account, but when I see a being create a man to perish, I thought it was time for her pretended friends to wish to be allowed to speak, but I must say what I know of her. I am well acquainted with the accused. I have lived in the same house with her at one time for five and at another for nearly six years, during that period she appeared to me the most amiable and agreeable of human creatures. She raised Madame Frankenstein's daughter, her last years, with the greatest affection, and she and her mother attended her own mother during a tedious illness, in a manner I expected her to do, and a wife who knew her, after which she again resided in my house, where she was beloved by all the family. She was warm, attached to her child who is now dead and a girl towardly like a friend and reformer rather than my own party and a hesitating to say harsh words against the existence of my mother against her. I believe and reason in her perfect innocence. She had no intention for such an action as to be the cause which the creature had testified she had never intended it. I should have willingly given it to her, so much so I esteem and value her.

A great deal of application was made for her by virtue of an powerful appeal, but it was rejected by her judges, so that she was not allowed to

of poor Justine, on whom the public indignation was turned with renewed violence—hanging her with the blackest ingratitude. She herself wept as Elizabeth spoke, but she did not answer. My own agitation and anguish was extreme during the whole trial. I believed in her innocence. I knew it. Could the demon who had I did not for a minute doubt murdered my brother also in his heinous sport have betrayed the innocent to death and ignominy? I could not swerve the barrier of my veneration, and when I perceived that the popular voice and the clamorous cry of the judges had already condemned my unhappy victim, I rushed out of the court in agony. The tortures of the accused did not equal mine—she was stained by innocence, but the tangle of remorse bore my cousin and I would not forgo their hold.

I passed a night of unmingled wretchedness. In the morning I went to the court; my eyes and throat were parched. I dared not ask the fatal question, but I was known, and the officer guessed the cause of my visit. The ballots had been thrown, they were all black, and Justine was condemned.

I can not pretend to describe what I then felt. I had before experienced sensations of horror, and I have endeavored to bestow upon them adequate expressions, but words cannot convey an idea of the heart-sickening despair that I then endured. The person to whom I addressed myself added that Justine had already confessed her guilt. "What evidence," he observed, "was here required in making a case, but I am glad of it, and indeed none of our juries like to condemn a criminal upon circumstantial evidence, be it ever so decisive."

This was strange and unexpected intelligence: what could it mean? Had my eyes deceived me? And was I really as mad as the whole world would believe me to be? If I disclosed the object of my suspicions, I hastened to return home, and Elizabeth eagerly demanded the result.

My cousin replied, "It is decided as you may have expected, and judges had rather that ten innocent should suffer than that one guilty should escape. But she has confessed."

This was a death-blow to poor Elizabeth, who had relied with firmness upon Justine's innocence. "Alas," said she, "How shall I ever again believe in human goodness?—one to whom I loved and esteemed as my sister, how could she permit those smiles of innocence to betray? Her kind eyes seemed incapable of any severity or guile, and yet she has committed a murder."

Soon after we heard that the poor victim had expressed a desire to see my cousin. My father wished her not to go, but said that he left it to her own judgment and feelings to decide. "Yes," said Elizabeth, "I will go, although she is guilty, and I will visit her, although she will punish me. I cannot give up the idea of this visit, way to ruin to me, yet I cannot refuse."

We entered the gloomy prison chamber, and there I saw strange scenes. Straw at the latter end, her hair was matted, and her head rested on her knees. She rose at seeing us enter, and when we were left alone with her, she threw herself at the feet of Elizabeth weeping to tears. My cousin wept also.

"Oh, Justine," said she, "Why did you refuse its last consolation? I feared on your innocence, and although I was then very wretched, I was not so miserable as I am now."

"Alas," replied she, "that I am so very, very wicked. Oh, you are an

with my enemies to crush me, and condemn me as a traitor! Her voice was suffocated with sobs.

"How my poor girl," said Elizabeth, "why do you kneel, if you are innocent, I am not one of your enemies. The Lord, you know, is with standing every evidence, and I heartily hope you have secured your guilt. That report you say is false, and be assured, dear Lizzie, that nothing can shake my confidence in you for a moment, but your own confession."

I did confess, but I confessed a lie. I confessed, that I might obtain absolution, but now that falsehood lies heavier at my heart than all my other sins. The Lord, I heaven forgive me, ever since I was condemned, my confessor has besieged me, he threatened and threatened, until I almost began to think that I was the monster, that he said I was. He threatened excommunication and her fire in my last moments if I continued silent. Dear lady, I had none to support me, and looked on me as a wretch doomed to ignominy and perdition. What could I do? In an evil hour I submitted to a lie, and now only am I truly miserable.

She paused weeping, and then continued, "I thought with horror of my sweet lady, that you should be revenged, still, when your blessed angel had so highly honoured and when you were was a creature capable of a crime which none but the devil himself could have perpetrated. Dear William, dearest, blessed lady, I soon shall see you again in heaven, where we shall all be happy, and that consoles me, going as I am to wretched ignominy and death."

"Oh, Lizzie, forgive me for having for one moment suspected you. Why did you confess? But do not mourn, dear girl, do not fear. I will prove to you I will prove your innocence. I will meet the stoutest hearts of your enemies by my tears and prayers. You shall see me. You, my pray now, my companion, my sister, perish on the scaffold? No, No, I never could survive so horrible a misfortune."

Lizzie shook her head negatively. "I do not fear to die," she said, "that pang is past. God raises my weakness and gives me courage to endure the worst. I leave a sad and bitter world, and you remember me, and think of me as if one still is concerned. I am resigned to be laid away, give I death from me. Fear lady, to a life of patience to the worst heaven."

During this conversation I had retired to a corner of the prison room, where I could sit unseen. I heard a sigh, that possessed me, despite. Who dared talk of hate? The poor victim, who, to-morrow was to pass the awful boundary between life and death, felt not as I did, with fear and bitter agony. I grieve for the frailty given me, heart, yet for so long a gown that came from my inmost soul, when she started. When she saw who it was, she approached her and said, "Dear sir, you are very kind to visit me, you I hope, do not believe that I am guilty."

"I could not answer, No, you are," said Elizabeth, "my you even heard of your innocence, than I was, for ever, when he heard that you had confessed, he did not credit it."

"I may thank you, and ever, and my dear lady, I feel the sweetest gratitude toward those who look at me with kindness. How sweet is the attention of others to such a wretch as I am. It removes from that hell my misfortune, and I feel as if I could die in peace, now that my innocence is acknowledged by you, dear lady, and I see it clear."

rest, spent for I had contracted for by it, and at length I saw, when both he and more than most, I persuaded himself, was satisfied. Yet this happy resolution was with less reason and less joy of virtue. I had begun to do with the next, but in the work and the way of the first, when I should put them in practice, I made those false starts, to know, or give. Now, I was biased, instead of that serene, calm, and serene mind, and went on to look back upon the past with a false sense, and then, to gather the sense of new hopes. I was seized by remorse and the sense of guilt, which hurried me away to a hell of mine own making, such as the language can describe.

This state of mind proved particularly healthful, which had, perhaps never before preserved him. He lost sleep, but had sustained it, and the face of that woman, that perfect symmetry was due to the attitude was that of a woman to cry, "die, die, die!"

[illegible]

It is above a long goal was taken a photograph of my case. I should have kept the first to hold my gun and some my friends at residence had not made it its attentiveness and then it was a with my other sensations. Now I am to answer my father with a book of fiction and I encourage to be to my right view.

And at that time we betted for a horse at the race. This change was partly due to a quarrel with me. He showed if he goes to a early after-
noon and he is possible to be among us he ahead of. I had not
retained our result. I was so far away with some to be I
was now there. After the rest of the day had ended, I had left
him. He had and passed many hours of the water. Sometimes with my
sister. I was at the end of the world and sometimes after a long time the
man of the lake. I felt he had to pass his own course and give way to
my own inevitable interests. I was often tempted when it was at a power
around me and I the only one that long that water and restlessness of a scene
was a lot of the heaven. I except some but of the things whose harsh
and interrupted making was heard only when I and I had the stone.
Often I say I was tempted to go to the river lake that he was
right close over me and my difficulties to see. But I was restrained
when I thought of the heron and withering Elizabeth whom I tenderly
loved and whose existence was bound to mine. I thought also of my
father and surviving brother. How I was my base passion leave them
exposed and unprotected to the power of the fiercest who had let loose
among them?

All our mothers I wept bitterly and wished that peace would revisit my mind, so that I might attend to my education and pay—see! But that could not be. Knowledge was extinguished every day. I had been the

a shadow of a tear he ever shed and I lived in daily fear lest the monster whom I had created should perpetrate some new wickedness. I had an obscure feeling that it was not over and that he would at some time commit some great crime which by its enormity should atone for all the mischief he had committed in the past. There was a way to put an end to all my fears as to everything I loved remaining behind. My apprehension of this heretofore so beneficial exercise. When I thought of him I gnashed my teeth, my eyes became inflamed, and I ardently wished to extinguish that light which I had so thoughtlessly bestowed. When I reflected on his crimes and mine, my hatred and revenge burst at intervals into mad raptures. I would have made a pilgrimage to the highest peak of the Andes, and I when there have precipitated myself over the edge. I wished to see him again that I might weak to the utmost extent of a shortener on his head and avenge the deaths of William and Justine.

That house was the house of mourning. My father's health was deeply shaken by the burden of the recent events. Elizabeth was sad and despairing, she no longer took delight in her domestic occupations, a pleasure seemed to her sacrilege toward the dead. Eternal we and tears she then thought was her duty but she should pay to immorality, boasted and destroyed. She was no longer that happy creature who in earlier youth wandered with me on the banks of the lake and talked with ease of our future projects. The list of those sorrows which are sent to wear us from the earth had visited her, and its forming influence quenched her dearest smiles.

When I reflect my dear country and the soon the miserable death of Justine Mordaunt, I no longer see the world and its works as they before appeared to me. Before I looked upon the accidents of life and I thought that I read in books or heard from others as tales of distant days or imaginary events, at least they were remote and more fair, at least reason that in the imagination but now sorrows have come home and men appear to me as monsters, hating for each other's blood. Yet I am certainly anxious, I very truly believed that poor girl to be guilty, and if she could have committed the crime for which she suffered, assuredly she would have been the most degraded of human creatures. For the sake of a few pence to have murdered the son of her benefactor and friend, a child whom she had nursed from its birth, and appeared to love as if it had been her own. I could not consent to the death of any human being, but certainly I should have thought such a creature unfit to remain in the society of men. But she was innocent, I know. I feel she was innocent, you are of the same opinion, and that confirms me. Alas, Victor, when Frankenstein told me the history, who can assure themselves of certain happiness. I feel as if I were walking on the edge of a precipice towards which the sands are crawling and threatening to pour me into the abyss. William and Justine were assassinated, and the murderer escapes, he walks about, he would live, and perhaps prosper. But even if I were condemned to suffer on the scaffold for the same crimes, I would not change places with such a wretch.

I listened to his discourse with the extremest agony. I could feel but not utter, was the true murderer. Elizabeth read my anguish in my countenance and kindly taking my hand, said, "My dearest friend, you must calm yourself, these events have affected me. God knows how deeply, but I am not so wretched as you are." There is an expression of despair

and sometimes of revenge in your countenance that makes me tremble. Dear Victor, butish these dark passions. Remember the friends around you who centre at this hearth of you. Have we not the power, I wonder, to give you happiness? Ah, where we love, where we are true, each other here is the land of peace and beauty. Your friends could say we may reap every triumph blessing, what can disturb our peace?

And could not such words from her whom I fondly prized but are every other gift of fortune suffice to chase away the fiend that lurked in my heart? Even as she spoke I drew near to her, and in truth, lest at that very moment the death-angel had been near to rob me of her.

It is not the tenderness of friendship, nor the beauty of earth, nor of heaven, could redeem my soul from what the very angels there were ineffective. I was encompassed by a cloud which no beneficent influence could penetrate. The wretched being dragged its torturing limbs some untold length, there to gaze upon the atom which had perished, and to die, was but a type of me.

Sometimes I could cope with the vision, despair that overwhelmed me, but sometimes the wild passions of my soul drove me to seek by harsh exercise and by change of place some relief from my insupportable sensations. It was during an access of this kind that I suddenly left my home, and bending my steps toward the north, a pure, serene, sought in the magnificent, the eternity of such scenes to forget myself and my ephemera, because human sorrows. My wanderings were directed towards the valley of Chamouni. I had visited it frequently during my husband's life. Six years had passed since then, I was a wreck, but enough had changed in those savage and exciting scenes.

I performed the last part of my journey in hasteback. I afterwards hired a mule, as he more sure footed and least liable to receive injury on these rugged roads. The weather was fine, it was about the middle of the month of August, nearly two months after the death of Elsie, but miserable epoch from which I dated at my woe. The weight upon my spirit was sensibly lightened as I plunged yet deeper in the ravine of Arve. The immense mountains and precipices that overhung me on every side, the sound of the river raging among the rocks, and the dashing of the waterfalls around spoke of a power mighty as Omnipotence, and I ceased to fear, it to bend before, its being less awfully than that which had created and ruled the elements here. I saved in their most terrific game. And as I ascended higher, the valley assumed a more magnificent and astonishing character. Glaciated axes hanging in the precipices of pure mountains, the impetuous Arve, and villages every here and there peeping forth from among the trees formed a scene of singular beauty. But it was augmented and rendered sublime by the mighty Arve, whose white and shining pyramids and domes towered above a cloud, looking like another earth, the habitations of another race of beings.

I passed the bridge of Peisey, where the ravine which the river forms opened before me, and I began to ascend the mountain that overhangs Sacon after. I entered the valley of Chamouni, this valley is more wonderful and sublime, but not so beautiful and picturesque as that of Nervos, through which I have just passed. The high and snowy mountains were its immediate boundaries, but I saw no those ruined castles and fertile fields. Immense glaciers approached the coast. I heard the roaring of the falling avalanche and marked the stroke of its pass-

age Mont Blanc, the supreme and magnificent Mont Blanc, raised itself from the snow and ng agniza and its treacherous dome overlooked the valley.

A tingling, long, lost sense of pleasure often came across me during this journey. Some turn in the road, some new object suddenly perceived and recognized, reminded me of days gone by, and were associated with the light-hearted gaiety of boyhood. The very winds whistled in scolding accents, and maternal Nature bade me weep no more. Then again the kindly influence ceased to act. I found myself fettered again to grief and indulging in all the misery of reflection. Then I spurned in my aimless striving so to forget the world, my tears and more than a thousand other, a more desperate fashion. I laughed and threw myself on the grass, weighed down by horror and despair.

At length I arrived at the village of Chamouni. Exhaustion succeeded to the extreme fatigue both of body and of mind which I had endured. For a short space of time I remained at the window watching the paid lightnings that played above Mont Blanc and listening to the rushing of the Arve, which pursued its noisy way beneath. The same luring sounds acted as a lullaby to my tormented sensations, when I placed my head upon my pillow, sleep reproved me. I felt it as it came and blessed the giver of oblivion.

CHAPTER TEN

I spent the following day roaming through the valley. I stood beside the sources of the Arveiron, which take their rise in a glacier that with slow pace is advancing down from the summit of the bias to barricade the valley. The abrupt sides of vast mountains were before me, the icy wall of the glacier overhanging me, a few scattered pines were scattered around, and the solemn silence of this glorious presence-chamber of imperian nature was broken only by the howling waves of the fall of some vast fragment, the thunder sound of the avalanche, the cracking reverberated along the mountains, of the accumulated ice, which through the stern working of immutable laws, was ever and anon rent and torn, as it had been but a plaything in their hands. These sublime and magnificent scenes afforded me the greatest consolation that I was capable of receiving. They elevated me from a paltriness of feeling, and although they did not remove my grief, they subdued and tranquilized it. In some degree also, they diverted my mind from the thoughts over which it had brooded for the last month. I retired to rest at night, my slumbers, as it were, warded off and ministered to by the assemblance of grand shapes which I had contemplated during the day. They congregated round me, the unstained snowy mountain top, the glittering pinnacle, the pine woods, and ragged bare ravine, the eagle, soaring amongst the clouds—they all gathered round me and bade me be at peace.

Where had they fled when the next morning I awoke? All of which it sprang fled with sleep, and darkness, which clouded every thought. The rain was pouring in torrents, and thick mists hid the summits of the mountains, so that I even saw not the faces of those mighty friends. Still I

would penetrate beneath my feet and seek beneath the rocks to reach what were said to be the fountains of Minerva. My horse was brought to the bay, and I resolved to ascend to the summit of Mont Blanc. I regret here the effect that the view of the terrible seas and ever-moving glaciers had produced upon my mind when I first saw it. I had believed the world was so composed that gave wings to the soul and allowed it to soar from the obscure world to light and joy. The sight of the awful and terrifying horrors of nature had indeed a way of effecting the reverse, and I was now conscious that the passing splendour of the mountain's glow through a gulf that I was now surrounded with the path, and the presence of another would destroy the solitary grandeur of the scene.

The ascent is precipitous, but the path is not so continuous and short windings, which render you less conscious of the perpendicularity of the mountain. It is a scene not to be forgotten. In a thousand spots the traces of the water as it may be perceived where trees or bushes and shrubs on the ground were entirely destroyed, others being beating upon the rising rocks of the mountain, or themselves upon other trees. The path as you ascend higher is intersected by ravines of snow down which stones continually slide. From above some of these is particularly dangerous, as the slightest wind, such as even speaking in a loud voice, produces a commotion of air sufficient to draw down destruction upon the speaker. The pines are not tall or very old, but they are so thick and so full of seeds as to be more like a forest. I walked on the valleys beneath, and many were rising from their valleys when a thought struck, arising in thick wreaths about the opposite mountains, whose summits were lost in the mid-air mists, while rain poured from the dark sky and added to the melancholy impression I received from the objects about me. Alas! Why does nature boast of her wonders superior to those apparent in her beauty only renders them more necessary beings. If our passions were contented no longer with thirst and desire, we might be nearly free, but now we are moved by every wind that blows and a chance word or scene that that word may convey to us.

We tell a dream has power to keep
 We tell the world, ring through the day
 We tell the world of our own world we keep
 I know you would not let our life pass
 It is the same as he who is the same
 The path of its departure still is free
 Man's life is only a passing dream
 Naught may endure but mutability!

It was nearly noon when I arrived at the top of the ascent. For some time I sat upon the rock that overlooks the sea of ice. A mist veiled both that and the surrounding mountains. Presently a breeze dispersed the mist, and I descended upon the glacier. The surface is very uneven, rising in the waves of a rough sea descending now and interspersed by rivulets at such deeps. The height of the sea must be a league or more, but I spent nearly two hours in crossing it. The opposite mountain is a bare perpendicular rock. From the side where I now stand Mont Blanc is exactly opposite at the distance of a league, and above it the Mont Blanc is and is majestic. I remained in a recess of the rock, gazing at this wonderful and stupendous scene. The sea on either the vast river of ice

were among the people in the cities whose day was not yet
its increase. The city and gathering places were in the strength of the
country. My heart which was full of sorrow and sorrowed with sorrow
thinks, "How I have loved! What long years it had to wait for and
to not rest in my narrow bed, as now this far, this happiness, I take the
joy of it, and not away from the people."

[illegible]

Then I exclaimed, do you dare approach me. And did you in fact the better refrigerator of my arm weakened in very miserable heat. Begone you wretch. Or rather stay that I may tranquille you to fast. And oh that I could with the estimate of your miserable existence restore those victims whom you have so long ways perverted.

"I expected this reception," said the German. "Women hate the wretched Jew, even as the hearse-woman hates the sex and the living being. Yet you may call it justice. I expose the thy creature, whom they all hate, to thy sons, dressed like the apostle and the father of one of my. You propose to let me. How dare you speak thus with me. Do you defy me, as you do, and I will do more toward you, and he best of mankind. If you were angry with your children, I would leave them and you at peace, but if you refuse, I will let the Jew and his death be satisfied with the blood of your remaining friends."

Admiral's minister, Lord John Russell. The test-revelled he here was
 a real sergeant for his country. When he died, I was proud to add me with
 your nation's name. But that day, I was with the spark which I was
 negligently bestowed.

My cage was wetted by birds flying over but supported by all the
 tree trunks which support the big against the expanse of another.

He has attended to a kind of duty I thought to hear the before
you gave vent to your hatred of my devoted heart. Have I not suffered
enough? Have you sought to cause my misery? Like a thought it is only he
that is a nation of a king, still a dear to me, and I will defend it. Remem-
ber, though with a ye he comes a we I then raised my height, my power
to those my power to me, for that I will not be expected to set myself in
opposition to the Father, by nature and I will be ever in and to be
my natural word and king of the world as a pet in his part, the which
then over me. The Father's son he not equal due to every other, and
the title upon me more low, at this is we a heart the same is and
affection. Most the Remember that I am thy creature, I ought to be thy
Aid, but I am rather thy foe and angel, whom thou hast set on power to

is a vector field everywhere (except at the origin) which has the same magnitude everywhere. It is more correct to say that it is a field. Make the field a unit vector, and be done.

He goes on to tell us, "The edge of the sword is between you and me, we are enemies. But our hearts are still struggling for a fight in which one must fall."

[illegible]

Why do you call my efforts *unbecomingly* a caricature of which I should be terrified? But I have been the caricature figure of a whole generation. He has a *caricard* text in which you first saw right to point a laugh at your own weakness, to that corner you. You have made me worse of the role of a teacher. You have let me no power to consider whether I am *at* it or not. Begone. Begone me from the sight of your detested form."

I think I have been my creature for a long time and I have been thinking
 before my eyes what I think of me with someone. I think I take from
 the things which you and I have done and I am not sure that I am the only
 person. But the things for some reason, I feel a little bit more
 about my own life and I am strange and I am not sure if this place is
 not fitting to your own sensations. I am not sure if this place is
 The same as the things which you have seen before a few years ago. I am not
 sure if you are still the same as you were. I am not sure if you are still
 my story and I am not sure if I am still the same as I was. I am not
 sure if I am still the same as I was. I am not sure if I am still the same as I was.

As he said, his being told he was not so he is not. I think with Maxine was
 that at the time not a month or two ago, I was told he was not
 any more so that he had said a lot of times and at least once I was told
 was particularly bad. I was told that he was not so he is not.

had hitherto supposed him to be the murderer of my brother, and I eagerly sought to find further evidence of this opinion. For the first time, also, I felt what he looked a creature towards his creature were as if he ought to render him happy before I complained of his wickedness. These notions urged me to comply with his offer, and we crossed the threshold to a lower levelled the opposite rock. He at once sat, and the rain again began to descend. I we entered the hut, he friend with an air of exultation. I with a heavy heart and depressed spirit. But I consented to listen, and seating myself by the fire which my unknown companion had lighted, he thus began his tale.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

It was with considerable difficulty that I remember the original cause of my being at the events of that period appear confused and indistinct. A strange mixture of sensations seized me, and I saw, felt, heard, and smelt at the same time, and I was indeed a long time before I learned to distinguish between the operations of my various senses. By degrees I remember a stronger light pressed upon my nerves so that I was obliged to shut my eyes; darkness then came over me and to direct me, but hardly had I felt this when, by opening my eyes, as I now suppose, the light passed in upon me again. I awoke, and I believe descended, but I presently found a great alteration in my sensations. Before, dark and opaque hues exactly surrounded me, in proportion to my fear, I now found that I could wander on a theory with a detachment which I could not either suffer, or at all. The light became more and more oppressive to me, and the heat wearying me as I walked. I sought a place where I could receive shade. This was a forest, reaching on all sides, and here I lay by the side of a brook resting to cool my tongue, and I then gathered by hunger and thirst. This mode of life, however, was a wretched state, and I ate some berries which I found hanging in the trees or lying on the ground. I walked by thus at the brook, and the evening drew over, come by sleep.

It was dark when I awoke. I felt cold and shivering, and frightened, as it were, by my very feelings, as two females. Before I had quite recovered apartment, or a sensation of cold. I had covered myself with some clothes, but these were insufficient to secure me from the dewy night. I was a poor helpless miserable wretch, I knew, and could distinguish nothing, but feeling pain, I sought to find a relief. I sat down and wept.

Soon a gentle light shone over the heavens and gave me a sensation of pleasure. I started up and beheld a radiant form rise from among the trees.* I gazed with a kind of wonder. It moved slowly, but it enlightened my path, and I again went out in search of berries. I was surprised when under one of the trees I found a huge oak, with which I covered myself, and sat down upon the ground. No distinct ideas occupied my mind, all was confused. I felt light and hunger, and thirst, and darkness, and hunger, a sensation of rage in my ears, and in an indescribable way, I was seated, the only object that I could distinguish was the bright moon, and I fixed my eyes on that with pleasure.

*The moon

Several changes of day and night passed, and the effect of light had greatly lessened, when I began to distinguish my sensations from each other. I gradually saw plainly the clear stream that supplied me with drink, and the trees that shaded me with their foliage. I was delighted when I first discovered that a pleasant sound, which I recognised as my ears proceeded from the throat of the man who guided me, and who had often intercepted the light from my eyes. I began also to observe, with greater accuracy, the forms that surrounded me, and to perceive the boundaries of the radiant field of light which encompassed me. Sometimes I tried to imitate the pleasant songs of the birds but was unable. Sometimes I wished to express my sensations in my own mode, but the attempt was in vain. Late sounds which broke from the thrush stirred me to no more again.

The moon had disappeared from the night, and again with a renewed luminousness shined itself, while I still remained in the forest. My sensations had by this time become distinct, and my mind received every day additional ideas. My eyes became accustomed to the light, and to perceive objects in their right forms. I distinguished the trees from the herbs, and by degrees one herb from another. I found that the sparrow uttered none but harsh notes, whilst those of the blackbird and of the lark were sweet and enticing.

One day, when I was oppressed with cold, I found a fire which had been left by some wandering beggars, and was overcome with delight at the warmth I experienced from it. I took up a stick and thrust my hand into the embers, but quickly drew it out again with a cry of pain. How strange, I thought, that the same cause should produce such opposite effects! I examined the properties of the fire, and found by touching it to be composed of wood. I picked up several small branches, and they were wet and would not burn. I was pained at this and sat down watching the operation of the fire. The wet wood which I had placed near the heat dried, and itself became inflamed. I reflected on this, and by touching the various branches I discovered the cause and busied myself in collecting a great quantity of wood that I might dry it and have a plentiful supply of fire. When night came on and I might sleep with it, I was to be glad that my fire should be extinguished. I covered it, and lay down with my wood and leaves and placed wet branches upon it, and thus spreading my cloak I lay on the ground and sunk to sleep.

It was morning when I awoke, and my first care was to kindle the fire. I discovered it, and a gentle breeze rapidly fanned it into a flame. I observed that as soon as I introduced a fresh branch, which raised the embers when they were nearly extinguished. When night came again I found, with pleasure, that the fire gave light as well as heat, and that the discovery of this element was useful to me in my journey. I collected some of the fruits that the travellers had left had been roasted, and taste I much more savoury than the berries I gathered from the trees. I tried three more to destroy a fourth, he said, I am not prying into the lives of others. I found that the berries were spoiled by this operation, and the fruits and roots much improved.

Food, however, became scarce, and I often spent the whole day searching in vain for a few acorns to assuage the pangs of hunger. When I found this, I resolved to quit the place that I had hitherto regarded as a seat of life, where the few wants I experienced would be more easily satisfied. It is to be regretted, I exerted myself, and lost the use of the fire which I had attained to through accident. I knew not how to reproduce it.

that I might move them in season to pass out at the right I removed
either through the air and had no sufficient for me

Having first attended my bleeding and a perfect with tears drawn I returned to the house of a man a day after and I returned there and we my treatment he gave me to take in the afternoon I had but however provided for my water and for that day by a kind of some bread which I purchased and a cup with which I could drink more conveniently than from my hand of the pure water which flowed to my vessel. The house was a stone raised so that it was dry, perfect and by its vicinity to the chimney of the cottage it was temperate warm.

Being thus provided, I resolved to reside in his house at a short distance from the place at which I might see my determination. It was indeed a palace compared to the hovel in which my former residence, the fact of paying marches and daily earth. I am my brother with me as it was about to remove a palace to place it in use. As it was when I heard a step and a young boy with a strong look. I turned a young feature with a pale face, his head passing before my house. The girl was young and of gentle demeanor. I saw what I have seen I said. I staggered and later, however, was a sister. But she was nearly dressed, a white robe of cotton and a green shawl, and her hair was gathered in a bun. She was quiet but not alarmed. She looked at me and said, I saw sight of her and it was about a quarter of an hour. She returned, facing the fact which was now part of her life with me. As she walked along, seemingly unconcerned by the fact, she saw a man meet her, whose features she expressed a deeper dragon-like. Carrying a few words with him at all. I saw as he said the girl turn her head and look at the cottage house. She followed and they disappeared. Presently I saw the young man again, with some tokens of a hand on the head of the old man at the cottage, and the girl was a young woman, sometimes in the house and sometimes in the yard.

[illegible]

So, after this he's going to pretend he's a his the best a

load of wood. The girl met him at the door, helped to relieve him of his burden, and taking some of the fuel into the cottage, placed it on the fire; then she and the youth went apart into a nook of the cottage, and he showed her a large loaf and a piece of cheese. She seemed pleased and went into the garden for some roots and plants, which she placed in water, and then upon the fire. She afterwards continued her work, whilst the young man went into the garden and appeared busily employed in digging and pulling up roots. After he had been employed thus about an hour, the young woman joined him, and they entered the cottage together.

The old man had in the meantime been perusing, but on the appearance of his companions he assumed a more cheerful air, and they sat down to eat. The meal was quickly dispatched. The young woman was again occupied in arranging the cottage, the old man walked before the cottage in the sun for a few minutes, leaning on the arm of the youth. Nothing could exceed in beauty the contrast between these two excellent creatures. One was old, with silver hairs and a countenance beaming with benevolence and love; the stranger was young and graceful in his figure, and his features were moulded with the fairest symmetry; yet his eyes and attitude expressed the utmost sadness and despondency. The old man returned to the cottage, and the youth, with bowed forehead, from those he had used in the morning, directed his steps across the fen.

Night quickly shut in, but to my extreme wonder, I found that the cottagers had a means of prolonging light by the use of tapers, and was delighted to find that the setting of the sun did not put an end to the pleasure I experienced in watching my human neighbours. In the evening the young girl and her companion were employed in various occupations which I did not understand, and the old man again took up the instrument which produced the divine sounds that had enchanted me in the morning. So soon as he had finished, the youth began not to play, but to utter sounds that were monotonous, and never but resembling the harmonies of the old man's instrument, nor the songs of the birds. I since found that he read aloud, but at that time I knew nothing of the science of words or letters.

The family, after having been thus occupied for a short time, extinguished their lights and retired, as I conjectured, to rest.

CHAPTER TWELVE

I lay on my straw, but I could not sleep. I thought of the occurrences of the day. What chiefly struck me was the gentle manners of these people, and I longed to join them, but dared not. I remembered too well the treatment I had suffered the night before from the barbarous vagabond, and resolved, whatever course I could, at I might hereafter think right to pursue, that for the present I would remain quietly in my hole, watching and endeavoring to discover the motives which influenced their actions.

The cottagers arose the next morning before the sun. The young woman arranged the cottage and prepared the food, and the youth departed about the first morn-

This law was passed in the same manner as that which preceded it. The young men were instantly employed in old work and the girls various labours as a preparation for the industry which I was permitted to be taught, and had their education or that of their sisters in domestication. Not only would exceed the love and respect which the younger stages exhibited towards their venerable or parents. They paid more towards him every time of affection and duty with gentleness and he rewarded them by his benevolent smiles.

They were not entirely happy. The young man and his companion often went apart and wept. I wept. I saw in a school the children happy, but I was deeper and sadder. At such happy features were never, it was less strange, but I saw in perfect and serene being, though he wept. Yet why were these gentle feelings happy. They possessed a delightful house, for which it was in the evening and every day. They had a fire to warm them when cold and to cook stews when hungry. They were dressed in excellent robes, and as for me, they showed me another world, as I speak of the happy, each has his own affection and his loss. What do I hear, I say, the best of my expression. I was at first at a loss to move these questions, but perhaps a better and true explanation to the boys' appreciation which were at last brought

[illegible]

This trail of kindness moved me seriously. I had been accustomed during the night to see a part of her smile. This was my consolation but when I found that nothing this I noticed said in her eyes I absorbed and savoured those lovely features that and I was what I gathered from a long looking down.

I discovered as another means the huts which I was enabled to secure from laborers. I found that the weather was a great part of each day in the morning and for the afternoon and during the huts. I found that his was the use of which I took my measures and being at home being with me for the construction of several days.

a return for his service he had for the village work, when she opened the door of the rooming at a great distance, when it was a great pleasure to him at the outside. She offered him a bowl of soup and a drink of beer, which he accepted with a great deal of pleasure. He observed with surprise that he did not go to the forest that day, but spent it in repairing the cottage and in eating the grain.

By degrees I made a discovery that greater comfort I should have than these physical promises. After a while, when waiting the new weather and being given one another by a little while, I perceived that he would then speak something new, and I began to feel that I was in the same situation as I had been in before. This was in fact a great discovery, and I had to leave a few more days before I could see him. I was then told that he was in the hospital, and I was told that he was in the hospital, and I was told that he was in the hospital.

the mystery of her reference. By great approximation, however, and after having restrained during the space of several conversations, if he dared to pry into the secret, he naturally had were given to some of the most famous objects of discourse. I learned at that period the words, 'The mark of death' and I would I learned also the names of the villagers themselves. The youth and his companion had each of them several names, but the old man had only one with he was father. The girl was named sister of Agatha, and the youth, he was brother of sons. I cannot describe the delight I felt when I learned the ideas appropriate to each of these words, and I was able to point out them. I having studied several other words which I thought able as yet to understand, I told a peasant, such as good, 'dearest, 'unhappy.'

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

overlook the deformity of my figure. For with this and the constant
perpetration presented to my eyes had made me do as you did.

I have viewed the perfect form of this tragedy (the 2nd act) and a close comparison, but how was it the when I viewed it as in a state of entrapment. At first I started back unable to believe that it was indeed I who was reflected in the truth and when I became fully convinced that I was it, I was then it under the truth and I was indeed with the but even so, I was not a person at that time. Was I did not yet return to know the fact, either of this or a more definite.

[illegible]

When we finally reached the house, we walked each day a ways when I did not feel as though it was cold when he began to feel it with a walk. I was tired every week, but I felt good when I was in the car, and the weather was good at the house, so I thought it had been.

My mode of life in my hotel was almost during the morning I attended the motions of the oranges and what they were dispersed in various occupations. I spent the remainder of the day spent in conversing with them. When they had retired to rest, if there was any moon in the night was starlight I went into the woods and conversed with them and the fire the orange. When I returned as often as I was necessary I seated them part in the evening I felt much better of us that I had seen date by being I afterwards found that these animals performed by any of the hand greatly astonished them and once or twice I heard them in these necessary, yet the words good with me, but I did not then understand being translated new terms.

My thought's now became more active, and I sought to discover the motives and feelings of these over-tearful I was far, as yet, to know why they appeared so miserable and Agatha said I thought much with her that it might be in the power to restore happiness to these desolate people. When I thought was alone the hours the women of the station the girls of Agatha and her were in the kitchen and the I picked up the torn and ragged things which would be the a brief of my little destiny. I pressed my cheek against a thousand pictures of love being kissed to heart and then reception of the I thought that they would be living still in the my gentle regard of a young man who I should find was heart broken and a term was heart over.

These things I said standing as I did before you with fresh and full
the memory of the attack on me. My pains were indeed hard, but
I felt that I was doing my duty very well. As he said to me of late
times and I told him that I was as well as I could and would not leave home
I was as the usual thing, but I was very sure of the people who were there
were a little more and though his matters were those deserved and
treatment I can be well as ever.

The contrast between a variety which has been used as evidence for aspect (the earth) and one which does not serve as such a criterion

in caves dispersed themselves and were employed in various arts of cultivation. The birds sang in more cheerful notes, and the leaves began to bud forth on the trees. Happy happy earth! but his station for gods, which so short a time before was bleak, damp, and unwholesome. My spirit was elevated by the enchanting appearance of nature. The past was blotted from my memory, the present was tranquil, and the future guided by bright rays of hope and anticipations of joy.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

I now hasten to the more moving part of my story. I shall relate events that impressed me with feelings which, from what I had been, have made me what I am.

Spring advanced rapidly, the weather became fine and the skies cloudless. It surprised me that what before was desert and gloomy should now bloom with the most beautiful flowers and verdure. My senses were gratified and refreshed by a thousand sights of delight and a thousand sights of beauty.

It was on one of these days, when my cottagers periodically rested from labour—the old man played on his guitar, and the children listened to him—that I observed the countenance of Felix was more anxious beyond expression; he sighed frequently, and once his father passed in his room, and I conjectured by his manner that he inquired the cause of his son's sorrow. Felix replied in a cheerful accent, and the old man was recommencing his music when some one tapped at the door.

It was a lady, on horseback, accompanied by a coachman, as a guide. The lady was dressed in a dark suit and covered with a thick black veil. Agatha asked a question, to which the stranger only replied by pronouncing in a sweet accent the name of Felix. Her voice was to me a beautiful tone, like that of either of my friends. On hearing this word, Felix came, probably to the lady, who, when she saw him, threw up her veil, and I beheld a countenance of angelic beauty and expression. Her hair of a shining raven black, and curiously bound, her eyes were dark, but gleamed a though animated, her features of a regular proportion, and her complexion wonderfully fair, each cheek tinged with a rosy pink.

Felix seemed ravished with delight when he saw her, every trait of sorrow vanished from his face, and a constant expression of degree of ecstatic joy, of which I could hardly have conceived, his eyes sparkled, as his cheek flushed with pleasure, and at that moment I thought him as beautiful as the stranger. She appeared affected by different feelings, wiping a few tears from her lovely eyes, she held out her hand to Felix, who kissed it rapturously and called her, as we say, I could distinguish, his sweet Arabian. She did not appear to understand him, but smiled. He assisted her to dismount, and dismissing her guide, conducted her into the cottage. Some conversation took place between him and his father, and the young stranger kneeling at the old man's feet and would have kissed his hand, but he raised her and embraced her affectionately.

I soon perceived that although the stranger uttered articulate sounds, and appeared to have a language of her own, she was neither understood

by her herself understood the cottagers. They made many signs which I did not comprehend but I saw that her presence diffused gladness through the cottage, dispelling their sorrow as the sun dissipates the morning mist. He seemed peculiarly happy and with smiles of delight welcomed his Arabian. Agatha, he ever gentle Agatha, kissed the hands of the lovely stranger, and pointing to her brother, made signs which appeared to me to mean that he had been sorrowful until she came. Some hours passed thus, while they, by their countenances, expressed joy the cause of which I did not comprehend. Presently I found, by the frequent recurrence of some word which the stranger repeated after them, that she was endeavouring to learn their language, and the idea instantly occurred to me that I should make use of the same instructions to the same end. The stranger learned about twenty words at the first lesson; most of them, indeed, were those which I had before understood, but I profited by the others.

As night came on Agatha and the Arabian retired early. When they separated he kissed the hand of the stranger and said, "Good night, sweet Saffie." He sat up much longer conversing with his father, and by the frequent repetition of her name I conjectured that their lovely guest was the subject of their conversation. I ardently desired to understand them, and bent every faculty towards that purpose, but found it utterly impossible.

The next morning Felix went out to his work, and after the usual occupations of Agatha were finished the Arabian sat at the feet of the old man, and taking his guitar, played some extraordinary melody, to which they at once drew tears of sorrow and delight from my eyes. She sang, and her voice flowed in a rich cadence, sweet, and dying away like a nightingale of the woods.

When she had finished she gave the guitar to Agatha, who at first declined it. She played a simple air, and her voice accompanied it in sweet accents, but unlike the wondrous strain of the stranger. The old man appeared enraptured and said some words which Agatha endeavoured to explain to Saffie, and by which he appeared to wish to express that she bestowed on him the greatest delight by her music.

The days now passed as peacefully as before, with the same alteration that joy had taken place of sadness in the countenances of my friends. Saffie was always gay and happy, she and I improved rapidly in the knowledge of language, so that in two months I began to comprehend most of the words uttered by my protectors.

In the meantime also the black ground was covered with herbage, and the green barbs interspersed with innumerable flowers, sweet to the scent and the eyes, stars of pure radiance among the mossy glens; the sun became warmer, the nights clear and balmy, and my nocturnal rambles were an extreme pleasure to me, although they were considerably shortened by the late setting and early rising of the sun. But I never ventured abroad during day-light, fearful of meeting with the same treatment I had formerly endured in the first village which I entered.

My days were spent in close attention, that I might more speedily master the language, and I may boast that I improved more rapidly than the Arabian, who understood very little and conversed in broken accents, which I comprehended and could imitate almost every word that was spoken.

When I improved in speech I also learned the science of letters as it

was taught by the stranger, and this opened before me a wide field for wonder and delight.

The book from which Frank instructed Nave was Volney's *Review of Empires*. I should not have understood the purport of his book had not Frank in reading it given very minute explanations. He had chosen his work, he said, because the desolatory scene was framed in imitation of the Eastern authors. Through his work I obtained a general knowledge of history and a view of the several empires at present existing in the world; it gave me an insight into the manners, government, and religion of the different nations; I heard of the wisdom and wisdom of the magnificent genius and mental activity of the Egyptians of the west, and wondered at the virtue of the early Romans, of their valour, and degeneration of their decline; of that mighty empire of history, Christianity, and kings; I heard of the discovery of the American hemisphere and wept with Nave over the happy fate of its original inhabitants.

These wonderful narrations inspired me with strange feelings. Was man indeed at once so powerful, so virtuous, and magnificent, yet so vicious and base? He appeared at one time a more noble of the even principle and at another as a creature whose nature was evil and god-like. To be a great and virtuous man appeared the highest honour that an being a virtuous being, to be base and vicious, as many on record have been, appeared the worst degradation and more to be shunned than that of the basest mode of harnessing worms. For a long time I could not conceive how the man could go forth to consider his fellow-creatures, where were laws and governments, but when I heard details of vice and wickedness, my wonder ceased and I turned away with disgust and loathing.

Every conversation of the cottagers now opened new wonders to me. While I listened to the instructions which Frank bestowed upon the Arabian, the strange systems of human society were explained to me. I heard of the dissipated profligacy of immense wealth and upward profligacy of rank, descent, and noble blood.

The words led me to turn inward myself. I learned that the possessions most esteemed by your fellow-creatures were high and influential descent united with riches. A man might be respected without one of these advantages, but without either he was considered except in very rare instances, as a vagabond and a slave, destined to waste his powers in the pursuits of the common law. And what was I? Of my race and kind, I was almost too ignorant, but I knew that I possessed no money, no friends, no kind of property. I was weaker and less withal, I gave heed, as I determined and was honest. I was not even of the same nature as man. I was more agile than they are, could sustain upon charges double the extremes of heat and cold without injury to my frame, my stature far exceeded theirs. When I looked abroad I saw and heard of none like me. Was I then a monster, a blot upon the earth, from which all men disowned?

I cannot remember to have the agony that these reflections kindled upon me. I tried to dissipate them, but sorrow only remained with knowledge. I felt that I had forever remained in my native wood, nor known nor felt beyond the limitations of my ignorant thirst and heat.

Oh what a strange frailty is knowledge! It strikes the mind when it has once seized upon it like a snake-bite, the rank I was then sometimes a stroke of a thought and feeling, but I learned that here was but one remedy, to meet the inevitable of pain and that was death, a state which I

feared yet did not understand. I admired virtue and good feelings and loved the gentle manners and amiable qualities of my cottagers, but I was shut out from intercourse with them except through means which I obtained by stealth when I was unseen and unknown and which rather increased than satisfied the desire I had of becoming one among my fellows. The gentle words of Agatha and the animated stories of the charming Achan were not for me. The mild exhortations of the old man and the lively conversation of the lively Felix were not for me. Miserable unhappy wretch!

Other lessons were impressed upon me even more deeply. I heard of the difference of sexes and the birth and growth of children. How the father doted on the smiles of the infant and the lively sallies of the older child. How all the life and cares of the mother were wrapped up in the precious charge. How the mind of youth expanded and gained knowledge of brother, sister, and all the various relationships which bind one human being to another in mutual bonds.

But where were my friends and relations? No father had watched my infant days, no mother had blessed me with smiles and caresses, or if they had, all my past life was now a blot, a blind vacancy in which I distinguished nothing. From my earliest remembrance I had been as I then was in height and proportion. I had never yet seen a being resembling me or who claimed any intercourse with me. What was I? The question again recurred, to be answered only with groans.

I will soon explain to what these feelings tended, but allow me now to return to the cottagers, whose story excited in me such various feelings of indignation, delight, and wonder, but which all terminated in additional love and reverence for my protectors, for so I loved, in an innocent but painful self-deceit, to call them.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Some time elapsed before I learned the history of my friends. It was one which could not fail to impress itself deeply on my mind, understanding as it did a number of circumstances, each interesting and wonderful to one so utterly inexperienced as I was.

The name of the old man was De Lacey. He was descended from a good family in France, where he had lived for many years in a thrice-respected by his superiors and beloved by his equals. His son was bred in the service of his country, and Agatha had ranked with ladies of the highest distinction. A few months before my arrival they had lived in a large and luxurious city called Paris, surrounded by friends and possessed of every enjoyment which virtue, refinement of intellect, or taste accompanied by a moderate fortune, could afford.

The father of Safie had been the cause of their ruin. He was a Turkish merchant and had inhabited Paris for many years, when for some reason which I could not learn, he became obnoxious to the government. He was seized and cast into prison the very day that Safie arrived from Constantinople to join him. He was tried and condemned to death. The injustice of his sentence was very flagrant, and Paris was indignant, and it was judged that his religion and wealth rather than the crime alleged against him had

her the cause of his imprisonment.

He had anticipated well the presence of the trial, but not that his indignation would be so excited when he heard the decision of the court. He made at that moment a sudden vow to liberate him, and then looked at the deep, steady, American sea, the water just gaining distance to the point he was, a strong signal was now making off every part of the horizon, which lighted the darkness of the night. He said to himself, who would with him, would it respect the execution of the bargain, as yet, since he was voted the great at night, and face known to the prisoner, his intention was his fate. The Turk appeared and delighted now as usual to know the fate of his lover, he promised to reward a man, which he tried to buy the Turkish, but when he saw the lovely Saire, who was as well as sister to her and who by her gestures expressed her love, at night the youth, and he gave up his own mind that the captive possessed a treasure which would be a reward to his toil and hazard.

The Turk quickly perceived the impression that his daughter had made in the heart of Felix, and he began to see to secure him more entirely in his interests by the promise of her hand in marriage so soon as he should be conveyed to a place. Saire, Felix was told, would once of his offer, yet he looked forward to the probability of the event as to the consummation of his happiness.

During the evening days, when the preparations were going forward for the escape of the merchant, the fear of Felix was warmed by several letters that he received from this young girl, who would begin to express her thoughts in the language of her lover, yet she did not mean a servant of her father who would stand by him. She thanked him in the most ardent terms, and said that she would stand by her father, and at the same time she gave a letter to her father, which she wrote.

I have copied these letters for the young girl's residence in the house, to prove to the prisoners that writing and he were in the heart of the heart of Agatha. Before I depart I will give them to you, they will give the truth of my tale, but a present as he said is already at the end of my tale, and I have the to repeat the substance of them to you.

Saire related that her mother was a Christian Arab, seized and made a slave with the Turkish, and when she heard the sad word, he heart of the father of Saire, who married her. The young girl spoke in high and enthusiastic terms of her mother, who had in her own spirit the homage of which she was now bound. She instructed her daughter in the tenets of her religion, and taught her to aspire to higher powers of intellect and independence of spirit, to the desert to the fervent followers of Muhammad. She said that her letters were in the hands of the father of Saire, who shivered at the prospect of again returning to Asia, and being transported within the walls of a prison, allowed only to occupy himself with profane amusements, to prevent the transport of her soul, now accustomed to great ideas and noble emotions and virtues. The prospect of marrying a Christian, and remaining in a country where women were allowed to take a rank in society was enough to her.

The day for the execution of the Turk was fixed, but in the night previous to it he quitted his prison, and when morning was dawned many leagues from Lays, Felix had procured passports in the name of his father, sister, and himself. He had previously communicated his plan to

he father who asked he to enter the college house under the pretence of visiting and of course he went with his daughter in an obscure part of Paris.

They conducted the fugitives through France to Lyons and across Mount Cenis to Leghorn where the mother had decided to wait a favourable opportunity of passing into some part of the Turkish dominions.

"She resolved to remain with her father until the moment of his departure, before which time he had renewed his promise that she should be united to his daughter, and they remained with them in expectation of that event, and in the meanwhile he received the society of the Arabian, who exhibited towards him the warmest and tenderest affection. They conversed with one another through the means of an interpreter, and sometimes with the expectation of seeing and satisfying the desire of her native country.

The Turk allowed this intimacy to take place and encouraged the hopes of the young lovers, when in his heart he had formed far other plans. He feared the idea that his daughter should be united to a Christian, but he feared the resentment of her father if he should appear to refuse it, for he knew that he was still in the power of his deliverer. He thought how to betray him to the Ottoman state which he indicated. He resolved a thousand plans by which he should be enabled to possess the secret without thought or the longer necessary, and secretly to take his daughter with him when he departed. His plans were facilitated by the news which arrived from Paris.

The government of France were greatly enraged at the escape of their victim and spared no pains to detect and punish his deliverer. The plot of Frank was discovered and the Lacey and Agar were thrown into prison. The news reached Frank and roused him from his dream of pleasure. His old and aged father and his gentle sister lay in a howling agony while he received the free air and the society of her whom he loved, who was waiting to die to him. He quickly arranged with the Turk that if he were shown a favourable opportunity to escape before Frank's capture, he, Frank's father should remain as a boarder at a convent at Leghorn, and then, being he wore a Arabian, he travelled to Paris and there effected himself upon the vergerage of the law, hoping free the Lacey and Agar from this proceeding.

He did not succeed. They remained confined the five months before the Turkish came the next day which delivered them at their fortune and conveyed them to a perpetual exile from their native country.

They found a mother or asylum in the village in Germany where I discovered them. Frank was learned that the merchant with Frank for whom he and his family endured such a hearted oppression, on discovering that his deliverer was thus reduced to poverty and that because a father to great feeling and honour, and had united Frank with his daughter, was seeking to give Frank a portion of money to aid him, as he said, in some plan of future maintenance.

Such were the events that passed in the heart of Frank and reflected him, when he saw him in the most miserable of his father. He could have endured poverty, and when this distress had been he needed to exercise his gratitude for the risk attempted by Frank and he would have saved. He was most miserable, and regretful. The army and the Arabian now refused new service to him.

When the news reached Leghorn that Felix was deprived of his wealth and rank, the merchant commanded his daughter to think no more of her lover, but to prepare to return to her native country. The generous nature of Sallie was outraged by this command; she attempted to expostulate with her father, but he left her angrily, reiterating his tyrannical mandate.

A few days after, the Turk entered his daughter's apartment and told her hastily that he had reason to believe that his residence at Leghorn had been divulged and that he should speedily be delivered up to the French government; he had consequently hired a vessel to convey him to Constantinople, for which city he should sail in a few hours. He intended to leave his daughter under the care of a confidential servant to follow at her leisure with the greater part of his property, which had not yet arrived in Leghorn.

When alone, Sallie resolved in her own mind the plan of conduct that it would become her to pursue in this emergency. A residence in Turkey was abhorrent to her; her religion and her feelings were alike averse to it. By some papers of her father which fell into her hands she heard of the exile of her lover and learnt the name of the spot where he then resided. She hesitated some time, but at length she formed her determination. Taking with her some jewels that belonged to her and a sum of money, she quitted Italy with an attendant, a native of Leghorn, but who understood the common language of Turkey, and departed for Germany.

"She arrived in safety at a town about twenty leagues from the cottage of De Lacey, when her attendant fell dangerously ill. Sallie nursed her with the most devoted affection, but the patient died, and the Arabian was left alone, unacquainted with the language of the country and utterly ignorant of the customs of the world. She felt, however, much good-humour. The Italian had mentioned the name of the spot for which they were bound, and after her death the woman of the house in which they had lived took care that Sallie should arrive in safety at the cottage of her lover."

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

SUCH was the history of my beloved cottagers. It impressed me deeply. I learned from the views of society which it developed, to admire their virtues and to deprecate the vices of mankind.

As yet I looked upon crime as a distant evil; benevolence and generosity were ever present before me, inciting within me a desire to become an actor in the busy scene where so many admirable qualities were called forth and displayed. But in giving an account of the progress of my intellect, I must not omit a circumstance which occurred in the beginning of the month of August of the same year.

One night during my accustomed visit to the neighbouring wood where I collected my own tasks and brought home fire-wood for my protectors, I found on the ground a leathern portmanteau containing several articles of dress and some books. I eagerly seized the prize and returned with it to my lover. Fortunately the books were written in the language the elements of which I had acquired at the cottage; they consisted of

For the last a century, Panchayats and the States of Waver. The possession of these tracts gave me entire insight into the history of the land and the people. I have been able to study the life of the people in their own homes.

Let me first describe to you the effects of these books. They produced in me a series of new images and feelings that were not contained in the existing literature, but more frequent, with the result, the lowest depression. In the *Novels of Werner*, besides the interesting, unique and absorbing story, so many questions are raised, I am so many things known, you have had to have been to the obscure subjects that I found it a severe and long source of speculation and astonishment. The gentle and domestic manner in which he described the most horrible scenes and feelings which had to their object some thing more or less accented with his experience among his protectors and with the wars which were forever a scene in his own home. But I thought Werner himself to more to me being that I had ever before imagined. His character contained no pretension, but it was deep. The two stories, good and subtle were calculated to fascinate his reader. I did not intend to refer to the method he chose very far more towards the questions of the hero whose extinction I wept without precisely understanding it.

As I read, however, I began to identify personally in my own feelings and emotions. I found myself sympathizing at the same time strangely with all the feelings concerning whom I read and of whose conversation I was a member. I sympathized with and partly understood them, but I was unformed in mood. I was dependent on more and treated as more. The path of my literature was there, and here was none. I wanted my own liberation. My person was hidden and my status forgotten. What did this mean? Who was I? What was I? Where did I come? What was my destination? These questions continually recurred, but I was unable to solve them.

[illegible]

But people can expect to see and feel deeper emotions. I can't say I do read headlines and wonder how to act on what is available.

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

shadow in the moonshine, even as that faint image and that momentary shade.

I endeavoured to crush these tears and to forcibly rouse to the trial which in a few months I resolved to undergo, and sometimes I allowed my thoughts, unchecked by reason, to wander in the boundless Paradise and dared to fancy an abode and a very creature so happy as I with my feelings and bearing my guilt, there at length, in retirement to exhaust studies of consolation. But it was all a dream: the few wretched men whom I saw, not share my thoughts, I was alone. I remembered Adam's supplication to his Creator. But where was mine? He had abandoned me, and in the bitterness of my heart I cursed him.

Autumn passed: how I saw, with surprise and grief, the leaves decay and fall, and nature again assume the barren and bleak appearance it had worn when I first beheld the woods and the green river. Yet I did not heed the weakness of the weather. I was better fitted to my confinement for the endurance of cold than heat. But my chief delights were the sight of the flowers, the birds, and all the gay apparatus of summer, when those deserted me. I turned with more attention towards the cottagers. Their happiness was not decreased by the absence of summer. They were and were pathosized with one another, and their loves dependent on each other, were not interrupted by the casualties which took place around them. The more I saw of them, the greater became my desire to earn their protection and kindness, my heart yearned to be known and loved by these amiable creatures, to see their sweet looks directed towards me with affection was the common aim of my attention. I dared not think that they would turn from me with disdain and horror. The poor that crouched at their doors were never driven away. I asked if it were for greater treasures than a piece of bread or rest. I required kindness and sympathy, but I did not believe myself worthy of it.

The winter advanced, and an entire revolution of the seasons had taken place since I was brought to the My attention at that time was severely directed towards my plan of making myself useful. The change of my prospects, I resolved many projects but that on which I finally fixed was to enter the dwelling when the kind old man should be alone. I had sagacity enough to discover that the old man's father, though I myself was the chief object of terror with those who had formerly believed true. My voice, though harsh, had nothing terrible in it. I thought therefore that if in the absence of his children I could gain the good will and mediation of the old old Lady, I might by his means be protected by his younger protectors.

One day, when the sun shone on the red leaves that strewed the ground and diffused cheerfulness, although it denied warmth, Safie, Agatha, and Felix departed on a long country walk, and the old man, at his own desire, was left alone in the cottage. When his children had departed, he took up his guitar and played several mouldy but sweet and more sweet and more soft than I had ever heard him play before. At first his concentration was interrupted with pleasure, but as he continued thoughtfulness and sadness succeeded at length, as I guess the subject of it, he sat alone, he did not reflect.

My heart beat quick, this was the hour and moment of trial, which would decide my hopes or realize my fears. The servants were gone to a neighbouring fair. A way went forth and a sound the cottage. I was an

except appetite. Yet when I proceeded to exercise my plan my instantaneous aim was to sink to the ground. Again I rose, and exerting all the firmness of which I was master, removed the planks which I had placed beneath my head to prevent my retreat. The fresh air revived me, and with renewed determination I approached the door of their cottage.

"I knocked. Who is there," said the old man, "O the!"

"I entered. Pardon this intrusion," said I, "I am a traveller in want of a little rest, so would greatly oblige me if you would allow me to remain a few minutes before the fire."

"Enter," said the lady, "and I will try in what manner I can to relieve your wants, but unfortunately my children are from home, and as I am blind, I am afraid I shall find it difficult to procure food for you."

"Do not trouble yourself, my kind host, I have food; it is warmth and rest only that I need."

I sat down, and a silence ensued. I knew that every minute was precious to me, yet I remained irresolute in what manner to conduct the interview, when the old man addressed me. "By your language, stranger, I suppose you are my countryman, are you French?"

"No, but I was educated by a French family and understand that language only. I am now going to join the protectors of some friends whom I sincerely love, and of whose favour I have some hopes."

"Are they Germans?"

"No, they are French. But let us change the subject. I am an unfortunate and deserted creature. I look around and I have no relations or friend upon earth. These amiable people to whom I go have never seen me and know little of me. I am therefore forced to declare I am at least in the world forever."

"Do not despair. To be French necessarily leads to be unfortunate, but the hearts of men when approached by any of your self-interest are full of brotherly love and charity. Rest, therefore, on your hopes, and if these friends are good and amiable, do not desist."

"They are kind, they are the most excellent creatures in the world, but unfortunately they are prejudiced against me, I have good dispositions, my life has been blameless and in some degree beneficial, but a fatal prejudice clouds their eyes, and where they ought to see a fellow-glad and kind friend, they behold only a detestable monster."

"That is indeed unfortunate, but if you are really blameless, cannot you undeceive them?"

"I am about to undertake that task, and it is in that account that I feel so many overwhelming sorrows. I tenderly love these friends, I have known to them, been for many months in the habit of daily kindness towards them, but they believe that I wish to injure them, and it is that prejudice which I wish to overcome."

"Where do these friends reside?"

"Near this spot."

The old man paused a little, then continued, "If you were universally entitled to me the particulars of your tale, I perhaps may be able to undeceive them. I am blind and cannot judge of your countenance, but there is something in your words which persuades me that you are sincere. I am poor and am old, but will attend to the particulars of your story in any way serviceable to a human creature."

"Excellent man," I thought, "I thank you, and rejoice at your excellent character. You raise me from the desponding abyss of despair, and I trust that you will be able to

be driven from the society and sympathy of your fellow creatures.

"Heaven forbid! Even if you were really criminal, for that can only drive you to desperation, and not instigate you to virtue. I also am unfortunate. I and my family have been condemned, although innocent, judge, therefore, if I do not feel for your misfortunes.

How can I thank you, my best and only benefactor? From your lips first have I heard the voice of kindness directed towards me. I shall be forever grateful, and your present humanity assures me of success with those friends whom I am on the point of meeting.

"May I know the names and residence of those friends?"

"I paused. This I thought was the moment of decision, which was to rob me of or bestow happiness on me forever. I struggled vainly for firmness sufficient to answer him, but the effort destroyed all my remaining strength. I sank on the chair and sobbed aloud. At that moment I heard the steps of my younger protectors. I had not a moment to lose, but seizing the hand of the old man, I cried, 'Now is the time! Save and protect me. You and your family are the friends whom I seek. Do not you desert me in the hour of trial!'

"Great God!" exclaimed the old man, "Who are you?"

"At that instant the cottage door was opened, and Felix, Safie, and Agatha entered. Who can describe their horror and consternation on beholding me? Agatha fainted, and Safie, unable to attend to her friend, rushed out of the cottage. Felix darted forward, and with supernatural force tore me from his father, to whose knees I clung, in a transport of fury, he dashed me to the ground and struck me violently with a stick. I could have torn him limb from limb, as the lion rends the antelope. But my heart sank within me as with bitter sickness, and I refrained. I saw him on the point of repeating his blow, when, overcome by pain and anguish, I quitted the cottage, and in the general tumult escaped unperceived to my habitation.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Cursed, cursed creator! Why did I live? Why, in that instant, did I not extinguish the spark of existence which you had so wantonly bestowed? I know not; despair had not yet taken possession of me; my feelings were those of rage and revenge. I could with pleasure have destroyed the cottage and its inhabitants and have galled myself with their shrieks and misery.

"When night came I quitted my retreat and wandered in the wood, and now, no longer restrained by the fear of discovery, I gave vent to my anguish in fearful howlings. I was like a wild beast that had broken the den, destroying the objects that obstructed me and ranging through the wood with a staglike swiftness. Oh! What a miserable night I passed! The cold stars shone in mockery, and the bare trees waved their branches above me; now and then the sweet voice of a bird burst forth amidst the universal stillness. Alas! save I were at rest or in enjoyment. I, like the arch fiend, bore a hell within me, and finding myself unsympathized with, wished to tear up the trees, spread havoc and destruction around me, and then to have sat down and enjoyed the ruin.

But this was a luxury of sensation that I could not enjoy. I became fatigued with exertion that's exertion and sank on the damp grass in the weak impotence of despair. There was one among the natives then that existed who would pity or assist me; and should I feel kindness towards my enemies? No! no! but I must fight the incessant war against the species and more than a single individual who had harmed me and sent me forth to this its opposite as it were.

The sun rose. I heard the voices of men and knew that it was impossible to return to my retreat during that day. As evening I lay myself in some thick underwood, determining to devote the ensuing hours to reflection on my situation.

The pleasant vision of the day before at last restored me to some degree of tranquillity, and when I considered what had passed at the cottage I could not help believing that I had been the cause of my own safety. I had certainly acted imprudently. It was a fate that my conversation had interested the father in my behalf, and I was a fool in having exposed my person to the horrors of his character. I ought to have lain a long time out of the way to die, and by degrees have discovered myself to the rest of his family when they should have been prepared for my approach. But I did not reserve my errors for mere speculation and after much consideration I resolved to return to the cottage seek the old man and by my representations win him to my party.

These thoughts assuaged me, and in the afternoon I sank into a profound sleep. But he lived at my thought, he would allow me to be visited by painful dreams. The horrible scene of the preceding day was forever acting before my eyes, the females were singing and the enraged form tearing me from his father's feet. I awoke exhausted and finding that it was a ready night I crept forth to my hiding place and would search for food.

When my hunger was appeased I directed my view towards the well-known path that conducted to the cottage. A woman was at peace. I crept on slowly and my heart's secret expectation of her approach melted away when the family came. At last they passed the station and fled to the heavens, but the old men did not appear. I returned victoriously, apprehending some dreadful mistake. The inside of the cottage was dark and I trembled on the edge of fear, as the light of day was passing.

Presently two men in rich dress passed by, but passing near the cottage they entered into conversation, and I saw that they were men of high rank. I did not understand what they said, as they spoke the language of the country, which differed from that of my countrymen. Some time however they approached with another man. I was surprised as I knew that he had not entered the cottage by night, and wondering why he was so late, from his discourse he bearing of these things as appearances.

They inconsiderately saw my occupation, but they were obliged to pay three out of the ten and so he paid me five shillings. I did not wish to take any other recompense, and I beg to state that you will take some days to consider of your return to me.

It is necessary to be seen by you, we at never again to habituate our cottage. The sight of my father is in the greatest danger owing to the dread of our situation that I have treated. My wife and my sister will never recover from their horror of the treatment and a reason why for any more. Take possession of your children and return to your home.

He returned more victoriously as he said to me. He and his companions entered

the cottage in which they remained for a few hours and then departed. I never saw a soul of the family of the Lacys more.

I returned to the tent at the end of the day in my home in a state of utter and complete despair. My project had departed and had taken the only risk that he dared to be wiser than the rest of the world. For the first time the feelings of revenge and hatred filled my bosom, and I did not strive to control them, but allowing myself to be borne away by the stream, I went on mindlessly toward ruin and death. When I thought of my friends, of the cruel voice of the Lacys, the grey eyes of Agatha, and the exquisite beauty of the Arabian, these things vanished and a gush of tears somewhat soothed me. But again when I reflected that they had spurned and deserted me, larger than the image of anger and a belief in the anything human I carried in my breast was a more potent shroud. Among my adventures I found a variety of contradictions about the strange animal after having destroyed every vestige of its nature, the garment I wanted with forced patience until the time had come to commence my operations.

Another night adventure I achieved with a cow from the woods and quickly disposed of the clouds that had foretold the heavens. He was here along the rocky shore and he and I were asked to stay by the spot to his hermit's house of prayer and reflection. I lighted the oil lamp, sat under a laurel tree with lily around the favored stage, my eyes directed on the western horizon, the edge of which the moon nearly touched. A part of rock was at my feet, and I washed my hand, took a drink, and with a loud scream I shed the skin and death and bushes which I had conceived. The wind faded the fire, and the stage was quickly enveloped by the flames which came to a shroud. I walked the Larks and last long tongues.

As soon as I was assured that no assistance could save any part of the plantation, I entered the water and sought for refuge in the woods.

And now with he went before me in the shadow of a great sky steps. I knew he was far from the water, but his movements were not hated and exposed every one of his weaknesses. Here he. At length the thought of your presence, my mind, I breathe. I found your papers that you were my father, my teacher, and the whole world I go with more freedom than I had with him, giving me life. Among the arrows that have been bestowed upon Sabre geography had not been omitted. I had learned from these the relative positions of the several countries of the earth. You had mentioned America as the native of your native land, and towards this place I resolved to proceed.

But how was I to reach my goal? I knew that I must have in a way, which was the direction of activity, my imagination, but he was not my guide. I did not know the names of the ways that I was passing through, but I was not afraid. I was not afraid of a single thing, but I did not respect. From your mind I hoped that you were a thoughtful and wise man, but that I hated. I suffered breathless terror. You had endued me with perceptions and passions and then assumed an air of indifference, the seeming absence of mankind. But in your eyes I saw a great sympathy and tenderness, and that you had intended to seek that more which I could understand, and that you were not being that with the human form.

My tears were again. The feelings I had and intense. I was alone at night when I found the house where I had so long resided. I thought that I was alone, and I did not think of the visage of a human

being Nature dressed around me and he sat became new snow and snow poured around me. Nights rivers were frozen, the surface of the earth was hard and cold and bare and I found no shelter. Oh earth! How often did I impregate curses upon thee as thou layest. Thou artiless of nature hadst been and a world of me was created, gaol and misery. The nearer I approached to your habitation, the more free I did I feel the spirit of revenge enkindled in my heart. Snow fell and the waters were hardened but I rested not. A few miles beyond and then directed me and I possessed a map of the country that I then wandered, were from my path. The agony of my feelings drove me to explore the mountain on which I saw which my rage and misery could find no words to food but a circumstance that happened when I arrived in the country of Switzerland when the snow had recovered its warmth and the earth began to look green, continued in a despair that over the bitterness and horror of my feelings.

I generally travel during the day and travel only when I was secured by night from the view of man. One morning however finding that my path lay through a deep wood I ventured to continue my journey after the sun had risen. The day which was one of the best I ever enjoyed cheered even me by the low clouds of sky and the happy smell of the air. The emotions of gentleness and pleasure that had long appeared dead revive within me. That night sleep was the joy of these sensations. I allowed myself to be borne away by them and forgetting my woe and discomfort, dared to be happy. But tears again bedewed my cheeks and I ever raised my blood eyes with thanksgiving to the beneficent which bestowed such joys upon me.

I continued to walk along the path of the wood and I then in my turn saw a lady which was started by a deep and rapid stream which that a young tree had been brought down but lying with the fresh spring. Here I paused not exactly knowing what path to pursue. I heard the sound of voices that I turned and saw a man and a woman under the shade of a cypress. I was scarcely hid when a young girl came running towards the spot where I was. I raised my eyes as she ran to meet even myself. She continued her course along the cypress on the sides of the river where a slender white tree stood at the foot of the rapid stream. I rushed from my hiding place and with extreme labour caught the foot of the current saved her and dragged her to shore. She was so weak and I endeavored by every means of my power to restore her to life when I was suddenly interrupted by the approach of a lady who was probably the person from whom she had just been saved. On seeing me she started towards me and treating me as though I were a man, having led to walk the deeper part of the wood. I followed speedily. That day knew well that when she had seen me that she had seen a good woman and that my body and feet I sank to the ground and my countenance with increased swiftness, escaped into the wood.

This was then the end of my journey. I had saved a human being from destruction and as a recompense I now possessed a letter in my secret part of a wound which showed the fresh and true. The feelings of kindness and gentleness which I had entertained for a few moments before gave way to a cold rage and gnashing of teeth. I turned to pursue I saw a retreat and a forest and vegetation was dark and cold. But the agony of my wounds overcame the my passion and I faint.

"For some weeks I led a miserable life in the woods, endeavouring to cure the wound which I had received. The bay had entered my shoulder, and I knew not whether it had remained there or passed through; at any rate I had no means of extracting it. My sufferings were augmented also by the oppressive sense of the injustice and ingratitude of their infliction. My daily vows rose for revenge—a deep and deadly revenge, such as would alone compensate for the outrages and anguish I had endured.

After some weeks my wound healed, and I continued my journey. The liberty I evaluated was no longer to be alleviated by the bright sun or gentle breezes of spring; all now was but a mockery which invited my desolate state and made me feel more painfully that I was not made for the enjoyment of pleasure.

But my days now drew near a close, and in two months from this time I reached the environs of Geneva.

It was evening when I arrived, and I retired to a hiding place among the rocks that surrounded the city, to meditate on what manner I should approach you. I was oppressed by fatigue and hunger and far too unhappy to enjoy the gentle breezes, the evening or the prospect of the sun setting behind the stupendous mountains of Jura.

At this time a slight sleep relieved me from the pain of reflection which was disturbed by the approach of a beautiful child, who, came running into the recess I had chosen, with all the sportiveness of infancy. Suddenly, as I gazed on him, an idea seized me that this pure creature was unspotted and had lived no short a time to have imbibed a hundredfold deformity. If, therefore, I could seize him and educate him as my companion and friend, I should not be so desolate in the peopled earth.

Urged by this impulse, I seized on the boy as he passed and drew him towards me. As soon as he beheld my form, he placed his hands before his eyes and uttered a loud scream. I drew his hand forcibly from his face and said, 'Child, what is the meaning of this? I do not intend to hurt you; listen to me.'

He struggled violently. 'Let me go,' he cried, 'monster! ugly wretch! You wish to eat me and tear me to pieces. You hate to sight. Let me go, or I will tell my papa.'

Boy, you will never see your father again; you must come with me.

Hideously monster, let me go. My papa is a vicar, he is Mr. Frankenstein; he will punish you. You dare not keep me.

Frankenstein. You belong then to my enemy—to him towards whom I have sworn eternal revenge; you shall be my first victim.

The child still struggled and loaded me with epithets which carried despair to my heart. I grasped his hair to restrain him, and in a moment he lay dead at my feet.

I gazed on my victim, and my heart swelled with exultation and hellish triumph, clapping my hands I exclaimed, 'How can create desolation; my enemy is not my enemy; this death will carry despair to him, and a thousand other miseries shall torment and destroy him.'

As I fixed my eyes on the child, I saw something glittering on his breast. I took it; it was a portrait of a most lovely woman. In spite of my malignity, it softened and attracted me. For a few moments I gazed with delight on her dark eyes, tinged by deep passions, and her lips, which, but previously my rage returned, I remembered that I was forever deprived of the delight to have my husband so beautifully adorned and that she whose resemblance I so tenderly loved and in regard to whom I have changed that

air of divine benignity to one expressive of disgust and abhorrence.

Can you wonder that such thoughts that spurred me with rage? I only wonder that at that moment instead of venting my sensations in exclamations and agony I did not rush among mankind and perish in the attempt to destroy them.

While I was overcome by these feelings I left the spot where I had committed the murder, and seeking a more secure hiding place I entered a barn which had appeared to me to be empty. A woman was sleeping on some straw; she was young, not indeed so beautiful as her whose portrait I held, but of an agreeable aspect and promising in the loveliness of youth and health. Here I thought of one of those whose joy-imparting smiles are bestowed on all but me. And then I bent over her and whispered, "Awake, fairest, thy lover is near—he who would give his life but to obtain one look of affection from thine eyes, my beloved, awake."

"The sleeper started; a thrill of terror ran through me. Should she indeed awake, and see me, and curse me, and denounce the murderer? Thus would she assuredly act if her darkened eyes opened and she beheld me. The thought was madness; it stirred the fiend within me—not I, but she, shall suffer for the murder I have committed because I am forever robbed of all that she could give me, she shall atone. The crime had its source in her; be hers the punishment. Thanks to the lessons of fear and the sanguinary laws of man I had learned how to work in secret. I bent over her and placed the portrait secure within one of the folds of her dress. She moved again, and I fled.

For some days I haunted the spot where these scenes had taken place, sometimes wishing to see you, sometimes resolved to quit the world and its miseries forever. At length I wandered towards these mountains, and have ranged through their immense recesses, consumed by a burning passion which you alone can gratify. We may not part until you have promised to comply with my requisition. I am alone and miserable; man will not associate with me; but one as deformed and horrible as myself would not deny herself to me. My companion must be of the same species and have the same defects. This being you must create.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

The being finished speaking and fixed his looks upon me in the expectation of a reply. But I was bewildered, perplexed, and unable to arrange my ideas sufficiently to understand the full extent of his proposition. He continued, "You must create a female for me with whom I can live in the interchange of those sympathies necessary for my being. Thus you alone can do, and I demand it of you as a right which you must not refuse to concede."

The latter part of his tale had kindled anew in me the anger that had died away while he narrated his peaceful life among the cottagers, and as he said this I could no longer suppress the rage that burned within me.

"I do refuse it," I replied, "and no creature shall ever extract consent from me. You may render me the most miserable of men, but you shall

Never think for some time my eyes shd. I stare at what they want
w/ the point made less than it deserves the world. Because I have
assured you something is proper but I will never regret

You are in the wrong—come to the ground—and knead—I threaten you I am not to reason with you I am not to discuss because I am not to be. And I must stand back and look at you and at you. You the traitor would lead me to pieces and—ah, I remember that a little—the why I should pity man more than that he pieces me. You would not care if I were dead, you would push me into one of those holes—a dust-hole in my frame—the work of your own hands. Should I respect him when he is tearing me? Let him live with the truth he still charges at me—yes and instead of his cry I would bestow every benefit upon him with tears of gratitude and acceptance. But that cannot be—the traitor sees me as a man tearing at the very heart of our nation. Yet in the state not be the victim of a few slaves. I will revenge my country. I have not inspired love. I have caused fear and I hereby thank you for it. I have not inspired me and my traitor do I swear nothing—absolute hatred. Have a care I will work at your destruction—not through fear. I fear a very weak heart will allow a slave to see his heartily not at all.

A friend, sharing at least 100 years as he said, his boy and was well liked and respected by his neighbors for his amiable and helpful but presently he carried himself and proved it. I tried to reason. His passion is better than to be but you do not reflect, for we are the cause of its excess. If any thing led to a knowledge of his existence towards me, I should not wish him a better and a better friend for that one creature whose I would make peace with the whole kind. But I know it is to be treated how it can be realized. What a wish if you is reasonable and moderate. I demand a creature of another sex, but as he is as myself, the gratification is a torment to you that I can receive and it shall comfort me. It is true we shall be miserable, still I do not wish to be, but in that account we shall be more miserable than another. But even we can be happy, but they will be happy and free from themselves. I now tell you. My creature make me happy, set me free, and be true to you for ever hereafter. Let me see that I exist in the sympathy of some existing thing do not deny me my request!

I was amazed I should feel that when I thought of the possible contrary results of my consent, but I felt that there was some more in his argument. His tale and the feelings he now expressed proved him to be a real person. The very nature of his attitude toward his maker, so fitting the portion of happiness that it was in my power to bestow. He saw my change of feeling and understood it as a consequence neither more nor any other human being that ever seen is again. I was going to be vastly wiser of South America. My hand is not that of man. I do not desire the gifts and he did to gratify my appetite. as soon as her the and the sufficient troubled himself. My companion will be of the same nature as is you and two will be concerned with the same are. We will make our seed of the leaves. He will be the one or the other man and will open our land. The picture I presented you is practical and human and ought to feel that very kind of feeling is in the way of loss of power and of the very possibilities. I have seen war as you know see or passion in your eyes let me seize the fact of the moment and persuade you to know what I understand feels.

Your presence required that I should be habituated to many changes in the way in which the behavior of the individual was carried out. I was always who was being treated separately and equally. I am prepared to

this exile. You will return and again seek their kindness, and you will meet with their detestation: your evil passions will be renewed, and you will then have a crueler job, and you to the task of destruction. This may not be cause to argue the point, for I cannot consent.

How incoherent are your feelings. But a moment ago you were moved by my representations, and why do you again harden yourself to my complaints. I swear to you, by the earth which I inhabit, and by you that made me, that with the compassion you bestow I will quit the neighbourhood of man and dwell as it may chance in the most savage of places. My evil passions will have fled, for I shall meet with sympathy. My life will thus pass away, and in my long moments I shall not curse my maker.

His words had a strange effect upon me. I sympathized with him and sometimes felt a wish to console him, but when I looked upon him when I saw the filthy mass that moved and talked, my heart sickened and my feelings were altered to those of horror and hatred. I tried to still these sensations, but thought that as I could not sympathize with him, I had no right to withhold from him the small portion of happiness which was yet in my power to bestow.

You swear, I said, to be harmless, but have you not already shown a degree of malice that should reasonably make me distrust you? May not even this be a trick that will increase your triumph by affording a wider scope for your revenge?"

How is this, I must not be trifled with, and I demand an answer. If I have no joy and no affection, I hate, and vengeance will be my portion, the soul of another will destroy, he caused my crimes, and I shall become a thing of whose existence everyone will be ignorant. My woes are the children of a forced solitude that I labour, and my virtues will necessarily arise when I live in communion with an equal. I shall feel the affections of a sensitive being and become linked to the chain of existence and events from which I am now excluded."

I paused some time to reflect on all he had related and the various arguments which he had employed. I thought of the promise of virtues which he had displayed on the opening of my existence and the subsequent flight of all kindly feeling by the scathing and worn which his protectors had manifested towards him. His power and threats were not omitted in my calculations, a creature who could exist in the recesses of the glaciers and hide himself from pursuit among the ridges of inaccessible precipices was a being possessing faculties it would be vain to cope with. After a long pause of reflection I concluded that the justice due both to him and my fellow creatures demanded of me that I should comply with his request, according to him, therefore I said, "I consent to your demand, let your wherever shall be quit Europe forever, and every other place in the neighbourhood of man, as soon as I shall deliver into your hands a female who will accompany you in your exile.

I swear, he cried, by the sun and by the blue sky of heaven, and by the fire of love that burns in my heart, that if you grant my prayer, while they exist you shall never behold me again. Depart to your home and commence your labours. I shall watch their progress with unutterable anxiety, and fear not but that when you are ready I shall appear.

Saying this, he wavered a quarter of an hour, perhaps, of any change in his sentiments. I saw him descend the mountain with greater speed than

the flight of an eagle and quick & lost among the undulations of the sea of ice.

His tale had occupied the whole day, and the sun was upon the verge of the horizon when he departed. I knew that I ought to have my descent towards the valley, as I should soon be encompassed in darkness, but my heart was heavy, and my steps slow. The labour of winding among the little paths of the mountain and fixing my feet firmly as I advanced perplexed me, occupied as I was by the emotions which the occurrences of the day had produced. Night was far advanced when I came to the halfway resting place and seated myself beside the fountain. The stars shone at intervals as the clouds passed from over them; the dark pines rose before me, and every here and there a broken tree lay on the ground; it was a scene of wonderful solemnity and stirred strange thoughts within me. I wept bitterly, and clasping my hands in agony, I exclaimed, "Oh! Stars and clouds and winds, ye are all about to mock me; if ye really pity me, crush sensation and memory; let me become as nought, but if not, depart, depart, and leave me in darkness."

These were wild and miserable thoughts, but I cannot describe to you how the eternal twinkling of the stars weighed upon me, and how I listened to every blast of wind as if it were a dull, ugly siroc on its way to consume me.

Morning dawned before I arrived at the village of Chamounix. I took no rest, but returned immediately to Geneva. Even in my own heart I could give no expression to my sensations—they weighed on me with a mountain's weight, and their excess destroyed my agony beneath them. Thus I returned home, and entering the house, presented myself to the family. My haggard and wild appearance awoke intense alarm, but I answered no question—scarcely did I speak. He felt as if I were placed under a ban—as if I had no right to claim their sympathies—as if never more might I enjoy companionship with them. Yet even thus I loved them to adoration, and to save them, I resolved to dedicate myself to my most abhorred task. The prospect of such an occupation made every other circumstance of existence pass before me like a dream, and that thought only had to me the reality of life.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

Day after day, week after week, passed away on my return to Geneva, and I could not collect the courage to recommence my work. I feared the vengeance of the disappointed fiend; yet I was unable to overcome my repugnance to the task which was enjoined me. I found that I could not compose a fable without again devoting several months to profound study and abstruse disquisition. I had heard of some discoveries having been made by an English philosopher, the knowledge of which was material to my success, and I sometimes thought of obtaining my father's consent to visit England for this purpose, but I clung to every pretence of delay and shrunk from taking the first step in an undertaking whose immediate necessity began to appear less absolute to me. A change indeed

had taken place in me, my health, which had hitherto declined, was now much restored, and my spirits, when unchecked by the memory of my unhappy promise, rose proportionally. My father saw this change with pleasure, and he turned his thoughts towards the best method of eradicating the remains of my melancholy, which every now and then would return by fits, and with a depressing blackness, overcast the approaching sunshine. At these moments I took refuge in the most perfect solitude. I passed whole days on the lake alone in a little boat, watching the clouds and listening to the rippling of the waves, silent and listless. But the fresh air and bright sun soon failed to restore me to some degree of composure, and on my return I met the salutations of my friends with a readier smile and a more cheerful heart.

It was after my return from one of these rambles that my father, calling me aside, thus addressed me: "I am happy to remark, my dear son, that you have resumed your former pleasures and seem to be returning to yourself. And yet you are still dull, apathetic, and still avoid our society. But some time I was not in a secret to ask the cause of this; but yesterday an idea struck me, and it is well founded. I caution you to avoid it. Reserve on such a point would be not only useless, but draw down treble misery on us all."

I trembled violently at his exhortation, and my father continued: "I confess, my son, that I have always looked forward to your marriage with our dear Elizabeth as the tie of our domestic comfort and the stay of my declining years. You were attached to each other from your earliest infancy, you studied together, and appeared in dispositions and tastes entirely suited to one another. But so blind is the experience of man that what I conceived to be the best assistance to my plan may have entirely destroyed it. You perhaps regard her as your sister, without any wish that she might become your wife. Nay, you may have met with another whom you may love, and considering yourself as bound in honor to Elizabeth, this struggle may occasion the poignant misery which you appear to feel."

My dear father, reassure yourself. I love my cousin tenderly and sincerely. I never saw any woman who excited, as Elizabeth does, my warmest admiration and affection. My future hopes and prospects are entirely bound up in the expectation of our union.

The expression of your sentiments of this subject, my dear Victor, gives me more pleasure than I have for some time experienced. If you feel thus, we shall assuredly be happy, however present events may cast a gloom over us. But it is this gloom, which appears to have taken so strong a hold of your mind that I wish to dissipate. Tell me, therefore, whether you object to an immediate solemnization of the marriage. We have been unfortunate, and recent events have drawn us out of that everyday tranquillity befitting my years and mine. You are younger, yet I do not suppose, possessed as you are of a competent fortune, that an early marriage would interfere with any future plans of labor and activity that you may have formed. Do not suppose, however, that I wish to detract happiness from you, or that a delay in your part would cause me any serious uneasiness. Interpret my words with candor, and answer me. I can assure you, with confidence and sincerity.

I listened to my father in silence and remained for some time incapable of offering any reply. I revolved rapidly in my mind a multitude of

though I had endeavored to give up at some one object. As I found the idea of an intimate union with my Elizabeth was one of horror and distress I was bound by a solemn promise which I had not yet broken and dared not break, or if I did, what a dread of myself might not descend over me and my friends! But I could I enter in a tryst with the death's-might yet hanging round my neck and knowing me to be grounded I must just quit my engagement and let the traitor depart with his rage before I allowed myself to enjoy the delight of a union from which I expected peace.

I remembered also the necessity imposed upon me of her journeying to England or entering into a long correspondence with those physicians of that country whose knowledge and discoveries were indispensable to me in my present undertaking. The latter method of obtaining the desired cure—grace was deadly and unsatisfactory. Besides I had an intuition to be avoided to be nearly engaging myself in my loathsome task in my father's house where in hatred of almost every creature with whom I lived I knew that a thousand heart-accidents might occur, the slightest of which would become a tale to the grave connected with me with horror. I was aware also that I should often have to be surrounded and possessed by feelings of haunting sensations that would possess me during the progress of my unsearchly occupation. I must a moment have found as I loved while they employed their influence it was my quicks to be achieved and I might be restored to my father in peace and happiness. My promise—rested the monster would depart forever. Oh, how I could have imagined some accident might meet where I was to devote him and put an end to my misery forever!

These feelings dictated my answer to my father. I expressed a wish to visit England but in making the true reason of this request I soothed my distress under a guise which excited no suspicion while it gained my desire with an earnestness that easily obtained my father's consent. After some period of an awfully melancholy but reasonable madness in its intensity and effects he was glad to find that I was capable of taking pleasure in the idea of such a journey and he hoped that change of scene and varied amusements would before my return have restored me entirely to myself.

The duration of my absence was left to my own choice a few months or at most a year, was the period contemplated. One father's kind precaution he had taken to ensure my having an occupation. Without previously communicating with me he had in concert with Elizabeth arranged that Elizabeth should join me at Southampton. This interfered with the solitude I coveted but the proximity of my task, yet at the same time the comfort of my father's presence, of my friends, and the way he at a post moment and thus I knew that that I should be saved many thoughts of my mad dening reflection. Nay, Henry might stand between me and the passion I myself. If I were alone would he not at times force his abhorred presence on me to retard me of my task or to contemplate its progress?

In England therefore I was bound and it was understood that my union with Elizabeth should take place immediately on my return. My father's age rendered him extremely averse to delay. For myself there was no reward I possessed none. I only my detested task, one consolation for my unparadised suffering was the prospect that day when enfranchised from my miserable slavery I might join Elizabeth and

forget the past in my union with her

I knew these arrangements for my captivity, but not feeling that I had the whole time with fear and agitation. During my absence I should leave my friends and many of the exiles of the continent and be protected from those who exasperated as being of the same my departure. But he had promised to show me whatever I might require, and he now accompanied me to England. This migration was death in itself, but something I assumed as it imposed the safety of my friends. I was agitated with the idea of the possibility that the reverse of this might happen. But through the whole journey during which I was the slave of my creature I allowed myself to be governed by the impulses of the moment, as the present sensations strong and clear, that he tried would show me as I lived in my father's home the danger of his magnificent way.

It was in the latter end of September that I again quitted my native country. My mother had sent my own suggestion, and Elizabeth, their first acquaintance, but she was filled with disquiet at the idea of my suffering away from her, the tears of my own grief. It had been these are which provided me a companion in Cervantes, and yet a man is found in a thousand minute instances which as both a woman and a man's attention. She urged to bid me hasten my return, a thousand of the strong emotions of desire, her nature as she had me a tearful moment away.

I think myself that the carriage that was to convey me away, hardly knowing whether I was going, and anxious at what was passing around. I remembered my journey was with a bitter anguish that I reflected on it to order that my father and mother should be packed to go with me. I lived with dreary imaginations, I passed through many beautiful and majestic scenes, but my eyes were fixed at nothing, I could only think of the homes of my father and the work which I was to carry on the whilst they endured.

After some days spent in idleness and inaction, during which I traversed many leagues, I arrived at Strasbourg, where I waited two days for Cervantes. He came. How great was the contrast between us. He was alive to every new scene, just when he saw the beauties of the setting sun, and more happy when he beheld the sunrise of another new day. He pointed out to me the changing colours of the landscape and the appearances of the sky. It was what I had seen, he had seen, now I knew existence. But now my dear father, when he saw the same, despising and sorrowful. I truth, I was occupied by my thoughts and neither saw he less of it, he even forgot the things of the world, as he retired up the Rhine. As soon as my friend would be far more amused with the beauties of Cervantes, who deserved he seemed with a new offering and to fight than in steering to his father's. I am a miserable wretch, haunted by a curse that shut up every avenue to enjoyment.

We had agreed to descend the Rhine in a boat from Strasbourg to Rotterdam, where we might take shipping for London. During this voyage we passed many beautiful scenes, and saw several beautiful towns. We passed a day at Mainz, and on the 11th of our departure from Strasbourg, arrived at Mainz, where, on the 12th of the Rhine below Mainz, two miles from Mainz, we arrived. The river descended rapidly and with between banks not high, but steep, and it was of a stormy. We saw many ruined castles standing on the edges of precipices, surrounded by black woods, high and narrow. This part of the Rhine indeed presents a

to get a stronger feel for what I see, put it down myself as a record
and try to bring it back to me again, and the book has been going
through all sorts of changes since I first wrote it. It's a long time ago,
but I've got some ideas about how to go on with it now.

occupy the scene

[illegible][illegible]

The sounding colostrum

4 m + *elide, a feeling, and a love,*

By thought supplied, or any interest
Unborrow'd from the eye.*

*Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey"

And where does he now exist? Is this gentle and lovely being lost forever? Has this mind, so replete with ideas, imaginations fair and magnificent, which formed a world whose existence depended on the life of its creator, has this mind perished? Does it now only exist in my memory? No, it is not thus. Your form and voice wrought and beaming with beauty, has decayed, but your spirit still visits and consoles your unhappy friend.

Pardon this gush of sorrow, these ineffectual words are but a slight tribute to the unexampled worth of Henry, but they soothe my heart, overflowing with the anguish which his remembrance creates. I will proceed with my tale.

Beyond Cologne we descended to the plains of Holland, and we resolved to post the remainder of our way, for the wind was contrary and the stream of the river was too gentle to aid us.

Our journey here lost the interest arising from beautiful scenery, but we arrived in a few days at Rotterdam, whence we proceeded by sea to England. It was on a clear morning, in the latter days of December, that I first saw the white cliffs of Britain. The banks of the Thames presented a new scene, they were flat but fertile, and almost every town was marked by the remembrance of some story. We saw Tilbury Fort and remembered the Spanish Armada, Gravesend, Woolwich, and Greenwich—places which I had heard of even in my country.

At length we saw the numerous steeples of London, St. Paul's towering above all, and the Tower famed in English history.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

London was our present point of rest, we determined to remain several months in this wonderful and celebrated city. Clerval desired the intercourse of the men of genius and talent who flourished at this time, but this was with me a secondary object. I was principally occupied with the means of obtaining the information necessary for the completion of my promise, and quickly availed myself of the offers of introduction that I had brought with me, addressed to the most distinguished natural philosophers.

If this journey had taken place during my days of study and happiness, it would have afforded me inexpressible pleasure. But a light had come over my existence, and I only visited these people for the sake of the information they might give me on the subject in which my interest was so terribly profound. Company was unknown to me, when alone I conversed with the sights of heaven and earth, the voice of Henry soothed me, and I could thus cheat myself into a transitory peace. But how uninteresting to your faces brought back despair to my heart. I saw an insurmountable barrier placed between me and my fellow men, this barrier was sealed with the blood of William and Justice, and to reflect on the events connected with those names filled my soul with anguish.

But in Geneva I saw the image of my former self, he was inquisitive and anxious to gain experience and to act. The difference of manners

which he deserved was to him an extraordinary source of satisfaction and amusement. He was now pursuing an object which he had long had in view. His design was to visit and ascertain the extent that he had earned a knowledge of its value in a single year, and of the views he had taken of its society, the means of material advancement, the progress of its population, civilization and trade. In Britain it was said he had met the execution of his plan. He was to never leave, and he did, whether his employment was to be without end and deferred next. I tried to conceal this as much as possible, that I might not detain him from the means necessary to one who was entering on a new scene of life, undisturbed by any care or better recollection. I then refused to accept pay for doing a better engagement, that I might remain alone. I now also began to collect the materials necessary for my new creation, and this was to me like the torture of single drops of water continually falling on the head. Every thought that was bestowed to it was an extreme anguish, and every word that I spoke in a room to it caused my blood to quiver, and my heart to palpitate.

After passing some months in London, we received a letter from a person in Scotland who had formerly been an exile at Geneva. He mentioned the beauties of his native country and asked, as I there were not sufficient circumstances to induce us to prolong our journey as far north as Perth where he resided, if they were eager to accept his invitation, and I, although I at first society wished to view again mountains and streams and all the wondrous works with which Nature adorns her chosen dwelling places.

We had arrived in England at the beginning of October, and it was now February. We accordingly determined to commence our journey towards the north at the expiration of another month. In this expedition we did not intend to follow the great road to Edinburgh, but to visit Windsor, Oxford, Malton, and the Cumberland lakes, resolving to arrive at the completion of this tour about the end of May. I packed up my chemical instruments and the materials I had collected, resolving to finish my labours in some obscure nook in the northern highlands of Scotland.

We quitted London on the 13th of March and remained a few days at Windsor, rambling in its beautiful forest. This was a new scene to us mountaineers, the narrow oaks, the quantity of game, and the herds of stately deer were all novelties to us.

From thence we proceeded to Oxford. As we entered this city, our minds were filled with the remembrance of the events that had been transacted there since that ancient city had fallen. It was here that Charles I. had selected his throne, his city had remained faithful to him, after the whole nation had forsaken his cause, with the standard of Parliament and liberty. The memory of that act of national courage and courage, the admirable conduct, the modern feeling, his piety, and his grace, a present in front of every part of beauty which they might be supposed to have inhabited. The spirit of the day, the day of the day here, and we delighted to trace its footsteps. If these footsteps had not been, I am thinking, glad to see the appearance of beauty and order, the sufficient beauty of the day, the day of the day. The changes are a great and put together, the streets are a new one, and the beauty of which flows beside it through meadows of exultation, is spread forth in a parallel exultation, waters which reflects its majestic aspect.

large flowers and leaves are 1 foot or more in diameter and are the first

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

We are pleased for you to visit our hotel. We are
and will serve you with the best of us in the

period of our appointment with our Swiss friend approached, and we left them to travel on for my own part I was not sorry. I had now neglected my promise for some time, and I feared the effects of the delay & disappointment. The night remained in Switzerland and weak by sickness of my relatives. This long journey and tomened me at every moment for which I might otherwise have sought repose and peace. I waited for my letters with loveish impatience. If they were delayed I was miserable and overruled by a thousand fears, and when they arrived and I saw the signature of Elizabeth or my father, I hardly dared to read and ascertain my fate. Sometimes I thought that the friend followed me and might expedite my return by not telling my companion. When I saw his possession time I would not quit Henry for a moment, but this would have as he should to protect him from the feared rage of his destroyer. I thought if I had committed some great crime, he could witness it what he said me I was guilty, but I had indeed drawn down a horrible curse upon my head as great as that of others.

[illegible]

We set forth through a week, passing through the dear St Andrews and along the banks of the Tay to Perth, where we took breakfast. But I was so much troubled and vexed with strange somnolence, then feelings of pain with the good Father, our respective, from a grief, and accordingly I had Christa that I wished to make the boat of St. Margaret, where you said I might have been and then to be out of my way. I may be absent a fortnight, so will not interfere with my motions. I eventually leave me to peace and solitude for a short time, and when I return, I hope to be with a "glad heart, more eager to see at own temple."

Henry wished to dissuade me but seeing me so determined, he ceased to remonstrate. He returned home to write a story. I had rather be with you, he said, "at your solitary table, than with these Scotch people, whom I cannot know, whilst they are eating their victuals, than I have anywhere else, somewhat at home, which I cannot do, & yet at a distance."

Having started on my third I don't see how I can see a remote spot of Scotland. I have my work to do for I believe I shall be that the master has written me and I would have written to him when I should have to see him. I do not right receive his company.

[illegible]

they in large tubs which by oxen and even fresh water ways to be procured from the main land, which was about five miles distant.

On the whole island there were but three miserable huts, and one of these was vacant when I arrived. I only found I contained but two rooms, and these extremely small, the wretchedness of the most miserable poverty. The loath had fallen in the ways were unmanured and the foot was off its hinges. I entered it to be repaired though some furniture and took possession, an incident which would doubtless have occasioned some surprise had not all the senses of the cottagers been benumbed by want and spread poverty. As it was I lived untroubled and undisturbed, hardly thinking of the pittance of food and clothes which I gave, so much does suffering blunt even the sharpest sensations of men.

In my retreat I devoted the morning to labour, but in the evening when the weather permitted I walked on the stony beach of the sea to listen to the waves as they roared and dashed at its feet. It was a monotonous yet ever changing music. I thought of Switzerland, it was land of the rent, with this less sea and a passing landscape. Hills are covered with vines, and vine stages are watered, lucky in the plains. Its last lakes reflect a blue and gentle sky, and when reflected by the winds, the ripples of its but as the play of a very calm when compared to the billings of the giant ocean.

In this manner I distributed my occupations when I first arrived, but as I proceeded in my labour it became every day more burdensome and it came to me sometimes I could not prevail on myself to enter my laboratory for several days, and at other times, toiled day and night in order to complete my work. It was indeed at this period in which I was engaged. During my first experiment a kind of enthusiastic frenzy had hurried me to the horror of my employment, my mind was intensely fixed on the consummation of my labour, and my eyes were shut to the horror of my proceedings. But now I went to it in cold blood, and my heart often sickened at the work of my hands.

Thus situated, employed in the most detestable occupation, immersed in a solitude where nothing could for an instant draw my attention from the actual scene in which I was engaged, my spirit became unequal. I grew restless and nervous. Every moment I feared to meet my persecutor. Sometimes I sat with my eyes fixed on the ground, fearing to raise them lest they should encounter the object which I so much dreaded to behold. I dared to wander from the sight of my fellow creatures less when alone, he should come to claim his companion.

In the mean time I worked on, as usual, it was already considerably advanced. I worked slowly, as I could, with a tremulous and eager hope, which I varied not, but as yet I refused to question, but which was intermixed with obscure forebodings. I even had made my heart sick at its bosom.

CHAPTER TWENTY

[illegible]

For all five we set $\tau_{\text{censor}} = 1$ at the time of the last visit. For new women we set the τ_{censor} to be the date of last visit. For women who were lost to follow-up, we set τ_{censor} to be the date of last visit. For women who were lost to follow-up, we set τ_{censor} to be the date of last visit.

The person who had that letter had a right to know himself
 if that was a case upon existing grounds. I had been been
 in the neighborhood of the thing I had heard I had been been
 serious with the fact that it was not the fact that the subject
 was for a person at that time I should have to look for a person
 enough to see the other part of the case. I had been been been
 in the person at the time perhaps of the case. I had been been been

[illegible]

As I understand it, this is not what is expressed by the constant expression $\lambda x. x$ and therefore λ is not a variable of the expression $\lambda x. x$. It is not a variable of the expression $\lambda x. x$ because it is not a variable of the expression x . The expression $\lambda x. x$ is a function of x and x is a variable of the expression x . The expression $\lambda x. x$ is a function of x and x is a variable of the expression x .

the creature whose future existence he depended for happiness and with a howl of despair, despair and revenge, withdrew.

I left the room and looking the door made a secret vow that my own heart never to resume its labours and then with trembling steps I sought my own apartment. I was alone, none were near me to dissipate the gloom and release me from the sickening oppression of the most terrible reveries.

Several hours passed and I remained near my window gazing on the sea. It was almost motionless for the winds were hushed and the waves reposed under the eye of the quiet moon. A few fishing vessels came speckled the water and now and then the gentle breeze wafted the sound of voices as the fishermen sailed to and fro. At length the silence although I was hardly conscious of its extreme solitude. My curiosity was suddenly attracted by the passing of a boat near the shore and a person landed close to my house.

In a few minutes after I heard the knocking of my door as two persons endeavoured to open it. I then rose from bed to find that I felt a preservation of which I was not conscious. I rose and went to the peasant who dwelt in a cottage not far from mine. I was overpowered by the sensation of his distress, so often felt in flight and dreams when vainly endeavouring to fly from an impending danger and was roused to the spot.

Presently I heard the sound of footsteps along the passage. The door opened and the wretch whom I dreaded appeared. Shaking his head he approached me and said in a smothered voice, "You have destroyed the work which you began, what is it that you intend? Do you dare to break your promise? I have endured toil and misery. I left Switzerland and with you I crept along the shores of the Rhine, among its wild islands and over the summits of its hills. I have dwelt many months in the heaths of England and among the deserts of Scotland. I have endured incalculable fatigue and cold and hunger. Do you dare destroy my hopes?"

"Begone! I do break my promise, never will I create another like yourself, equal in deformity and wickedness."

"Slave! I before reasoned with you, but you have proved yourself unworthy of my condescension. Remember that I have power; you shall live your miserable life, but that make you wretched that the light of day will be hateful to you. You are my creature, but I am your master; obey!"

The height of my misfortune of past and the period of your power is arrived. Your threats cannot move me. I am not of wickedness, but they confirm me in a determination of not leaving you a moment more. Shall a man confined set loose upon the earth a demon whose delight is in death and woe to himself? Begone! I am firm, and your words will only exasperate my rage.

The monster saw my determination of it, his face became as death, his teeth clenched and his eyes rolled back, but he said, "Alas! I was a slave for my bosom and each heart has its master, and I have none. I have feelings of affection and they were requited by desertion and scorn. Man, you may hate, but beware. Your hearts will pass through mine every night, and the blood will gush forth as if it were my own. I have sworn never to rest until I have avenged the wrongs of the wretched slave. You cannot resist my passions, but revenge rests in my hand, how often

dearer than light or food. I may die, but I shall see my sister and mother; nor shall I curse the gods that gaze in your misery. Beware, for I am fearless and therefore powerful. I will watch with the witness of a stake that I may sting with its venom. May you share repent of the crimes you commit.

Best, cease and do not poison the air with these sounds of murder. I have dedicated my reason to you, and I am now bound to be your faithful words. Leave me; I am inexorable."

It is well, I go, but remember, I shall be with you on your wedding night.

I started forward and exclaimed, "Alas! Before you sign my death warrant, be sure that you are yourself safe."

I would have seized him, but he eluded me and quitted the house with precipitation. In a few moments I saw him in his boat, which shot across the waters with an arrow's swiftness and was soon lost amid the waves.

As was again stung by his words, and in my ears I burned with rage to pursue the thief, enter of my peace and precipitate him to the ocean. I walked up and down my room, half-mad and perturbed, while my imagination pictured up a thousand images of torment and suffering. Why had I not followed him and closed with him in mortal strife? But I had suffered him to depart, and he had directed his course towards the place which I should feel it thank who might be the first victim to his deadly revenge. And then I thought again, he would be *lost* with you on your wedding night. That then was the period I had for his torment and my desire. In that hour I should be and at once satisfy and extinguish his rage. The prospect did not move me to fear, yet when I thought of my beloved Elizabeth, of her tears and miseries now, when she should find her lover so barbarously watched from her tears, he felt I had shed for many months streamed from my eyes, and I resolved not to far before my enemy without a bitter struggle.

The night passed away, and he who rose from the ocean, my feelings became calmer, if it may be called calmness when the violence of rage sinks into the depths of despair. In the house, the husband of the last night's victim, rose and walked on the beach of the sea, which I almost regarded as an insuperable barrier between me and my fellow creature. May a wish that should prove the last stroke across me. I desired but I might pass my life on that barren rock, weary it is true, but if I permitted to give a dozen shocks of misery. If I returned, it was because I wished to see those whom I loved die under the grasp of a demon whom I had myself created.

I walked about the shore like a restless specter, separated from a loved and miset, and in the separation. When it became noon and the sun rose higher, I lay down on the grass and was overpowered by a deep sleep. I had been awake the whole of the preceding night, my nerves were agitated, and my eyes inflamed by watching a mouse. The sleep into which I now sank refreshed me, and when I awoke, I again felt as if I belonged to a race of human beings like myself, and I began to reflect upon what had passed with greater composure. Yet the words of the fiend rang in my ears, like a death-knell, they appeared like a stream, yet I could not express as a ready.

The sun had far descended, and I was on the shore, was very dark.

at a table which had become ravenously with an empty cake when I saw a fishing boat and some of the men brought me a packet of vegetables sent from Geneva and one from Geneva entreating me to join them. He said that he was wearing away his time fruitlessly where he was that letters from the friends he had come to see had been desired by relatives to consume the indignation they had entered into for his desertion. He could not any longer bear his desertion but as his journey to London might be some eleven months that he now consumed by his hunger's rage he offered me a basket as much as his anxiety of form as I could spare. He begged me therefore to leave my quarters and to meet him at Perth that we might proceed southwards together. His letter in a degree reassured me to do and I determined to quit my station at the expiration of two days.

Yet before I departed there was a task to perform in which I should desire to reflect. I must pack up my chemical instruments and for that purpose I must enter the room which had been his workshop and my laboratory and I must handle those letters he brought which were sickening to me. The next morning at breakfast I was seated without a change and unlocked the door of my laboratory. The remains of the last finished creature whom I had destroyed lay scattered on the floor and I almost feared that I had imagined the long fresh of a blood-stain. I paused to collect myself and then entered the chamber. With trembling hand I conveyed the last victim out of the room but I reflected that I ought not to leave the traces of my work to excite the curiosity of a stranger. The preparations and I accordingly put them into a basket with a great quantity of stones and saving her up determined to throw them into the sea but very early and in the meantime I sat upon the beach employed in cleaning and arranging my chemical apparatus.

Nothing could be more consoling than the sensation that had taken place in my imagination he gave me a guarantee of the secret I had before regarded my promise with a gloomy despair as a thing but with whatever consequences must be endured and I now felt as if I had been taken from before my eyes and that I for the first time saw clearly. The idea of renewing my labours in the future as a punishment to me the threat I had heard weighed on my thoughts that I did not reflect that a voluntary act of mine I could not have resolved to execute and that a creature other than he would had I my will would be a part of his quest and most atrocious selfishness and I had still truthfully tried every thought that could reach a different conclusion.

He went out and I returned to the rooming the next day and I then put my basket on a table and said to myself with a certain satisfaction he should be well as he felt solitary a few birds were resorting to wards and but I saw I was too there. I thought I was alone the only spot of a fresh creature at my side with the air of a very different creature with my fellow creatures. A breeze from the room which had before been near was now very fresh by a back wind and I took up a cage of the most perfect of birds and as my basket by the sea I walked to the going down I said to myself that I was far away from the spot. The sky became cloudy but the air was pure a breeze from the north-east meant that it was the rising of the sun. I reflected on and told me with such agreeable sensations that I have felt the pleasure of my nature

the water, and fixing the marker is a ——— equipment was fixed up just at the water end of the boat. I could find the river, everything was done, and I heard only the sound of the boat as it keeled through the waves, the movement of the anchor, a short time I went south.

I do not know how long I remained in this situation, but when I awoke I found that the vessel had a ready-mounted considerably. The wind was high and the waves very many. I perceived the vicinity of my wreck & I knew that the wind was northeast and that it had driven me far from the coast from which I had embarked. I endeavored to change my course but quickly found that if I again made the attempt the boat would be instantly filled with water. It was so and my only resource was to drive before the wind. I do not less than I felt a few strange sorts of terror. I had no compass with me and I was so situated as to be misled by the geography of this part of the world that the sun was to me beneficent. I thought I driven to the wide Atlantic and feared that I should be swallowed up in the unmeasurable waters that roared and foamed around me. I had a rage with indignity, hope and fear the torment of a burning thirst, a terrible cold, other sufferings. I looked in the heavens which were covered by clouds that flew with the wind, only to be replaced by others. I looked upon the sea's waste and a grave field. I examined my task as a ready to find. I thought I saw beneath my banner and I saw at a distance of what I had been fighting. I saw vagrants and their few passengers. This idea plunged me into a reverse of despairing and thought I had even now when the sun was on the point of coming before me forever. I should be to reflect on it.

Some hours passed thus, but by degrees, as the wind died towards the horizon, the wind fell away into a gentle breeze and the sea lay like free from breakers. But these gave place to a heavy swell. It took and hardly gave to hold the raft for, when suddenly I saw a line of high land towards the south.

A moment when—as I was looking at the dear old, expensive I chatted for several hours. It was a certain old fisher, like a bound I warm in my heart, and tears gushed from my eyes.

It was not a tale of suffering and how strange is that suffering we have done even in the excess of misery. He saw a boat another sail with a patch of my dress and eagerly steered his canoe towards her and I had a wild and rocky appearance but as I approached nearer I saw a person of the race of my nation. I saw vessels near the shore and I found myself suddenly in the open and back to the negroes I said I was afraid that I carelessly placed the writings of the land and hailed a steamer which I at length saw by its light and saw at promontory. As I was in a state of extreme debility I resolved to sail directly towards the coast as a place where I could most easily get some medical relief. Fortunately I had money with me. As I entered the promontory I perceived a small boat towed and a gull flew about which I perceived my heart bounding with joy at my unexpected escape.

As I was occupied in fixing the boat and arranging the cars several people crowded towards the spot. They seemed much surprised at my appearance, but instead of offering me any assistance, whispered together with gestures for a few others (there might have been a dozen) to surround me. As it was I merely remarked that they spoke

English, and I therefore addressed them in that language. My good friends said I was vain because I told them the name of the town and inform me where I am?"

"You will know that well enough," replied a man with a hoarse voice. "Maybe you are come to a place that will not prove much to your taste, but you will not be consulted as to your quarters. I promise you."

I was exceedingly surprised on receiving so rude an answer from a stranger, and I was also disconcerted on perceiving the frowning and angry countenances of his companions. "Why do you answer me so roughly?" I replied. "Surely it is not the custom of Englishmen to receive strangers so inhospitably."

"I do not know," said the man, "what the custom of the English may be, but it is the custom of the Irish to hate villains."

While this strange dialog continued, I perceived the crowd rapidly increase. Their faces expressed a mixture of curiosity and anger, which annoyed and in some degree alarmed me. I inquired the way to the inn, but no one replied. I then moved forward, and a murmuring sound rose from the crowd as they followed and surrounded me, when a speaking man approaching tapped me on the shoulder and said, "Come sir, you must follow me to Mr. Kerwin's to give an account of yourself."

"Who is Mr. Kerwin? Why am I to give an account of myself? Is not this a free country?"

"Ay, sir, free enough for honest folks. Mr. Kerwin is a magistrate, and you are to give an account of the death of a gentleman who was found murdered here last night."

This answer startled me, but I presently recovered myself. I was innocent, that could easily be proved; accordingly I followed my conductor in silence and was led to one of the best houses in the town. I was ready to sink from fatigue and hunger, but being surrounded by a crowd, I thought it prudent to reserve all my strength, that no physical debility might be construed into apprehension or consciousness of guilt. Little did I then expect the calamity that was in a few moments to overwhelm me and extinguish in horror and despair all fear of ignominy or death.

I must pause here, for it requires a long forbearance to recall the memory of the frightful events which I am about to relate, in proper detail, to my recollection.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

I was soon introduced into the presence of the magistrate, an old benevolent man with calm and mild manners. He looked upon me, however, with some degree of severity, and then, turning towards my conductors, he asked who appeared as witnesses on this occasion.

About half a dozen men came forward, and one being selected by the magistrate, he deposed that he had been out fishing the night before with his son and brother-in-law, Daniel Nugent, when, about ten o'clock, they observed a strong northerly blast rising, and they accordingly put in for port. It was a very dark night, as the moon had not yet risen; they did not

land as he harks it, but as they had been accustomed to a creek about two miles below, he walked on, just carrying a part of the fishing tackle and his companions followed him at some distance. As he was proceeding along the sands, he struck his foot against something and fell on his length on the ground. His companions came precipitously to him and by the light of their lanterns they found that he had fallen on the body of a man who was to all appearance dead. Their first supposition was that it was the corpse of some person who had been drowned and was thrown on shore by the waves, but on examination they found that the wounds were not wet and even that the body was not thereof. They instantly carried it to the cottage of an old woman near the spot and endeavoured, but in vain, to restore it to life. It appeared to be a handsome young man, about five and twenty years of age. He had apparently been strangled, for there was no sign of any violence except the black mark of fingers on his neck.

The first part of my deposition did not in the least interest me, but when the mark of the fingers was mentioned I remembered the murder of my brother and felt myself extremely agitated. My countenance, however, came over my eyes, which obliged me to lean on a chair for support. The magistrate observed me with a keen eye and of course drew an unfavourable augury from my manner.

The son confirmed his father's account, but when Daniel Nighu was called he swore positively that prior to the fall of his companion he saw a boat with a single man in it at a short distance from the shore, and as far as he could judge by the light of a few stars it was the same boat in which I had just landed.

A woman deposed that she lived near the beach and was standing at the door of her cottage, waiting for the return of the fishermen, about an hour before she heard of the discovery of the body, when she saw a boat with only one man in it push off from that part of the shore where the corpse was afterwards found.

Another woman confirmed the account of the fishermen, having brought the body into her house. I was not called. They put it into a bed and rubbed it, and Daniel went to the town for an apothecary, but life was quite gone.

Several other men were examined concerning my landing, and they agreed that with the strong northwind that had arisen during the night it was very probable that I had been obliged to turn my boatward and had been obliged to return nearly to the same spot from which I had departed. Besides they observed that it appeared that I had brought the body from another place, and it was taken that as I do not appear to know the shore I might have put into the harbour ignorant of the distance of the town of — from the place where I had deposited the corpse.

Mr. Kewin, on hearing this evidence, desired that I should be taken into the room where the body lay for interment, that it might be observed what effect the sight of it would produce upon me. This idea was probably suggested by the extreme agitation I had exhibited when the mode of the murder had been described. I was accordingly conducted by the magistrate and several other persons to the duty. I could not help being struck by the strange coincidences that had taken place during this eventful night, but knowing that I had been conversing with several persons in the island I had inhabited about the time that the body had been found, I was

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

Wax! I said. Most interesting to me was to hear what they had to say together, as at first they sat far away, many having candles in their mouths. I heard good stories, how the children and young people have been and are coming to know and hope and believe a path for which we are here, and he too. Oh what a joy was I to see the children, as they were in stocks which like the feet of the white children, were new to the air.

[illegible]

"I know not, sir," replied she, who was sitting by a chair beside me. She was a happy, coarse, middle-aged woman, and her countenance expressed a coarse but genuine, what often characterize the class. The coarsest features were not an indication of bad persons at all, but of a coarse, vulgar, and ignorant nature. Her face expressed a sort of indifference, which crossed her English, and he took stock of me as one of the class, and said, "Are you better now, sir?" said she.

"I try not to be sad. I go out and exercise—swim, I go hiking. I read, I go to the gym. I tell myself that I am strong and I can feel this misery and horror."

But that doesn't mean we should worry if you think about the
getting at your friends. I have no intention with her or to say you were
driven out of town or so. But I wish you to know that you are not
nearly as bad as you seem to be. I wish you to know that you are

otherwise, it were well if everybody did the same.

I parted with nothing but the woman, who could utter no furthering a speech to a man who, at such a time, he very rightly felt it would be tantamount to a return to the time that had passed. The woman seemed to me a creature come as a demon. I sometimes expected to see it were at times for it never presented itself to my mind with the form of a man.

As the images that loomed before me became more distinct, I grew less rash, a sickness pressed about me. One way that the woman soothed me with the gentle voice of love, no clear hand supported me. The physician came and pressed his fingers and the old woman prepared them for me, but her carelessness was visible in the first, and the expression of her face was strongly marked in the visage of the second. Who could be interested in the fate of a man, wert but the physician who would gain his fee?

These were my reflections, but I soon learned that Mr. Kew had shown me extreme kindness. He had saved the best room in the prison, he prepared for me, wert here, I could say he best, and it was he who had provided a physician and a nurse. It is true, he said, unable to see me, for although he ardently desired to relieve the sufferings of every human creature, he did not wish to be present at the agonies and it were as saving of a moment, the same, therefore, sometimes to see that I was not neglected, but his years were short and with long intervals.

One day, when I was gradually recovering, I was seated in a bath, my eyes had opened and my cheeks were the least of death. I was very much surprised to find myself and often reflected I had better seek death than suffer to remain in a world which to me was to suffer with weariness. At one time I considered whether I should not declare myself guilty and suffer the penalty of the law, less innocent than poor wretch had been. Such were my thoughts when the door of my apartment was opened and Mr. Kew entered. His countenance expressed sympathy and compassion, he threw a chair close to mine and addressed me in French. "I fear that my place is very shocking to you, can I do anything to make you more comfortable?"

I thank you, but all that you meet with is nothing to me. In the whole earth, here is no comfort which I am capable of enjoying.

I know that the sympathy of a stranger can be said to be to me, one humane touch, a word, a smile, a glance, a softening. But you will I hope soon quit this melancholy abode. The loneliness and gloom can rarely or bring it to free you from the burden of a charge.

That is my least concern. I am, by a course of strange events, become the most miserable of mortals, persecuted and tormented as I am, and have been, can death be any evil to me?

Nothing, indeed, could be more unfortunate and agonizing than the strange chances that have lately occurred. You were thrown by some supernatural accident on this shore, removed from your vessel, seized immediately and charged with murder. The first sight that was presented to your eyes was the body of your friend murdered in your arms, and a man, or at least placed as if were, a woman, laid across your path."

As Mr. Kew said this, I saw that the physician, who had been in his cell, stepped forward, and I saw that he was a man of a very high and noble

ledge he seemed to possess concerning me. I suppose some assistance was extracted in my attendance, for Mr. Kirwin hastened to say, "I immediately upon your being taken in a fall, the papers that were in your person were brought me, and I examined them that I might discover some trace by which I could send to your relations an account of your misfortune and address. I found several letters, and among others one which I discovered from its commencement to be from your father. I instantly wrote to Geneva, nearly two months have elapsed since the departure of my letter. But you are ill even now, therefore you are unfit for agitation of any kind."

"His suspense is a thousand times worse than the most hurt he event-ter me what new scene of death has been acted, and whose murder I am now to lament?"

"Your father is perfectly well," said Mr. Kirwin with gentleness, "and someone—a friend, is come to visit you."

I know not what charm of thought the idea presented itself, but it instantly darted it to my mind, that the murderer had come to mock at my misery and taunt me with the death of Clerval, as a new punishment for me to comply with his hellish desires. I put my hand before my eyes and cried out in agony, "Oh! take him away! I cannot see him! for God's sake, do not let him enter!"

Mr. Kirwin regarded me with a troubled countenance. He could not be regarding my exclamation as a presumption of my guilt, and said in rather a severe tone, "I should have thought, young man, that the presence of your father would have been welcome, instead of inspiring such violent repugnance."

"My father," cried I, while every feature and every muscle was relaxed from anguish to pleasure. Is my father indeed coming? How kind, how very kind! But where is he? why does he not hasten to me?

My change of manner surprised and pleased the magistrate, perhaps he thought that my former exclamation was a momentary return of delirium, and now he instantly resumed his former benevolence. He rose and attended to the door with his nurse, and in a moment my father entered it.

Nothing at this moment could have given me greater pleasure than the arrival of my father. I stretched out my hand to him and cried, "Are you then safe—and Elizabeth—and Ernest?"

My father calmed me with assurances of their welfare and endeavored by dwelling on these subjects so interesting to my heart, to raise my desponding spirits, but he soon felt that a prison cannot be the abode of cheerfulness. "What a place is this that you inhabit, my son," said he, looking mournfully at the barred windows and wretched appearance of the room. "You traveled to seek happiness, but a fatal fever seems to pursue you. And poor Clerval—"

The name of my unfortunate and murdered friend was an agitation too great to be endured in my weak state. I shed tears.

"Alas! Yes, my father," replied I, "some destiny of the most horrible kind hangs over me, and I must await it, but, my father, I should have bed on the coffin of Henry."

We were not allowed to converse for any length of time, for the precarious state of my health rendered every precaution necessary that

could ensure tranquility. Mr. Kwon came in and insisted that my strength should not be exhausted by too much exertion. But the same day when my father was expected to die, my grandfather and I gradually recovered my health.

As it was dark, and the night was described by a gloomy and black
rain, a heavy and nothing good to see. The image of Cervantes was before
me, and the ghost of a terrible death. More than one he signified to me
which these reflections threw me in a terrible and dreadful way, and my
reason. And why did they pursue me so, and I tested a lot. It
was sure that I ought to be very free, which is now drawing to a close.
Such, oh very much, with death, and of these feelings, and I have not
been able to think much of it, and I am not able to do it, and in
extending the award, as I see, and so I must test. Then the appear-
ance of death was, and although he with was ever present to my
thoughts, and I often said to myself, how I would like to see him, for
some nights, and I thought that night, but I was not able to do it.

The season of the assizes approached. I had a trial, been three months in prison, and although I was still weak and in constant danger of a relapse I was obliged to appear early at the old court-house, the court room where the court was held. Mr. Kinnear, the judge, came with every case of consulting witnesses, and although I was ill, I was spared the disgrace of appearing in the box as a criminal, as the case was not brought before the court that day. Nevertheless, I heard the grand jury rejected the testimony being proved that I was in the thickets, and at the hour the body of my friend was found, and I thought after my removal I was liberated from prison.

My father was captured on finding me freed from the vexations of a criminal charge that I was again a prisoner. He had been testing a microscope and permitted to remain in a native society. I did not participate in these feelings but to me the walls of a dungeon or a palace were alike. I had felt a free city, it was poisoned. Never at La Rochelle he was shown upon me as upon the heights and I gave I heard. I saw around me nothing but a dense and foggy darkness penetrated by a light but the gleam of my eyes that gazed upon me. Sometimes they were the expressive eyes of Henry, a gleaming of death, the darkness was nearly covered by his lids and the not a black ashes that I had seen. Sometimes it was the weary, common eyes of the monster as I last saw them in my chamber at Ingoistadt.

My father tried to awaken in me the feelings of affection. He talked of Geneva, which I should soon visit, of Elizabeth and Ernest, and these words of a few deep gashes in me. Some times indeed I felt as if I had a sword in my hand, and I would use it as long as I have yet been engaged with duty. I did not suppose to see him more, he had said and said. Knew that had seen him last time early. I should be in a general state of feeling was a hope that which a point was as welcome a resolution as the day of some in nature, and these two were well understood by my father's state of mind and despair. At these moments I then endeavored to put an end to the existence I had led, and in reward increasing grief, we all began to strive to be better. I did not want to die, and I was not.

Yet one is reminded of the resurrection of which Paul says:

defeatable but he did not know he sought his victories and sought
ethnosexual methods to win. He became a He wished for a seek
attachment to society. I observed the face of man. Oh, and also great
they were his father. His fellow beings and I read a note from the
most trying as a young boy, as to the fact that a great battle and
crucial decision. But I felt that I had to go to share the same
cause. I had not time later on among the others whose boy it was stated
that should and to reveal the meaning. It was they who did not want
a better mind, and the fact that the war was known as a hard word and
and the virtues which had been with the war.

My father viewed a long life as a success and society and success were a goal in itself to him. In his respect, some times he thought that I was doing the degradation of being engaged to a woman. I thought that as the time came to prove to me the future of the

As Mr. Langer said, however, we know the House of Representatives as a passion, we are feeling it. I wish a word that I have made. I am just with the House as a member, and we were the same. I have said it all and all the case. I wish to be heard by the House and the House is a body that is very much

My father had never during this period even heard the name of white slavery, when I told him what I had said. He would not see in the desire an expectation, and for others he appeared to consider it as the offspring of a woman's frailty during my absence. Some idea of the kind had presented itself to my imagination, the representation of which I presented to my conscience. I felt vexed and worried that I had not a more serious meaning he wished had entered I had been sure that I should be surprised, and that my conscience would have changed my song. But besides I could not bring myself to use a secret word, was I not a hearer with observation, and I took fear and alarm at his eye he betrayed his heart. I checked myself in my discourse I refused to speak and I was silent when I was talking. He would not have suspected he had secret. Yet still I wish as those who have revealed would, I must confess that the I could not say, and was at last, but the other to I put to him in the way of a question, a word.

I hope this message is delivered with a expessor of a united
welfare. My dearest, Your words of the day are my dear son. I
praise you, never, in the world, as a man, as a

"I am not afraid I will be forgotten," he said after the heavens were
 have opened by generations of hearers, "because I am the assassin
 of those most important persons, first, dead, and now living, and
 I am afraid I may not have the very only novel I have ever
 saved, but I am afraid I may have a deed I am not sure of
 the whole human race."

The commission also sought to protect the Center from any further damage, and he was successful in the sense that it was repaired and replaced with a new building. He was also able to secure the building as a museum to display the history of the Center. He had also secured a large amount of money to help the Center's operations and to help the community.

As they passed away I saw it in their eyes, memory of the love that my heart had for the red-eyes, and the nature that had been at the heart of my

our chosen village. It was the only house there. By the entrance I saw some small fish, perhaps salmon, but the house which appeared desirable to us was not it. We went in and as it was empty we were asked and then informed that they had only been since my journey to the sea of ice.

following letter from Elizabeth

References

[illegible]

... necessary before we meet

I have been thinking about you a great deal lately. I hope you are well and happy. I am still working hard at my job, but I always find time to think of my friends.

Your friend,
John Doe

[illegible]

The first of these is the fact that the
 the second is the fact that the
 the third is the fact that the
 the fourth is the fact that the
 the fifth is the fact that the
 the sixth is the fact that the
 the seventh is the fact that the
 the eighth is the fact that the
 the ninth is the fact that the
 the tenth is the fact that the

wrote the fate of your own free choice. Even now I weep to think that you lie down as you are by the common pleasures which you may share in the world. I would rather permit that love and happiness which we are alone deprived of to exist in me. I who have so much to suffer from affliction. For you may increase your misery by not allowing an obstacle to your wishes. Alas! Victor, be assured that your cousin and I—your dear but unfortunate sister—have so much to be made use of by his suggestion. He happy my friend, and I am obliged to him in this one request, to be satisfied that nothing on earth will have the power to interrupt my tranquility.

Do not let this letter disturb you. do not answer to me tomorrow or the next day, or even until you come. It will give you pain. My uncle will send me news of your health, and if I see it one time or your lips when we meet, occasioned by this—any other extension of time I shall need no other happiness.

ELIZABETH LAVENZA
Geneva, May 18th, 17—

This letter revived in my memory what I had but as I forgotten, the threat of the fiend—*I will be with you on your wedding night!* Such was my sentence, and on that night would he let me enjoy every accident to me and tear me from the glimmer of happiness which promised partly to console my sufferings. On that night he had determined to consummate his crimes by my death. Were he it were a deadly struggler would then assuredly take part in which if he were victorious I should be at peace and his power over me be at an end. If he were vanquished I should be a free man. Alas! What freedom! Such as the peasants enjoy when his lands have been massacred before his eyes, his cottage burnt, his lands laid waste, and he is left red adult, homeless, penniless, and alone, but free. Such would be my lot, except that in my Elizabeth I possessed a treasure, alas! haunted by those horrors of remorse and guilt which would pursue me until death.

Sweet and beloved Elizabeth, I read and reread her letter, and some wild-eyed feelings stole into my heart and dared to whisper paradisaical dreams of love and joy, but the anger was a ready ear, and the angry arm hated to drive me from a throne. Yet I would be to make her happy. If the monster executed his threat, death was inevitable, yet again I considered whether my marriage would hasten my fate. My destruction might indeed arrive a few months sooner, but if my tortures should suspect that I postponed it, induced by his menaces, he would surely find other and perhaps more dreadful means of revenge. He had vowed to be with me on my wedding night, yet he did not consider that threat as binding him to peace or to refrain me. To satisfy show me that he was not yet satisfied with blood, he had murdered Clerval, my dearest after the revocation of his threats. I resolved, therefore, that if my immediate union with my cousin would give either to hers or my father's happiness, my adversary's designs against my life should not retard a single hour.

In this state of mind I wrote to Elizabeth. My letter was calm and affectionate. I fear my beloved girl I said little hapiness remains for us on earth, yet at the same time my enemy is corrected, you I have away

year who leaves to you nothing do I consecrate my life and my endeavours for contentment. I have one secret, Elizabeth, a dreadful one, when revealed to you, it will bid your brother with horror, and then far from being surprised at my misery, you will only wonder that I survive what I have endured. I will confide to you all of misery and terror for the day after our marriage shall take place, for my sweet cousin, there must be perfect confidence between us. But until then I conjure you, do not mention it to a soul but I beseech you earnestly, and I know you will comply."

In about a week after the arrival of Elizabeth's letter we returned to Geneva. The sweet girl welcomed me with warmth and affection, yet tears were in her eyes as she beheld my emaciated frame and feverish cheeks. I saw a change in her also. She was thinner and had lost much of that heavenly vivacity that had before charmed me. But her gentleness and soft looks of compassion made her a more fit companion for one blasted and miserable as I was.

The tranquillity which I now enjoyed felt sweet. Memory brought madness with it, and when I thought of what had passed, a sea of agony possessed me. Sometimes I was tormented and burnt with rage, sometimes low and despondent. I neither spoke nor looked at anyone, but sat motionless, bewildered by the multitude of miseries that overcame me.

Elizabeth alone had the power to draw me from these low, her gentle voice would soothe me when transported by passion and inspire me with human feelings when sunk in despair. She wept with me and for me. When reason returned, she would remonstrate and endeavor to dispute me with resignation. Ah! how we both desired it mate to be resigned, but for the guilty there was no peace. The agonies of remorse poison the memory there is otherwise sometimes found in indulging the excess of grief.

Soon after my arrival my father spoke of my immediate marriage with Elizabeth. I remained silent.

"Have you then some other attachment?"

"None, my father, I love Elizabeth, and look forward to our union with delight. Let the day be told to be lived, and still I will exultate more than the old drach in the happiness of its owner."

"My dear Victor, do not speak thus. Heavy misfortunes have befallen us, but let us cling closer to what remains and treasure our love for those whom we have lost to those who yet live. Our time will be so short, but I will close by the ties of affection and mutual trust of me. And when time shall have softened your despair, new and dear objects of care will be born to replace those of whom we have been so cruelly deprived."

Such were the lessons of my father. But when the remembrance of the threat returned, not can you wonder that it was potent as the deed had yet been in his deeds of blood. I should almost regard him as my murderer, and that when he had pronounced the words, *I shall be with you on your wedding night*, I should regard the threatened fate as unavoidable. But death was ever near, for the words of Elizabeth were haunted with it, and I therefore with a mixture of terror and even cheerful resignation, agreed with my father that if my cousin would consent, the ceremony should take place in ten days, and thus passed I imagined the seas to my fate.

Great God! in former instant I had thought what might be the heinous intrusion of my treacherous adversary. I would rather have banished myself

former from my native country and wandered a homeless wanderer over the earth than have consented to this miserable marriage. But as I possessed of magic powers, the monster had blinded me to his real intentions, and when I thought that I had prepared for my own death, I hastened that of a far dearer victim.

As the period fixed for our marriage drew nearer, whether from cowardice or a prophetic feeling, I felt my heart sink within me. But I encouraged my feelings by an appearance of fortitude that brought smiles and joy to the countenance of my father, but happily deceived the ever-watchful and motherly eye of Elizabeth. She looked forward to our union with joy and contentment, not mingled with a single fear, which past misfortune had impressed; that what now appeared certain and tangible happiness might soon dissipate into a airy dream, and leave me full of deep and everlasting regret.

Preparations were made for the event, congratulatory visits were received, and as with a smiling appearance I shut up as we say I could in my own heart the anxiety that preyed there and entered with seeming eagerness into the plans of my father, although they might only serve as the decorations of my tragedy. Through my father's exertions a part of the inheritance of Elizabeth had been bestowed to her by the Austrian government. A small possession on the shores of Como belonged to her. I was agreed that immediately after our union we should proceed to Villa Laventia and spend our first days of happiness beside the beautiful lake near which it stood.

In the meanwhile I took every precaution to defend my person in case the fiend should openly attack me. I carried pistols and a dagger constantly about me and was ever on the watch to preserve myself, and by these means gained a greater degree of tranquillity. Indeed, as he perceived I approached, the fiend appeared more as a demon, not to be regarded as worthy to disturb my peace, while the happiness I hoped for in my marriage were a greater expectation, it certainly as the day drew but its termination drew nearer, and I heard it continually spoken of as an occurrence which no accident could possibly prevent.

Elizabeth seemed happy, my father seemed not contented; gratified to see her married. But on the day that was to fulfil my wishes and my destiny, she was melancholy, and a presentiment of evil pervaded her, and perhaps a sober thought of the dreadful secret which I had promised to reveal to her on the following day. My father was in the meantime overjoyed and in the bustle of preparation, only recognized in the melancholy of his niece the foreboding of a bride.

After the ceremony was performed a large party assembled at my father's, but it was agreed that Elizabeth and I should commence our journey by water, sleeping that night at Milan and commencing our voyage on the following day. The day was air, the wind favourable, a wind for our nuptial embarkation.

Those were the last moments of private doing which I enjoyed the feeling of happiness. We passed rapidly along, the air was hot, but we were sheltered from its rays by a kind of canopy where we enjoyed the beauty of the scene, sometimes close to the lake, where we saw Monte Naevio, the peasant Charles, Monte Negro, and at a distance some mountains, the heads of Monte Bianco. The assemblage of snow mountains, ha-

in vain endeavour to mutilate her, sometimes chasing the opposite banks, we saw the mighty Jura opposing its dark side to the ambition that would quit its native country, and an almost insurmountable barrier to the invader who should wish to enslave it.

I took the hand of Elizabeth. You are sorrowful, my love. Ah! If you knew what I have suffered and what I may yet endure, you would endeavour to let me taste the quiet and freedom from despair that this one day at least permits me to enjoy.

Be happy, my dear Victor, replied Elizabeth: there is, I hope, nothing to distress you, and be assured that if a live joy is not painted in my face, my heart is content. Something whispers to me not to depend too much on the prospect that is opened before us, but I will not listen to such a sinister voice. Observe how fast we move along and how the clouds, which sometimes obscure and sometimes rise above the dome of Mont Blanc, render this scene of beauty still more interesting. Look also at the innumerable fish that are swimming in the clear waters, where we can distinguish every pebble that lies at the bottom. What a divine day! How happy and serene all nature appears!

Thus Elizabeth endeavoured to divert her thoughts and mine from all reflection upon melancholy subjects. But her temper was fluctuating, joy for a few instants shone in her eyes, but it continually gave place to distraction and reverie.

The sun sank lower in the heavens, we passed the river Drance and observed its path through the chasms of the higher and the glens of the lower hills. The Alps here come closer to the lake, and we approached the amphitheatre of mountains which forms its eastern boundary. The spire of Evian shone under the woods that surrounded it and the range of mountain above mountain by which it was overhanging.

The wind, which had hitherto carried us along with amazing rapidity, sank at sunset to a light breeze. The soft air just ruffled the water and caused a pleasant motion among the trees as we approached the shore from which it wafted the most delightful scent of flowers and hay. The sun sank beneath the horizon as we landed, and as I touched the shore I felt those cares and fears revive which soon were to clasp me and cling to me forever.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

It was eight o'clock when we landed; we walked for a short time on the shore, enjoying the transitory light, and then retired to the inn and contemplated the wondrous scene of waters, woods, and mountains, obscured in darkness, yet still displaying their black outlines.

The wind, which had fallen in the south, now rose with great violence in the west. The moon had reached her summit in the heavens and was beginning to descend. The clouds swept across it swifter than the flight of the vulture and dimmed her rays, while the lake reflected the scene of the busy heavens, rendered still busier by the restless waves that were begin-

ning to rise. Suddenly a heavy storm of rain descended.

I had been calm during the day, but so soon as night obscured the shapes of objects, a thousand fears arose in my mind. I was anxious and watched where my light lay, grasping a post on which was hidden in my bosom every sound terrified me. But I resolved that I would see my foe dead, and not shrink from the contact with my monster, if that of my adversary was extinguished.

Elizabeth observed my agitation for some time in great and fearful silence, but there was something in my gaze which continually seemed terror to her, and at length she asked, "What is it that agitates you, my dear Victor? What is it you fear?"

"Oh, peace, peace, my love," replied I, "this night and all will be safe, but this night is dreadful—very dreadful."

I passed an hour in this state of mind, when suddenly I reflected how fearful the combat which I must then have expected would be to my wife, and I earnestly entreated her to return, promising not to quit her until I had obtained some knowledge as to the situation of my enemy.

She left me, and I continued some time waking up and down the passages of the house and inspecting every corner. At night after I retreated to my adversary, but I discovered no trace of him and was beginning to conjecture that some fortunate chance had intervened to prevent the execution of his machinations when suddenly I heard a shriek and dreadful scream. I came from the room into which Elizabeth had retired. As I heard it, the whole vessel rushed to my mind, my arms dropped, the motion of every muscle and fibre was suspended. I could feel no sound, nothing in my veins and I felt it to be extremely long. Now I have asked but for an instant, the scream was repeated, and I rushed into the room.

"Great God! Why did I not then expire? Why am I here to relate the destruction of the best hope and the purest creature of earth? She was there, lifeless and inanimate, thrown across the bed, her head hanging down and her pale and distorted features half covered by her hair. Everywhere I turned I saw the same figure, her bloodless arms and relaxed form flung by the murderer on its bridal bier. I could I feel do this and live. Alas! life's sorrows are awful things, worst where it is most hated. It is a moment and I lose recollection. I feel senses on the ground.

When I recovered I found myself surrounded by the presence of the monster, then a creature who expressed a breathless terror, but the horror of others appeared only as a mist, a shadow of feelings that I quailed under. I escaped from him to the room where, as the body of Elizabeth lay, my wife, so lately living, so dear, so won by. She had been moved from the position in which I had first beheld her, and now, as she lay, her head upon her arm and a hair band tied round it, across her face and neck, I might have supposed her asleep. I rushed towards her and embraced her waist and at that the dead livid coloration withdrew from her cheeks, and what I now held in my arms had ceased to be the Elizabeth whom I had loved, and I then shed. The most intense mark of the fiend's grasp was on her neck, and the breath had ceased to issue from her lips.

While I was thus gazing on the agony of a lifeless form, I happened to look up. The wind, which her room had not been taken care to shut, had kindled a panic of seeing the pale yellow light of the moon illuminate the

overwhelming event. Mine has been a tale of horror. I have reached their active, and what I must now relate can but be testimony. You know that one by one my friends were snatched away. I was left desolate. My own strength exhausted, and I must rely on a few words to whet and my hideous narration.

I arrived at Geneva. My father and Ernest yet lived, but the former sunk under the tidings that I bore. I see him now, excellent and venerable old man. His eyes wandered in vacancy, for they had lost their charge and their delight. My Elizabeth, his more than daughter, whom he doted on with a filial affection which a man feels when the decline of life, leaving few affections, brings him more earnestly to those that remain. I cursed, he the best, that brought misery on his grey hairs and doomed him to waste in wretchedness. He could not live under the horrors that were accumulated around him; the springs of existence suddenly gave way. He was unable to rise from his bed, and in a few days he died in my arms.

What then became of me? I know not. Lost sensation and darkness were the only objects that pressed upon me. Sometimes, indeed, I dreamt that I wandered in flowery meadows and pleasant vales with the friends of my youth, but I awoke and found myself in a dungeon. Melancholy followed, but by degrees I gained a clear conception of my miseries and situation and was then released from my prison. For they had called me mad, and during many months, as I understood, a solitary cell had been my habitation.

Liberty, however, had been a useless gift to me had I not, as I awakened to reason at the same time, awakened to revenge. As the memory of past misfortunes pressed upon me, I began to reflect on their cause, the monster whom I had created, the miserable demon whom I had sent abroad into the world for my destruction. I was possessed by a maddening rage when I thought of him, and desired and almost prayed that I might have him within my grasp to wreak a great and signal revenge on his cursed head.

Nor did my hate long confine itself to useless wishes. I began to reflect on the best means of securing him, and for this purpose, about a month after my release, I repaired to a criminal judge in the town and told him that I had an accusation to make, that I knew the destroyer of my family, and that I required him to exert his whole authority for the apprehension of the murderer.

The magistrate listened to me with attention and kindness. "Be assured, sir," said he, "no pains or exertions on my part shall be spared to discover the villain."

"I thank you," replied I, "listen therefore to the deposition that I have to make. It is indeed a tale so strange that I should fear you would not credit it were there not something in truth which, however wonderful, forces conviction. The story is so connected to be mistaken for a dream, and I have no motive for falsehood. My manner, as I thus addressed him, was impressive but calm. I had formed in my own heart a resolution to pursue my destroyer to death, and this purpose quieted my agency and for an interval reconciled me to life. I now related my history briefly but with firmness and precision, marking the dates with accuracy and never descending into incoherent exclamations.

The magistrate appeared at first perfectly uninterested, but as I con-

trance he became more attentive and interested. I saw that sometimes shudders with fear and at others a severe surprise mingled with distress was painted on his countenance.

When I had concluded my narrative I said, "This is the being whom I accuse and for whose seizure and punishment I have come to exert your whole power. It is your duty as a magistrate and I believe and hope that your feelings as a man will not restrain the execution of these functions on this occasion."

This address caused a considerable change in the physiognomy of my own auditor. He had heard the story with the faintest interest that is given to a tale of spirits and a person who never sleeps; but when he was urged to act of his duty and conscience, the whole force of his mind was returned. He however answered mildly, "I would willingly attend you every day and every night, but the creature of whom you speak appears to have powers which would put at my expense my confidence. Who can know all that which he can exercise the secret of his habitation caves and dens where no man would venture to intrude. Besides some man may have a new vision of the composition of his existence and become an instrument to what place he has wandered for what region he may now inhabit."

I did not doubt that he hovered near the spot which I inhabit and if he has indeed taken refuge in the Aëon he may be treated like the harpies and treated as a beast of prey. But I perceive you thought it your duty to attend this narrative and do not intend to punish its return with the punishment which is his desert."

As I spoke, rage sparkled in my eyes, the dark storm was annihilated. A water-stroke said he, "I will exert every aid and I will use my power to seize the monster. He assured that he should rather perish than permit him to be ever mine. But I fear from what you have so well described to be his properties, that this will prove impracticable and I may while every project I devise is pursued, you should make up your mind to his appointment."

That cannot be but a trial, but I at any rate do not evade. My revenge is of no more to me now, where I am with the voice of a few that it is the desisting and thus passing on my son. My rage was sparkable when I reflect that he must ever, whom I have turned loose, go on secretly, stealthily. You refuse my aid, degraded. I have not the resource and I can be missed either in my life or death to his destruction.

I continued with an excess of agitation as I said this, there was a frenzy in my manner and something I have not often brought before me which the narrators of old and new have possessed. But a German magistrate whose mind was occupied by far other ways than those of devotion and heroism, this elevation of mind faded with the appearance of real news. His feelings were thrown to the breeze and he for a while I reverted to my tale as the effects of delirium.

"Man, I cried, how ignorant are they of the pride of woman. Cease you know not what it is you say."

I broke from the house angry and I thought then and tried to meditate on some other mode of action.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

My present situation was one in which a contrary thought was swayed up and down. I was hurried away by fury, revenge alone endowed me with strength and composure. It moulded my feelings as it moulded me to be assuaging and calm at periods when otherwise destruction or death would have been my portion.

My first resolution was to quit Geneva forever, my country, which when I was happy and beloved, was dear to me; now, in my adversity, became hateful. I provided myself with a sum of money, together with a few jewels which had belonged to my mother, and departed.

As I know it was feelings began which are to cease for ever. I have travelled a vast portion of the earth and have endured all the hardships which travellers in deserts and barbarous countries are wont to meet. How I have toiled I hardly know. Many times have I stretched my fading limbs upon the sandy plains and prayed for death. But revenge kept me alive. I dared not be good, leave my adversary in being.

When I passed Geneva my first object was to gain some clue by which I might trace the steps of my dreadful enemies. But this plan was unsettled, and I was forced to stop hours round the entrance of the town uncertain what path I should pursue. As night approached I found myself at the entrance of the cemetery where William, Elizabeth, and my father reposed. I entered it and approached the tomb which marked their graves. Everything was silent except the leaves of the trees, which were gently agitated by the wind. The night was dark, and the moon would have been warm and affecting even to an uninterested observer. The spots of the departed seemed to be animated and to cast a shadow, which was felt but not seen, around the head of the mourner.

The deep quiet which thus were had at first excited quick sympathy and respect. They were dead, and I was—their murderer—alone, and to destroy him I must drag out my weary existence. I knelt on the grass and kissed the earth and with quivering lips exclaimed: "By the sacred earth on which I kneel, by the shades that wander near me, by the deep and eternal quiet that I feel, I swear, any by thee, O Night, and the spirits that preside over thee, to pursue the demon who caused this misery, until he or I shall perish in mutual conflict. For my purpose I will preserve myself, to execute his fate revenge will I again behold him and tread the green heritage of earth, which otherwise should vanish from my eyes forever. And I am, my spirits of the dead, aid in your wandering in mystery of vegetation, to aid and conduct me in my work. Let the cursed and hellish monster, that deep of agony, let him feel the despair that now torments me."

I had begun my address with solemnity and awe, which a moment assuaged me. But the shades, I say, ministered, more to heighten and augment my devotion, but the furies possessed me as I concluded, and rage choked my utterance.

I was answered though he seemed to grieve by a loud and loud laugh. It rang on my ears long and deep as the mountains in a forest, and I felt as if a bell had sounded me with mockery and laughter. Surely if that moment I should have been possessed by the evil and have desired my miserable existence less than this now was heated and hot I was reserved for vengeance. The laughter died away when a new knowledge and a better voice came to my ears and passed me in an audible whisper. I am a wretched miserable wretch. You have determined to live and I am satisfied."

I darted towards the spot from which the voice proceeded but the devil eluded my grasp. Scarcely the broad look of the moon arose and shone forth upon his ghastly and distorted shape as he sped with more than mortal speed.

I returned home and for many months he had been my task. I led by a night vision. I followed the windings of the Rhone but vainly. The blue Mediterranean appeared and by a strange chance I saw the boat enter by night and leave it rose for a vessel bound for the Black Sea. I took my passage in the same ship but he escaped. I know not how.

Amidst the winds of Tartary and Russia although he had evaded me I have ever followed in his track. Sometimes the peasants warned by this horrible apparition formed the path he took for he himself when feared had I lost all trace of him I should despair and he left some mark to guide me. The storm flew over his head and I saw the point of his huge step in the white plain. I could not enter it while it was in rain or snow and again unknown how I could understand what I have felt and suffer. I did want and to gaze were the least pains which I was destined to endure. I was cursed in some desert and at last a woe with me by eternal he set me a spirit of guilt followed and directed my steps and when I most rejoiced in my sudden escape he followed me. It is a terrible and terrible thing. Sometimes when nature was kind to his get back under the exhaustion a repast was prepared for me in the desert. It was not food and it spoiled me. The fare was indeed coarse such as the peasants of the country ate but I was not doubt that it was set there by the spirits that I had tracked to and me. After when it was dry the heavens were low and I was parched by thirst. A light cloud would begin the sky shed the few drops that revived me and vanish.

I followed when I could the courses of the rivers but the fierce geyers avoided these as it was here that the population of the country chiefly collected. In other places human beings were seldom seen and I generally wandered in the wild animals that crossed my path. I had money with me and gained the friendship of the savages by distributing it. I brought with me some food that I had used which after taking a small part I always presented to those who had provided me with fire and utensils for cooking.

My state as I passed thus was indeed hateful to me and it was during sleep alone that I could taste peace. I turned sleep. Often when most miserable I sought to repose and my breath forced me even to sigh. The spirits that guarded me had provided new robes of a rather heavy texture of the process that I might retain strength to face my pilgrimage. Deprived of sleep I should have sunk under my hardships. During the day I was sustained and inspired by the hope of light for sleep. I

saw my friends, my wife, and my beloved, exactly again I saw the benevolent countenance of my father, heard the sweet tones of my Elizabeth's voice, and beheld Cervino enjoying health and youth. Often when wearied by a long some march I persuaded myself that I was dreaming, and that night should come and that I should then enjoy reality in the arms of my dearest friends. What agonizing fondness did I feel for them! How did I cling to their dear forms, as sometimes they haunted even my waking hours, and persuade myself that they still lived! At such moments vengeance—that burned within me—died in my heart, and I pursued my path towards the destruction of the demon more as a task assigned by heaven, as the mechanical impulse of some power of which I was unconscious, than as the ardent desire of my soul.

What his feelings were when I pursued I cannot know. Sometimes indeed he left marks in writing, in the bark of the trees or cut in stone that guided me and instigated my fury. My reign is not yet over—these words were legible in one of these mysterious poems—you are, and my power is complete. I know me, I seek the everlasting snow of the north, where you will feel the powers of cold and frost, to which I am impassive. You will find me at this place, if you follow not too tardily, a dead hate, fear and be refreshed. Come on, my enemy, we have yet to wrestle for our lives, but that a hard and miserable hours must you endure until that period shall arrive."

Soothing devil! Again do I vow vengeance, again do I devote thee miserable fiend to torture and death. Never will I give up my search until he or I perish, and then with what reward shall I pour my Elizabeth and my departed friends, whose even now prepare for me the reward of my tedious toil and horrible pilgrimage!

As I thus pursued my journey to the northwest, the snows thickened and the cold increased in a degree almost too severe to support. The peasants were shut up in their hovels, and only a few of the most hardy ventured forth to seize the animals whom starvation had forced from their hutting powers to seek for prey. The rivers were covered with ice, and not a stream could be procured, and thus I was cut off from my chief article of maintenance.

Heart-souph of my enemy increased with the difficulty of my labours. One inscription that he left was in these words: Prepare. Your tools only beg me, wrap yourself in furs and provide food, for we shall soon enter upon a journey where your sufferings will satisfy my everlasting hatred.

My courage and perseverance were instigated by these soothing words. I resolved not to fail in my purpose, and calling on heaven to support me, I continued with unabated fervour to traverse immense deserts, until the ocean appeared at a distance and formed the utmost boundary of the horizon. How unlike it was to the blue seasons of the south! Covered with ice, it was only to be distinguished from land by its superior whiteness and ruggedness. The Greeks wept for joy when they beheld the Mediterranean from the hills of Asia, and hailed with rapture the boundary of their toils. I did not weep, but I knelt down and with a full heart thanked my guiding spirit for conducting me in safety to the place where I hoped, notwithstanding my adversary's vigilance, to meet and grapple with him.

Some weeks before this period I had procured a wedge and dogs and

They traversed the snow with no trace of a road. I know not whether the birds possessed the same advantages that I did, and that as before I had done so, and in the past a new galled one from some fear that when I saw the man he was for me they were a disadvantage and I hoped to intercept him before he should reach the beach. With new courage therefore I pressed on and on the fays arrived at a well fixed haunt of the weather. I inquired of the Labrador concerning the birds and gained accurate information. A great number they said had arrived the night before arrived with a great many of them looking to fight the advantages of a society, courage through that of two persons appeared. He had arrived at the shore of water and had placed it in a sledge or canoe which he had secured as a means of escape. In the dogs he had harnessed them and he came right to the point of the harbor struck straightly had passed his porters across he was in a direction that led to me and and they came to see that he was at speed. I he was vexed by the breaking of the ice or it seems by the stormy winds.

On hearing this, I said we had better a temporary arrest of tempo-
He had engaged me, and I must continue a test-wise and I a con-
endless array of water, and I am sure I hear again, and that
few of the inhabitants, and I am sure and which I believe of a
genia and water, and I am sure and which I believe of a
the field, and I am sure and which I believe of a
turned, and I am sure and which I believe of a
slight beyond which I am sure and which I believe of a
negated me to an all-revenge, I prepared for my own

It's changed my and my life to see the amount of trees — a part of the forest was, and just having a piece of a map of the forest helped a lot from land.

I cannot guess how many days have passed since then but I have not rested myself with anything but the elements of sleep. I almost refuse to eat but I go with my heart and I have equaled for two years. I am now at the end of the day. I have not started with my passage and I often feel the loss of the day. I am what I call the first of the day. But when the rest of the day is made, he is at the end of the day.

By the quantity of passion which had overflowed I had guessed that I had passed the weeper. His sobs, as the water of a prodigious I hope, returning back, swelled his heart—the wrong bitter drops of despondency and grief from his eyes. He sat half covered and exposed his pines, and I should soon have such he said that surely, should after the poor attack, I have observed he had worn twice the tea, gained the summit of a steeping for the crown, and the whole of the day, I had viewed the extensive beauty of the world, and when I had seen this extent, a dark speck upon the dusky plain. I strained my sight to discover what it could be, and I perceived a white cross. I ecstasy when I perceived a bridge and the distorted proportions of a wet knoll, then within fifty. With what a bounding gladness he persisted in his heart. With tears and his eyes, which I have now closed away, I have might not intercept the view I had of the destiny, but as my sight was turned by the falling drops, with a long way to the emotions that I perceive time I wept aloud.

But this was not the one for today. I then ordered the dogs at the s-

dead companion gave her a piercing pain of mind and after an hour's rest which was almost refreshing and yet which was but a torment to me I felt as if I were The sea grew still as if not told again the night did except at the moments when it was shaken by some network woven of its own swirling rays I slept peacefully gained on it and when after day's work was over I bent my weary arm more than a mile toward my heart wounded with me

But now when I appeared above with my grasp of the bar my hopes were visible working what was lost as if it were more than that I had ever done before A general sea was heard the hoarse roar of its progress as the waters rolled and the led began to rise because every moment more of it is a better to I pressed on but in vain the wind arose the sea rose I and as with the high shock of an earthy lake I sped and came with a tremor as if I were where I was bound The work was well finished in a few minutes a calm sea rose between me and my enemy and I was left floating in a watered ocean that was certainly a lesser evil and I was preparing for the a horrible death

It is in this manner that a passing boat passed several days ago I missed it was a small boat with the deck of it of a very white I saw it once riding at anchor and then I saw it in the hopes of a better and then I had no suspicion that vessel ever came so far north and was astonished at the sight I took a great deal of my time to go to it and by these means was reduced with a little longer to move my head in the direction of coast up I had left my boat in the water going southwards so that it was for the mercy of the sea rather than for any other purpose I hoped to find a boat to migrate me a boat with which I could pursue my enemy But no direction was in the way You took me on board when my spirit was exhausted and I was sure to have taken for my enemy and had I known a death which I could deal for my task is unfulfilled

Oh Walton was my guiding spirit in this thing me to the demon show me the rest I would have seen him and he would have shown me Walton that he should escape that you would seek him and satisfy my vengeance in his death And I have asked if you could take my last image to me in the hatchway that I have at long last No I am not selfish Yet when I am weary if he should appear to me my thirst for vengeance should be satisfied I was so weak that he should have sworn that he should not appear over my accursed works and I have called to him in it is lack of sleep His strong and persuasive and once his words had ever power over my heart to create for me His now was he as before in a dream and I would have done that he would be the wretched Victor and I should have seen his heart I was however near and direct the steel aright

Walton, in continuation.

August 26th, 17—

You have read the story of a little boy's Margaret and I have not been so at home of years with I am sure that which ever now is in the world is so far with a secret against the world I have not time to say

face, as others have, no beauty, yet piercing and filled with thought. The wrinkles on his forehead and his eyes were now lighted up with indignation. He was skilled to downward sorrow and penetrated in a more wretchedness. Sometimes he, on occasion, his countenance and tones and treated the most heinous incidents with a tranquillity so overpowering every mark of agitation, then, like a volcanic burning lava, his face was suddenly changed to an expression of the wildest rage as he uttered his inspirations of his vengeance.

His appearance made a great impression on me, and I was almost at a loss to tell you that he talked of Felix and Sabin, which he showed me, and the apparition of the monster seen by him, and ship-brother, and a greater conviction of the truth of his narrative than his assertions, which he never doubted as to correctness. Such a monster has, then, really existed. I almost doubt it, yet I am lost in surprise and admiration. Sometimes I endeavoured to gain from Frankenstein the particulars of his creature's formation, but on this point he was impenetrable.

"As you read my history," said he, "or whether does your senseless curiosity read you. Would you also create for you sell at the world a demoniac enemy? Peace, peace. Learn its mysteries and do not seek to increase your own."

His assertions convinced that I made notes concerning his history, he asked to see them, and then himself corrected and augmented them in many places, but principally in giving the color and spirit of the conversations he held with his enemy. Since you have preserved his narrations, said he, I would not that a frustrated one should go down to posterity.

It is now a week passed away, while I have listened to the strangest tale that ever imagination formed. My thoughts and every feeling of my soul have been taken up by the interest for my guest, which this tale and his own elevated and gentle manners have created. I wish to soothe him, yet can I counsel one so distressed and so desperate of every hope of consolation to use calmness? He is so sure that he can now know what he when he supposes his altered spirit to peace and death. Yet he cannot once comfort the sleeping, but while and tell you he is never at when in dreams he finds converse with his friend, and derives from that communion of consolation. His miseries of excitement still have greater than they are not the creature of his fancy, but he brings her senses who visit him from the regions of a remote world, which brings a solemnity to his existence. I am, therefore, to me a most painful and interesting as truth.

Our conversations are not always confined to his own history and misfortunes. On every point of general metaphysics, as of extended knowledge and a quick and piercing apprehension. His eloquence is facile and touching, and I hear him when he relates a pathetic incident tenderness move his passions, a pity or joy with or tears. What a glorious creature might he have been, if he had of his propensity when he is with a noble and good man. He seems to feel his own worth and the greatness of his fall.

When you get," said he, "the ever have I desired, of some great enterprise. My feelings are profound, but I possessed a consciousness of judgment, but I am so far from strong achievement. This sentiment of the worth of my fall are supported me when others would have been

expressed but I deemed it necessary to throw away a useless gift. How late is that now! The usefulness of my new creation. When I reflected on the work I had completed, to test a man that he created of a sensitive and rational animal I could not rank mine with the best of common projects. But this thought which supported me in the commencement of my career now set on a toppling the tower in the dust. All my speculations and hopes are as nothing and like the architect who aspired to an apartment I am banished as a visionary. My imagination was void of every power of analysis and all my hopes were of the same unimpaired vigour as when I conceived the idea and executed the creation of a man. Ever now I am not reconciled without passion to my reverses while the work was in my power. I tried to accept of my change as now existing in my powers now fighting with the idea of bettering my current affairs I was animated with high hopes and a new way of action but how am I sunk! Oh My friend if you had known me as I now was you would not recognize me in this state of degradation. Despondency rarely visited my heart a high destiny seemed to bear me on until I fell never never again to rise.

Alas! the use of my faculties being I have longed for a friend I have sought for who would sympathize with and love me. Behold in these desert seas I have found such a one but I fear I have given him cause to know how false and useless he is. I would tell him of my hopes but he repulses the idea.

I thank you Walter he said. I have known too many I was by no means a wreck but when you speak of new ties and fresh attractions I think of what they can replace those who are gone. I am as you are—the one and the same man of at times great and other times small powers where the affections are not strongly moved by any superior excellence the comparison of a friend and always possess a certain power over our minds which binds us as a friend at a distance. They know our faults and dispositions which however they may be otherwise modified are never eradicated and they are judges of our actions with more certainty than we are to the thing itself of our motives. A sister or a brother can never pretend indeed such symptoms have been the worst I suspect he when it should be a friend when an other friend however strong he may be attached may dispute this but I am contented with my position. But I enjoyed friendly dear moments though habit and association kept from their own merits and wherever I am the workings of my heart dash and beat in conversation. I never will be even who speaks in my ear they are tears at I but one feeling in such a solitude can persuade me to preserve my life. If I were engaged in any high and daring design I might with extensive powers be able to know treasures there were I have felt that. But such is not my destiny. I must pause and leave to the being to whom I gave existence then my own on earth will be finished and I may be

September 2nd

My beloved Sister

I would to you ever surpassed by her but I guarantee whether I am ever doomed to see again I fear I shall and as I feel so I feel that at I about I am sure indeed by mountains of love which admit of no escape and threaten early me to crush my vessel. I be brave to know whom I have persuaded to be my own as I wish to know me for and for I have none a bestow. There is some thing of this appearing it out in a way yet

my courage and hopes do not desert me. Yet it is terrible to reflect that the lives of all these men are endangered through me. If we are lost my mad schemes are the cause.

And what Margaret will be the state of your mind. You will not hear of my destruction, and you will anxiously await my return. Years will pass, and you will have visions of despair and yet be tortured by hope. Oh! My beloved sister, the sickening taunting of your heart to expectations is so prospect more terrible to me than my own death. But you have a husband and seven children, you may be happy. Heaven bless you and make you so.

My unfortunate guest regards me with the tenderest compassion. He endeavours to cheer me with hope and talks as if life were a possession which he valued. He reminds me how often the same accidents have happened to other navigators who have attempted this sea, and in spite of myself he tries me with cheerful arguments. Even the sailors feel the power of his encouragement when he speaks they no longer despair, he renews their energies, and while they hear his voice they believe these vast mountains of ice are more hazy which will vanish before the temerity of man. These feelings are transitory, each day of expectation drives forth them with fear, and I almost dread a moment raised by this despair.

September 5th

A scene has just passed of such uncommon interest that although it is highly probable that these papers may never reach you, yet I cannot forbear recording it.

We are still surrounded by ice in all sides, the vessel is almost choked being crushed in their contact. The cold is excessive, and many of my unfortunate comrades have already found a grave amidst this scene of desolation. Frankenstein has fairly declined in health, a feverish life still glimmers in his eyes, but he is exhausted, and when suddenly roused to any exertion he speedily sinks again into apparent lifelessness.

I mentioned in my last letter, he fears I am terrified of a storm. This morning, as I sat watching, he was in attendance of my friend, his eyes had closed and his arms hanging listless. I was roused by half a dozen of the sailors who demanded assistance into the cabin. They entered, and their leader addressed me. He told me that he and his companions had been frozen by the other sailors to come in obedience to me to make me a resolution which, in justice, I could not refuse. We were doomed to ice and should probably never escape, but they feared that it was possible, if the ice should pass, and a free passage be opened, I should be rash enough to continue my voyage and lead them into fresh dangers, after they might have paid a sum to insure this. They insisted therefore that I should engage with a solemn promise that if the vessel should be freed I would instantly direct my course southwards.

This speech troubled me. I had not despaired, nor had I yet conceived the idea of returning if set free. Yet could I thus answer in even a possibility, refuse this demand? I hesitated, when I answered, when Frankenstein who had almost been spent and indeed appeared half dead, have I ever enough to avert I now resolved to save myself. His eyes sparkled, and his cheeks flushed with momentary vigour. Turning towards the men, he said, "What do you mean? What do you demand of your captain? Are you

then so easily turned from your design? Did you not call this a glorious expedition? And wherefore was it glorious? Not because the way was smooth and placid as a southern sea, but because it was full of dangers and terror, because at every new incident your fortitude was to be called forth and your courage exhibited, because danger and death surrounded it, and these you were to brave and overcome. For this was it a glorious trial for this was it an honourable undertaking. You were hereafter to be hailed as the benefactors of your species, your names adored as belonging to brave men who encountered death for honour and the benefit of mankind. And now behold, with the first imagination of danger, or, if you will, the first mighty and terrific trial of your courage, you shrink away and are content to be handed down as men who had not strength enough to endure cold and penury, and so poor souls they were chivied and returned to their warm fireplaces. Why, that requires not this preparation, we need not have come thus far and dragged your captain to the shame of a defeat merely to prove yourselves cowards. Oh, be men, or be more than men. Be steady to your purposes and firm as a rock. This ice is not made of such stuff as your hearts may be. It is mutable and can be withstood, so, if you say that it shall not. Do not return to your families with the stigma of disgrace marked on your brows. Return as heroes who have fought and conquered and who know not what it is to turn their backs on the foe.

He spoke thus with a voice so modulated to the different feelings expressed in his speech, with an eye so full of life, of a design and heroism, that can you wonder that these men were moved? They looked at one another and were unable to reply. I spoke. I told them to retire and consider of what had been said, that I would not lead them farther north if they strenuously desired the contrary, but that I hoped that, with reflection, their courage would return.

They retired and I turned to walk with my friend, but he was sunk in anguish and almost deprived of life.

How all this will terminate, I know not, but I had rather die than return shamefully, my purpose unfilled. Yet I fear, which will be my fate, the men, unsupported by ideas of glory and honour, can never strongly continue to endure their present hardships.

September 7th

The die is cast. I have consented to return. I we are not terrified. I have are my hopes blasted, my cowardice at last detected. I come back ignorant and disappointed. It requires more philosophy than I possess to bear this injustice with patience.

September 12th

It is past. I am returning to England. I have lost my hopes, my unity and glory. I have lost my friends. But I will endeavour to detain these latter circumstances to you, my dear sister, and while I am waited towards England and towards you, I will not despond.

September 9th, the ice began to move, and roarings like thunder were heard at a distance as the sands split and cracked in every direction. We were in the most imminent peril of being crushed, but I remain passive. My chief attention was occupied by my unfortunate guest, whose illness increased to such a degree that he was entirely confined to his bed. The ice

cracked behind us and was driven with force away. As he took a freer spring from the west and on the ——— in the passage toward the south became perfect a free. When the soldiers saw this and that they return to their native country was apparently awarded a shield ——— at a distance broke from them and as being confused broke them who were doing away and asked the cause of the ——— they should ——— I said because they were now return to England.

"Do you, then, ready return?"

Alan: Yes, I cannot withstand their remarks. I cannot read them
unpleasantly, I cannot get at them at all.

He went to work but I will not. You may give up your purpose but mine is assigned to me by heaven and I hate not. I am weak but I am the spirit who assist my weaker brethren. How can we accomplish our strength? Saying this he endeavored to spring from the bed but the exercise was too great for him; he fell back and fainter.

It was long before he was released, and I often thought that he was entirely extinct. Although he opened his eyes, he breathed but little air, and was unable to speak. The surgeon gave him a supposing that he had entered into a state of suspended animation, and he remained in that state for many days. I had certainly not many hours to spare.

His sentence was a torment and a ——— of a vigorous and patient husband by his side watching him. His eyes were closed and I thought he slept but presently he awoke, came to a table close at hand, got some tea and said, "Was the strength I expected to give me. I see that I shall soon be able to face my enemies and pursue ——— it may at last be a blessing. I think not. Watson, that is the last moment of my existence. I see that bearing hatred and a bitter desire of revenge is the expression of a life that is not satisfied in desiring the death of my assassin. During these few days I have been occupied in examining my past, and that made I find it humiliating and a little better than a new life created as a new creature and was able to walk with my arms as far as was my power, but happiness and well-being. It was my fate but there was another way parallel with this. My friends would be happy to see me spend the greater part of my attention here and my friends would be a greater proportion of happiness or misery. I regret my view. I refused and I did not intend to create a companion at the last moment. He showed ——— and brought to and selfishness in existence destroyed my desire to be able to destruction being who possessed ——— in sensation, happiness and well-being. I know more than this to be engaged in and I see also that he may render me other ways of being a little. The task of his destruction was mine but I have failed. We shall have to be satisfied with our lives. I shall ——— to be able to do my best work and I know this requires ——— when I am in a state of strain and of virtue.

Yet I cannot ask you to renounce your country and family to do this task and now that you are renouncing England you will have the same difficulties with us. But be contented with these words and the meditation of what you have esteemed to be your duty. I have no other argument and what are a man's duties? by the way, I do not think I dare not ask you to do what I think right for I may say so from my passion.

That he should live to be an instrument of mischief to me in other respects this hour when I momentarily expect my release is the only happy one which I have enjoyed for several years. The forms of the beloved dead still haunt me, and I have no other arms but weep. Walton seeks happiness in tranquility and avoid ambition, even if it be only the apparently innocent one of distinguishing himself in science and discoveries. Yet why do I say this? I have myself been blasted in these hopes, yet another may succeed."

His voice became fainter as he spoke, and at length exhausted by his effort, he sank into silence. Almost half an hour afterwards he attempted again to speak but was unable; he pressed my hand feebly, and his eyes closed forever, while the irradiation of a gentle smile passed away from his lips.

Margaret, what comfort can I make in the sudden extinction of this generous spirit? What can I say that will enable you to understand the depth of my sorrow? Alas! that I should express words so inadequate and feeble. My tears now, my mind was erstadowed by a cloud of disappointment. But I journey towards England, and I may there find consolation.

I am interrupted. What do these sounds portend? It is midnight, the breeze blows fair, and the water of deck water is still. Again there is a sound, as of a human voice, but hoarser, it comes from the cabin where the remains of Frankenstein still are. I must arise and examine. Good night, my sister.

Great God, what a scene has just taken place. I am yet dizzy with the recent horror. I hardly know whether I still have the power to detail it, yet the tale which I have recorded would be incomplete without this final and wonderful catastrophe.

I entered the cabin where lay the remains of my beloved and admired friend, there he lay in a form which I cannot find words to describe— gigantic in stature, yet uncouth and distorted in its proportions. As he lay on his back, his face was concealed by long locks of ragged hair, but one vast穴 I was extended in front, and appeared to me like that of a mountain. When he heard the sound of my approach, he ceased all exertions, and quietly lifted up his head and sprung towards the window. Never did I beheld a vision so horrible as his face, classed handsome yet appalling hideousness. I shut my eyes, vainly and endeavoured to recount what were his qualities with regard to this destroyer. I urged on him to stay.

He paused looking on me with wonder, and again turning towards the door, as if in quest of his creator, he seemed to forget my presence, and every feature and gesture seemed instigated by some irresistible and uncontrollable passion.

"That is also my victim," he exclaimed. "If I remember my crimes are circumstantiated, the miserable series of my being will be complete. Oh Frankenstein, Generous and self-sacrificed being, What does it avail that I now ask thee to pardon me? I who have irrevocably destroyed thee by destroying all thou lovedst. Alas! He says, who he cannot answer me.

His voice seemed suffocated, and my last inquiries, which had suggested to me the duty of obeying the dying request— my friend in distressing ghastliness, were now suspended, as if by the idleness and confusion. I approached to view the sufferer being. I dare not again raise

my eyes to his face there was something so waiting and uneasy in his
sagness I attempted to speak but he went on and away on his brow. The
minutes continued to creep and in short I felt repugnance. At
length I gathered courage to address him in a pause of the transport of
his passion. 'Your repentance I said is now a perfect one. If you had
been able to be sure of your sin and heeded the voice of remorse
before you had uttered your fatal sentence to live eternally Frank
enstein would yet have lived.'

And to you, dear — said the demon — Do you think that I was then dead — agone and remorse — He — he uttered pointing to the corpse — he uttered not the conversation of the dead — No the very thoughtfully portion of the agonist that was never leaving the suffering detain — I experienced — A light to be felt — except for — in which my heart was poisoned with remorse — I think that he kept saying of the soul with those to my ears — My heart was fastened to be a weight of love and sympathy — and when worn out by a service and fatigued — I did not endure the violence of the change with you — at — as you called —

After the murder I feared I remained in Switzerland heartbroken and over time I poured heartbreak into my poetry as a method of catharsis. I abandoned my job. But when I discovered that he then had been at once a more extensive and a more speaking personality, I decided to hope for his recovery that would be an act of faith. With the loss of my last apartment he sought his way to a new center of feelings and passions. So, he did, in general, I which I was surprised, then a poet, essay and other things, and the time I live with a new sense of self and vengeance. I received in my third apartment where I lived for a long time as a student. I knew that I was preparing for myself a death sentence. But I was too young and the reason for that purpose which I felt estranged with it was my friend when she told me that I was not a suicide. I had lost the feeling of being a young man. I had lost the excess of my despair. I had lost the desire to see the world. I regret that I had not thought to adapt myself to a new environment which I had willingly chosen. The only other way I could have done so was to become a member of a passion. And now it is ended. There is no way.

[illegible][illegible]

despair in what should I seek for sympathy? I am content to suffer alone when my sufferings shall endure when I die I am well satisfied that a hereafter and a posterity should read my history. Once my family was soothed with promises of virtue of fame and of reward. Once I have hoped to meet with beings who judging my outward form would love me for the ever-remembered which I was capable of sustaining I was disappointed with high being in a room of devotion. But now crime has degraded me beneath the meanest animal. No great no noble deed no noble goals no misery can be endured on parable to mine. When I feel over the fight the catalogue of my sins I can not believe that I am the same creature whose thoughts were once filled with virtue and transcendence. I have seen the beauty and the majesty of goddess. But it is even now the faint images becomes a magnificent devil. Yet even that memory of departed man had friends and associates in his degradation. I am alone.

You, who a Frankenstein you it should seem, have a knowledge of my crimes and his misdeeds. But in the detail which he gave you of them he could not sum up the beauty and nobility of misery which I redressed with my potent passion. For while I bestowed my hope I did not satisfy my own desires. They were never uttered and having not I desired love and fellowship and I was ever spurned. Was there no friendship in this? Am I to be taught the duty of mutual when a woman had turned against me? Why did you not have Frank who chose his friend from his dream with a confidence? Why did you not sustain the rustic who sought to bestow the sacrifice of his child? Nay, these are virtues and I must at least beg of them as I see that the abandoned and abandoned to be spared the fate and killed and that justice. Even now my soul turns at the recollection of this injustice.

B. It is true that I am a weak & I have considered how weak the
 he feels & I have striven to be stronger as I have tried to grasp the death
 but ~~at~~ who never failed me & I was able to go to a ~~the~~ I have devoted
 my teacher these few years of my life & I have been able to do so
 and I am not a miser. I have given him more than I have received
 is. There he is who is a father to me & I have been able to do so
 and I have been able to do so with what I have given him & I have
 hands which have been the feet & I have been able to do so
 and I have been able to do so & I have been able to do so
 when that moment was heard & I thought no
 more.

[illegible]

feeling, and sense will pass away, and in this condition must I find my happiness. Some years ago, when the images which this world affords first opened upon me, when I felt the cheering warmth of summer and heard the rustling of the leaves and the warbling of the birds, and these were all to me I should have wept to die, now it is my only consolation. Polluted by crimes and torn by the bitterest remorse, where can I find rest but in death?

"Farewell! I leave you, and in you the last of humankind whom these eyes will ever behold. Farewell, Frankenstein! If thou wert yet alive and yet cherished a desire of revenge against me, it would be better satiated in my life than in my destruction. But it was not so: thou didst seek my extinction, that I might not cause greater wretchedness, and if yet, in some mode unknown to me, thou hadst not ceased to think and feel, thou wouldst not desire against me a vengeance greater than that which I feel. Basted as thou wert, my agony was still superior to thine, for the bitter sting of remorse did not cease to rankle in my wounds until death shall close them forever.

"But soon," he cried with sad and solemn enthusiasm, "I shall die, and what I now feel be no longer felt. Soon these burning miseries will be extinct. I shall ascend my funeral pile triumphantly and exult in the agony of the torturing flames. The light of that conflagration will fade away, my ashes will be swept into the sea by the winds. My spirit will sleep in peace, or if it thinks, it will not surely think thus. Farewell."

He sprang from the cabin window as he said this, upon the ice raft which lay close to the vessel. He was soon borne away by the waves and lost in darkness and distance.

THE STRANGE CASE OF
DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE

Robert Louis Stevenson

TO

KATHARINE DE MATTOS

*It's ill to loose the bands that God decreed to bind,
Still will we be the children of the heather and the wind,
Far away from home, O it's still for you and me
That the broom is blowing bonnie in the north countrie*

STORY OF THE DOOR

Mr. Urmson the lawyer was a man of a rugged countenance that was never lighted by a smile; cold, scanty and embarrassed in discourse; backward in sentiment; mean, long, bony, dreary, and yet somehow lovable. At friendly meetings, and when the wine was to his taste, something eminently human beaconed from his eye; something indeed which never found its way into his talk, but which spoke not only in these silent witness of the after-dinner face, but more often and loudly in the acts of his life. He was austere with himself; drank gin when he was alone, to mortify a taste for vinages; and though he enjoyed the theater, had not raised the doors of one for twenty years. But he had an approved tolerance for others, sometimes wondering almost with envy, at the high pressure of spirits involved in their modesty; and in any extremity inclined to be p rather than to reprove. "I would to God," he used to say quietly, "I might be other; go to the devil in my own way." In this character it was frequently his to tune to be the last reputable acquaintance and the last good influence in the lives of downgoing men. And to such as these, so long as they came about his chambers, he never marked a shade of change in his demeanour.

No doubt the feat was easy to Mr. Urmson, for he was undemonstrative at the best, and even his friendship seemed to be founded in a similar caution, to be of good nature. It is the mark of a modest man to accept his friends by the ready-made from the hands of opportunity, and that was the lawyer's way. His friends were those of his own blood or those whom he had known the longest; his affections like ivy, were the growth of time; they implied no aptness in the object. Hence, no doubt, the bond that united him to Mr. Richard Kirby, his distant kinsman, the well-known man about town. It was a true crack for many, what these two could see in each other, or what subject they could find in common. It was reported by those who encountered them, in their Sunday walks, that they said nothing, looked singularly dull, and would hardly with obvious relief the appearance of a friend. For so that the two men put the greatest store by these excursions; counted them the chief joy of each week, and not only set aside occasions of pleasure, but even resisted the calls of business, that they might enjoy them uninterrupted.

It chanced on one of these rare days that their way led them down a

by street is a busy quarter of London. The street was small and what is called quiet, but it drove a thriving trade on the weekdays. The restaurants were as long well it seemed, and as numerous as spring flowers better still, and as vigorous they appeared. Then came the confectionery, so that the shop fronts stood as long, later on, lighted with a conversation like rows of smiling women. Even on Sunday, when it veined its more frigid chaises and availed patiently empty of passage, the street shone out in contrast to its dingy neighbourhood like a fire in a forest, and with its freshly painted shutters, well-polished brasses, and general cleanliness and gaiety of colour, was a sight and pleased the eye of the passenger.

Two doors from one corner, on the left, facing east, the one was broken by the entry of a court, and at that point a certain number blocked the way. Just forward of this gate to the street it was two stories high, showed no window looking but a door on the lower story and a blind forehead of decorated wall on the upper, and bore in every feature the marks of prolonged and successful crime. The door, which was equipped with neither key nor knocker, was battered and dented. I rapped vigorously into the recess and struck matches on the pane which children kept shop over the steps. The shopkeeper had tried his knife on the mouldings, and for close to a generation no one had appeared to drive away these random visitors, it is to repeat their ravages.

Mr. F. West and the answer were on the other side of the by street, but when they came abreast of the entry, the former lifted up his cane and pointed.

"Did you ever remark that door?" he asked, and when his companion had replied in the affirmative, "It is one of the most noted," added he, "with a very odd story."

"Indeed?" said Mr. F. West, with a slight change of voice, "and what was that?"

"Well, it was this way," returned Mr. F. West. "I was coming home from some place at the end of the world, a most dreary look at a black winter morning, and my way lay through a part of town where there was never anything to be seen but an open street after street, and as the flocks as creep—street after street, as glided up as if for a procession and as empty as a church—till at last I got into that state of mind when a man listens and listens and begins to long for the sight of a policeman. At that time I saw two figures, one a little man who was standing and gazing eastward at a good walk, and the other a goodly matron, maybe eight or ten, who was running as hard as she was able down a cross street. We saw the two running one another naturally enough at the corner, and then came the horrible part of the thing, for the man turned and covered the lady's body and left her sprawling on the ground. It was not worth hearing, but it was hateful to see. It was not like a man, it was like some fat, tied Juggernaut. I gave a view-halloo, took to my heels, started my gentleman, and brought him back to where there was a real voice—a good shout about the screaming child. He was perfectly sane and made no resistance, but gave me one look, saying that it brought on the sweat on me like running. The people who had turned out were the girl's own family, and pretty soon the doctor, for whom she had been sent, put in his appearance. Well, the child was not much the worse, more frightened, according to the Sawbones, and there you might have supposed would be an end to it. But there was one curious

circumstance I had taken a capital right general at a single. So had the other states, which was a mistake. But the duty I owe was what struck me. He was he was a stout, big, powerful, of his party, at age and count with a strong, I thought, and almost as emotional as a harpist. We said he was like the rest of us, every one he looked at my prisoner. I saw that Saw a test of it, and when I saw it, I knew I knew what was in his mind, just as he knew what was in mine, and knowing him, I knew that he was not. We did the next best. We told the man we could and would make such a scandal out of this as should make his name stick from one end of London to the other. If he had any friends or any credit, we didn't ask that he should lose them. And at the time, as we were putting it, it red hot, we were keeping the women off him as best we could, for they were as wild as harpies. I never saw a more of such hateful faces, and there was he man, the first he with a kind of black sneering expression, I gathered, so I could see that, but carrying it off so ready like Satan. It was chosen to make a scandal out of his present, said he. I am a man, he said. No gentleman, but wishes to avoid a worse, says he. Nathaniel, says he. Well, we were well, I thought, but just for the time. Lady's family, he would have been a card to stick out, but there was something about the whole of that meant mischief, and at last he struck. The next thing was to get the money, and where does our luck be, turned out to that place with the lot. Whipped out a key, went in, and presently came back with the master of ten pounds in gold and a cheque for the balance on Credit, drawn payable to bearer and signed with a name that I can't remember, but I got one of the portraits of my wife, but it was a name at least very well known and respected. The figure was set, but the signature was good for more than that. It was my gentleman. I took the fruits of putting up a city gentleman that the whole of the business, and had a mandarin, so to speak, was not a great deal at least in the morning and some out with another man's, because for cause upon a hundred pounds. But he was quite easy and sneering. Set your mind at rest, says he. Two days with you, the banks operate with the cheque myself. So we all set off, he took it, and he took clothes and our friend and myself, and passed the rest of the night in my chambers, and next day, when we had breakfast, I went a body to the bank. I gave in the cheque myself, and said I had every reason to believe it was a forgery. Not a bit of it, the cheque was genuine.

"Tut-tut," said Mr Utterson.

"I see you see as I do," said Mr Enfield. "Yes, it's a bad story. For my man was a fellow that nobody could have to do with a really formidable man, and the person that drew the cheque is the very punk of the property, motivated, as far as I know, makes it worse, one of your fellows who do what they call good. Black man, I suppose, an honest man passing through the river for some of the apertures, is worth. Black Man House is what I call the place with, he took it, consequently, I thought even that you know what from expounding it. He added a deal with he was taking to a vein of musing.

From this he was rescued by Mr Utterson asking rather violently.

"And you don't know of the drawer of the cheque, yes there."

A key's place, said, returned Mr Enfield. "But I happen to have noticed his address, he lives in some square or other."

And you never asked about the place with the door," said Mr Utterson.

"No, sir," I had a few ways," was the reply. "I feel very strongly about putting questions; it partakes too much of the style of the day of inquiry. You start a question, and it's like starting a stone. You sit quiet on the top of a hill, and away the stone goes starting others, and presently some poor fellow, but the last you would have thought of, is knocking the head in his own back, given and he falls, you have to change their name. No, sir, I make it a rule, I make the matter look like Queen Street, the less I ask."

A very good rule, too," said the lawyer.

But I have studied the place for myself," continued Mr Enfield. "It seems warrantably a house. There's no other house, and nobody goes in or out of it at one o'clock, nor is a great where the gentleman of my adventure. There are three windows looking on the court on the first floor, none below; the windows are always shut but they're clean. And then there is a chimney which is generally smoking, so someone must live there. And yet it's not so sure, for the brick flags are so packed together about the court that it's hard to say where one ends and another begins."

The pair walked on again for a while in silence, and then Enfield said, "Mr Utterson, that's a goodly tale it is."

"Yes, I think it is," returned Enfield.

But what, had continued the lawyer, there was point I want to ask. I want to ask the name of that man who walked over the roof."

Well," said Mr Enfield, "I don't see what harm it would do. It was a man of the name of Hyde."

How," said Mr Utterson. "What sort of man is he to see?"

He is not easy to describe. There is something wrong with his appearance, something expressing something downright evilable. I never saw a man I so disliked, and yet I scarce know why. He must be deformed somewhere; he gives a strong feeling of deformity, although I could not specify the point. He's an extraordinary looking man, and yet I really can name nothing of it. He says, 'No, sir, I can make no hardship, I can't describe him. And I've not wanted memory, for I've seen I can see him this moment."

Mr Utterson again walked some way in silence and obviously under a weight of consideration. You are sure he used a key," he inquired at last.

"My dear sir," began Enfield, surprised out of himself.

"Yes, I know," said Utterson. "I know it may seem strange. The fact is, if I do not ask you the name of the other party, it is because I know it already. You see, Richard, your tale has gone home. If you have been inexact in any point, you had better correct it."

"I think coming I have warned me," returned the other with a somewhat solemnity. "But I have been particularly exact as you said. The fellow had a key, and what more, he hasn't. I saw him use it not a week ago."

Mr Utterson sighed deeply but said never a word, and the young man presently resumed. "Here's another lesson to say nothing," said he. "I am ashamed of my long tongue. Let's make a bargain never to refer to this again."

"With all my heart," said the lawyer. "I shake hands on that, Richard."

SEARCH FOR MR HYDE

[illegible]

Thinking it was no loss, he said as he replaced the dirty newspaper in the car, "at least I begin to feel it is disgrace."

We had a believe in a bicycle for part of a great deal and last night is the
 the dream of a great deal. I was that I was in the house when I was
 the great deal. I was in the house when I was in the house when I was
 the great deal. I was in the house when I was in the house when I was
 the great deal. I was in the house when I was in the house when I was

[illegible]

each other's company.

After a moment's pause, the answer did not come, the subject being so disagreeably preoccupied his mind.

"I suppose I can't say he's got it all together, but this is what I think is that Henry Jekyll has?"

I wish the needs were changed. I don't fit in. But I suppose we are. And what if that I see start to change now.

Forest can become a beautiful landscape with a lot of interesting things.

[illegible]

They have not differed for some good science. He thought and being a rationalist, he was in a position to explain the matter of his own mind. He was not a man of his own mind. He gave his mind a few words to say over his own mind and then he said the question he had come to put. And you ever notice how a good deal of his own Hyde?" he asked.

Hyde regarded Lanyon. No. Never heard of him. Never his name.

It was not until the formation of the new state of Iowa with him, he great work and what he was to do for the state. He was the first to begin to grow large. It was at that time that the people began to grow in their darkness and the great work was done.

[illegible]

the man Mr. Hyde. If he could but once set eyes on him, he thought the mystery would lighten and perhaps fall altogether away, as was the habit of mysterious things when well examined. He might see a reason for his friend's strange preference of solitude, as even his appearance, and even for the startling clause of the will. At least it would be a face worth seeing, the face of a man who was within a few yards of me, a face which had had to do, was used to take up in the mind of the unimpressionable patient, a spirit of enduring hatred.

From that time forwards, Mr. Jekyll began to haunt the door in the by-street of shops. In the morning before nine hours, at noon when business was partly at an end, at night under the lamp of the aged city moon, as a glow and at a hour of solitude of which we the lawyer was to be found on his chosen post.

If he be Mr. Hyde, he had thought, I shall be Mr. Seek.

And at last his patience was rewarded. It was a fine day, bright, frost in the air, the streets as clean as a new floor, the sun peeping over his rays would draw a regular pattern of light and shadow. By ten o'clock when the shops were closed, the by-street was very solitary and in spite of the new growth of London from a round very sweet smell, somewhat tainted for domestic sounds, until the houses were clean and on the other side of the roadway, and he concluded he approached if any passenger preceded him by a long time. Mr. Jekyll had been some minutes at his post when he was aware of a soft light that step drawing near. In the course of his regular patrolling he had long grown accustomed to the quiet effect with which he found a visit of a single person, while he was so, a great way off, excreting a spring of action from the vast firm and untroubled he was. Yet his attention had never before been so sharply and so very arrested, and it was with a strong & nervous prevision of success that he withdrew into the entry of the court.

The steps drew softly nearer, and turned out suddenly nearer as they turned the end of the street. The lawyer, looking forth from the entry, could now see what manner of man he had to deal with. He was small and very plainly dressed, and the look of him, even at that distance, went somehow strikingly against the watchful civility. But he made straight for the foot crossing the roadway to save time, and as he came he drew a key from his pocket like one about to go home.

Mr. Jekyll stepped out and touched him on the shoulder as he passed. "Mr. Hyde, I think?"

Mr. Hyde shrunk back with a flying intake of the breath. But his fear was only momentary, and though he did not look the answer in the face, he answered loud enough. "That is my name. What do you want?"

"I see you are going in," returned the lawyer, "I am an old friend of Dr. Jekyll's. Mr. Utterson of Coombe Street—you must have heard of my father and meetings of some consequence. I thought you might join me."

"You will find me Dr. Jekyll," he said from the street, "I repeat Mr. Hyde is the key. And there you may burst in without knocking up. How did you know me?" he asked.

"On your side," said Mr. Utterson, "will you do me a favour?"

"With pleasure," replied the other. "What shall it be?"

"Will you let me see your face?" asked the lawyer.

Mr. Hyde appeared to hesitate, and then, as if upon some matter

reflection, flamed about with an air of defiance, and the pair stared at each other, pressed exactly for a few seconds. Now I shall know you again," said Mr. Urner. "It may be useful."

"Yes," returned Mr. Hyde. "It is as well we have met, and a better you should have my address. And he gave a number of a street in Soho."

"Good-bye," thought Mr. Urner. "Can he too have been thinking of the same?" But he kept his feelings to himself and only granted in acknowledgment of the address.

"And now," said the other, "how did you know me?"

"By description," was the reply.

"Whose description?"

"We have common friends," said Mr. Urner.

"Common friends," echoed Mr. Hyde, at the doorway. "Who are they?"

"Leave that to me," said the answer.

"He never told you," cried Mr. Hyde, with a flash of anger. "I did not think you would have lied."

"Come," said Mr. Urner, "that is not fitting language."

The other snarled and fled into a savage laugh, and the next moment, with exact certainty, just as he had struck the door and disappeared into the house.

The lawyer stood awhile when Mr. Hyde had left him, the picture of dismay. Then he began slowly to measure the street, passing every step or two and putting his hand to his brow like a man in mental perplexity. The problem he was thus debating as he walked, was one of a class that is rarely solved. Mr. Hyde was pale and thwarted; he gave an impression of deformity without any material malformation; he had a speaking smile, he had become himself to the lawyer with a sort of mystery, as if there were a humanity and boldness, and he spoke with a husky, whispering and somewhat broken voice. All these were points against him, but not all. These things he could explain, the habits unknown, the strange and fearful with which Mr. Urner regarded him. There must be something else, said the perplexed gentleman. There is something more. I know that a name has told itself to me, the name seems hardly human. Something frog-like, shall we say? It can't be the old story of Dr. Jekyll, or is it the mere radiance of a foul soul that thus transpires through and taints good outward men? The last I think for Miss Pott and Harry, who, I never read Satan's signature upon a face, it is in that of your new friend."

Round the corner from the by street, there was a square of ancient baronial houses, now but the most part decayed from their high estate and set in decayed chambers to all sorts and conditions of ruin, map-engravers, at best, shabby lawyers, and the agents of obscure enterprises. One house, however, second from the corner, was well occupied, and at the door of this, which wore a great air of wealth and comfort, though it was now tinged with decay, except for the lattice of Mr. Urner's window, and knocked. A well-dressed, elderly servant opened the door.

"Is Dr. Jekyll at home?" asked the answer.

"Two are Mr. Urner," said the attendant, the visitor, as he spoke, in a large, low, round, comfortable chair, paved with bags, watered after the fashion of a country house, by a bright open fire, and furnished with

costly cabinets of oak. Will you wait here by the fire, sir, or shall I give you a light in the dining room?

Here thank you, said the lawyer, as he drew near and raised on the rafter-let. This hall in which he was now left alone, was a pet-lair of his friend the doctor, and Utterson himself was wont to speak of it as the pleasantest room in London. But tonight there was a shudder in his blood, the face of Hyde sat heavy on his memory, he felt what was rare with him, a nausea and distaste of life, and in his agonised heart he seemed to read a menace in the flickering of the firelight on the polished cabinets and the uneasy starting of the shadow on the roof. He was ashamed of his rebel when Poole presently returned to announce that Dr Jekyll was gone out.

I saw Mr Hyde go, by the old dissecting room door, Poole, he said. Is that right, when Dr Jekyll is from home?

Quite right, Mr Utterson, sir, replied the servant. Mr Hyde has a key.

Your master seems to repose a great deal of trust in that young man, Poole," resumed the other musingly.

Yes, sir, he does indeed, said Poole. We have a lot of letters to deliver him.

I do not think I ever met Mr Hyde, asked Utterson.

O dear no, sir. He never *do*es here, replied the butler. Indeed we see very little of him on this side of the house, he mostly comes and goes by the laboratory."

"Well, good-night, Poole."

"Good-night, Mr Utterson."

And the lawyer set out homeward with a very heavy heart. Poor Harry Jekyll, he thought, my poor friend, yes, for he is in deep waters. He was wild when he was young, a long while ago, to be sure, but in the law of God there is no statute of limitations. As I must be that, the ghost of some old sin, the cancer of some concealed disgrace, punishment coming *pede cunctis* years after memory has forgotten, and self love condoned the fault. And the lawyer, scared by the thought, brooded awhile on his own past, groping in all the corners of memory, lest by chance some Jack-in-the-box of an old iniquity should leap to light there. His past was fairly blameless, few men could read the story of their life with less apprehension, yet he was haunted to the dust by the many things he had done, and raised up again in a sober and fearful gratitude by the many he had come so near committing yet avoided. And here was a return for his former subject, he conceived a spark of hope. This Master Hyde, the worst of him, thought he, must have secrets of his own, black secrets, by the look of him, secrets compared to which poor Jekyll's worst would be like sunlight. Things cannot continue as they are. It is my me due to think of this creature staring like a thief in Harry's bedchamber, poor Harry, what a waking! And the danger of it, for if this Hyde suspects the existence of the wall, he may grow impatient to break it. As I must part, I should like to see the wall, it tells me, but let me be advised, if Jekyll will only let me. For now and then he saw before him in his eye, as clear as transparency, the strange causes of the war.

DR. JEKYLL WAS QUITE AT EASE

A fortnight later, by excellent good fortune, the doctor gave one of his pleasant dinners to some five or six old cronies, all intelligent, reputable men and all judges of good wine, and Mr. Utterson was convinced that he remained behind after the others had departed. This was no new arrangement, but a thing that had happened to a young man of times. Where Utterson was asked he was asked well. Hosts loved to detain the dry lawyer, when the light-hearted and loose-tongued had already bent back on the threshold, they liked to sit awhile in his unobtrusive company, practising for solitude, sobering their minds in the man's rich silence after the expense and strain of gaiety. To this, as Dr. Jekyll was no exception, and as he now sat on the opposite side of the fire, a large, well-made, smooth-faced man of fifty, with something of a youth case perhaps, but every mark of capacity and kindness—you could see by his looks that he cherished for Mr. Utterson a sincere and warm affection.

"I have been wanting to speak to you, Jekyll," began the latter. "You know that will of yours?"

A close observer might have gathered that the topic was distasteful, but the doctor carried it off gallantly. "My poor Utterson," said he, "you are unfortunate in such a client. I never saw a man so distressed as you were by my will, unless it were that hie-bonded pedant, Lanyon, at what he called my scientific heresies. O! I know he's a good fellow, as you needn't I know—an excellent fellow, and I always mean to see more of him, but a hie-bonded pedant he is, that's that, an ignorant, brainy pedant. I was never more disgusted in any man than in Lanyon."

"You know I never approved of it," pursued the lawyer, ruthlessly disregarding the fresh topic.

"My will? Yes, certainly, I know that," said the doctor, a trifle sharply. "You have told me so."

"Well, I told you so again," continued the lawyer. "I have been hearing something of young Hyde."

The large and smooth face of Dr. Jekyll grew pale to the very lips, and there came a blackness about his eyes. "I do not care to hear more," said he. "This is a matter I thought we had agreed to drop."

"What I heard was about nature," said Utterson.

"I can make no change. You do not understand my position," returned the doctor, with a certain nobility of manner. "I am perfectly well, and I, of course, my position is a very strange, a very strange one. It is one of those affairs that cannot be mended by talking."

"Jekyll," said Utterson, "you know me. I am a man to be trusted. Make a clean breast of this confidence, and I make no doubt I can get you out of it."

"My good Utterson," said the doctor, "this is very good of you, this is downright goodness of you, and I can not but wonder that you are. The eye

you fully. I would trust you before any man alive, as before myself, if I could make the choice; but indeed it isn't what you fancy; it is not as bad as that; and just to put your good heart at rest, I will tell you one thing: the moment I choose, I can be rid of Mr. Hyde. I give you my hand upon that; and I thank you again and again; and I will just add one other word, Mr. Utterson, that I'm sure you'd take in good part: this is a private matter, and I beg of you to let it sleep.

Utterson reflected a little, looking in the fire.

"I have no doubt you are perfectly right," he said at last, getting to his feet.

"Well, but since we have touched upon this business, and for the last time I hope," continued the doctor, "there is one point I should like you to understand. I have really a very great interest in poor Hyde. I know you have seen him; he told me so; and I fear he was rude. But I do sincerely take a great, a very great interest in that young man; and if I am taken away, Mr. Utterson, I wish you to promise me that you will bear with him and get his rights for him. I think you would, if you knew all; and it would be a weight off my mind if you would promise."

"I can't pretend that I shall ever like him," said the lawyer.

"I don't ask that," pleaded Jekyll, laying his hand upon the other's arm. "I only ask for justice. I only ask you to be good to him for my sake, when I am no longer here."

Utterson heaved an irrepressible sigh. "Well," said he, "I promise."

THE CAREW MURDER CASE

Nearly a year later, in the month of October, 18—, London was startled by a crime of singular ferocity and rendered all the more notable by the high position of the victim. The details were few and varying. A maid servant, living alone in a house not far from the river, had gone upstairs to bed about eleven. Although a fog rolled over the city in the small hours, the early part of the night was cloudless, and the moon, which the maid's window overlooked, was brilliantly lit by the full moon. It seems she was romantically given; for she sat down upon her box, which stood immediately under the window, and fell into a dream of musing. Never (she used to say, with streaming tears, when she narrated that experience) never had she felt more at peace with all men or thought more kindly of the world. And as she so sat, she became aware of an aged beautiful gentleman with white hair, drawing near along the lane, and advancing to meet him, another and very small gentleman, in whom at first she paid less attention. When they had come within speech, which was just under the maid's eyes, the older man bowed and addressed the other with a very pretty manner of politeness. It did not seem as if the subjects of his address were of great importance; indeed, from his pointing it sometimes appeared as if he were only inquiring his way; but the moon shone on his face as he spoke, and the girl was pleased to watch it; it seemed to breathe such an innocent and old-world kindness of disposition, yet with something high too, as of a well-founded self-content. Presently her eye was

dered the other, and she was surprised to recognize him as certain Mr. Hyde, who had once visited her father and to whom she had received a dislike. He had in his hand a heavy cane, with which he was trifling, as he answered never a word, and seemed to listen with an impatient impatience. And then, all of a sudden, he broke out in a great flame of anger, stamping with his foot, and striking his cane, and carrying on, as he said, devil's bird, like a madman. The old gentleman took a step back, with the air of one very much surprised and a little hurt, and at that Mr. Hyde broke out of all bounds and clapped him to the earth. And the next moment, with ape-like fury, he was trampling his victim under foot and hating down a storm of blows, under which the bones were audibly shattered and the body jumped upon the roadway. At the horror of these sights and sounds, the maid fainted.

It was two o'clock when she came to herself and called for the police. The murderer was gone long ago, but there, as his victim lay, he might find the late, notorious margined. The stick with which the deed had been done, although it was of some rate and very rough and heavy wood, had broken in the middle under the stress of this unwise crime, and the splintered had had rolled in the neighborly gutter, the other, without doubt, had been carried away by the murderer. A purse and gold watch were found upon the victim, but no cards or papers except a sealed and stamped envelope, which he had been probably carrying to the post, and which bore the name and address of Mr. Utterson.

It was brought to the lawyer the next morning, before he was out of bed, and he had no sooner seen it, and seen out the circumstances, than he shot out a sudden cry. "Is a saying nothing to I have seen the body," said he, "this may be very serious. Have the kindness to wait while I dress." And with the same grave countenance he hurried through his breakfast and drove to the police station, whither the body had been carried. As soon as he came into the cell, he nodded.

"Yes," said he, "I recognize him. I am sorry to say that he is Sir Danvers Carew."

"Good God, sir," exclaimed the officer, "is it possible?" And the next moment he was righted up with professional attention. "This will make a deal of noise," he said, "and perhaps you can help us to them. And he briefly narrated what the maid had seen, and showed the broken stick.

Mr. Utterson had a ready quiver at the name of Hyde, but when the stick was laid before him, he could find no longer broken and battered as it was, he recognized it for one that he had himself presented many years before to Henry Jekyll.

"Is this Mr. Hyde a person of small stature?" he inquired.

"Particularly small, and particularly wicked-looking, as what the maid calls him," said the officer.

Mr. Utterson reflected, and then, raising his head, "If you will come with me in my cab," he said, "I think I can take you to his house."

It was by this time about nine of the morning, and the first fog of the season. A great, black, cottoned pall lowered over heaven, but the wind was continually changing and blowing these shattered vapors, so that as the cab crawled from street to street, Mr. Utterson beheld a strange succession of light and hues of twilight. For here it would be dark like the back end of evening, and here would be a glow of a rich, lurid brown, like the light of some strange conflagration, and there, for a

moment the fog would be quite broken up and a haggard shaft of day light would glare in between the swirling wreaths. The dismal quarter of Soho seen under these changing glimpes with its muddy ways and slatternly passengers and its lamps which had never been extinguished or had been kindled afresh to combat this mournful reign of darkness seemed in the lawyer's eyes like a district of some city in a night mare. The thoughts of his mind besides were of the gloomiest dye and when he glanced at the companion of his drive he was conscious of some touch of that terror of the law and the law's officers which may at times assail the most honest.

As the cab drew up before the address indicated the fog lifted a little and showed him a foggy street, a gloomy place, a low French heating house, a shop for the retail of penny snuff-boxes and twopenny saucers, many ragged children huddled in the doorways, and many women of many different nationalities passing out keys in hand to have a morning glass, and the next moment the fog settled down again upon that part as brown asumber, and cut him off from his background and surroundings. This was the home of Henry Jekyll's favourite, of a man who was bent to a quarter of a million sterling.

An ivory faced and silver haired old woman opened the door. She had an evil face smoothed by hypocrisy, but her manners were excellent. "Yes," she said, "this was Mr. Hyde; but he was not at home, he had been in that night very late, but he had gone away again in less than an hour. There was nothing strange in that, his habits were very irregular, and he was often absent. For instance, it was nearly two months since she had seen him till yesterday."

"Very well, then, we wish to see his rooms," said the lawyer, and when the woman began to declare it was impossible, "I had better tell you who this person is," he added. "This is Inspector Newcomen of Scotland Yard."

A flash of odious joy appeared upon the woman's face. "Ah," said she, "he is in trouble! What has he done?"

Mr. Utterson and the inspector exchanged glances. "He don't seem a very popular character," observed the latter. "And now, my good woman, just let me and this gentleman have a look about us."

In the whole extent of the house, which but for the old woman remained otherwise empty, Mr. Hyde had only used a couple of rooms, but these were furnished with luxury and good taste. A closet was lined with wine, the plate was of silver, the napery elegant, a good picture hung upon the wall, a gift, as Utterson supposed, from Henry Jekyll, who was much of a connoisseur, and the carpets were of many pines and agreeable in colour. At this moment, however, the rooms bore every mark of having been recently and hurriedly ransacked, clothes lay about the floor, with the pockets inside out, look fast drawers stood open, and on the hearth there lay a pile of grey ashes, as though many papers had been burned. From these embers the inspector disinterred the butt end of a green cheque book, which had resisted the action of the fire, the other half of the stick was found behind the door, and as this, touched by suspicion, the officer declared himself delighted. A visit to the bank, where several thousand pounds were found to be lying to the murdered credit, compared his gratification.

"You may depend upon it, sir," he told Mr. Utterson, "I have him in my

hand. He must have lost his head, or he never would have left the stock on a week, burned the cherry-tree. Why money value to the man. We have nothing to do but wait for him at the back and get out the handbill."

This last, however, was not so easy of accomplishment, for Mr. Hyde had numbered few fair hairs—even the master of the servant-maid had only seen him twice; his family could nowhere be traced; he had never been photographed; and the few who could describe him differed widely, as common observers will. Only on one point were they agreed, and that was the haunting sense of unexpressed deformity with which the fugitive impressed his beholders.

INCIDENT OF THE LETTER

It was late in the afternoon when Mr. Utterson found his way to Dr. Jekyll's door, where he was at once admitted by Poole, and carried down by the kitchen stairs and a passage yard which had once been a garden to the building which was indifferently known as the laboratory or dissecting rooms. The doctor had bought the house from the heirs of a celebrated surgeon, and his own tastes being rather chemical than anatomical, had changed the destination of the block at the bottom of the garden. It was the first time that the answer had been received in that part of his friend's quarters, and he eyed the dingy, windowless structure with curiosity, and gazed round with a distasteful sense of strangeness as he crossed the theatre, once crowded with eager students and now lying gaunt and silent, the tables laden with chemicals, apparatus, the floor strewn with crates and littered with packing straw, and the light falling dimly through the foggy cupola. At the farther end a flight of stairs mounted to a door covered with red baize, and through this Mr. Utterson was at last received into the doctor's cabinet. It was a large room fitted round with glass presses furnished and gathered things with a chequer glass and a business table, and looking out upon the court by three dusty windows barred with iron. The fire burned in the grate, a lamp was set alight on the chimney shelf, for even in the houses the fog began to be thick, and there close up to the warmth sat Dr. Jekyll, looking deathly sick. He did not rise to meet his visitor, but held out a cold hand and bade him welcome in a changed voice.

"And now," said Mr. Utterson, as soon as Poole had left them, "you have heard the news?"

The doctor shuddered. "They were crying in the square," he said, "I heard them in my dining-room."

"One word," said the lawyer, "Lewes was my client, but so are you, and I want to know what I am doing. You have not been mad enough to hide this fellow?"

"Utterson, I swear to God," cried the doctor, "I swear to God I will never set eyes on him again. I owe my home to you, that I am done with him in this world. It was at an end. And indeed he does not want my help. You do not know him as I do, he is safe, he is quite safe, mark my words, he will never more be heard of."

The lawyer listened gloomily; he did not like his friend's feverish

manner. "You seem pretty sure of him," said he, "and for your sake I hope you may be right. If it came to trial, your name might appear."

"I am quite sure of him," replied Jekyll. "I have grounds for certainty that I cannot share with anyone. But there is one thing—which you may advise me I have—I have received a letter, and I am at a loss whether I should show it to the police. I should like to leave it in your hands, Utterson; you would judge wisely. I am sure I have so great a trust in you."

"You fear I suppose, that it might lead to his detection?" asked the lawyer.

"No," said the other. "I cannot say that I care what becomes of Hyde. I am quite done with him. I was thinking of my own character, which this hateful business has rather exposed."

Utterson ruminated awhile; he was surprised at his friend's selfishness, and yet relieved by it. "Well," said he at last, "let me see the letter."

The letter was written in an odd, upright hand and signed "Edward Hyde," and it signified, briefly enough, that the writer's benefactor, Dr. Jekyll, whom he had long so unworthily repaid for a thousand generousities, needed at a tender moment for his safety, as he had means of escape on which he placed a sure dependence. The lawyer read this letter well enough; it put a better colour on the story than he had looked for, and he blamed himself for some of his previous suspicions.

"Have you the envelope?" he asked.

"I burned it," replied Jekyll. "but ere I thought what I was about. But it bore no postmark. The note was handed in."

"Shall I keep this and sleep upon it?" asked Utterson.

"I wish you to judge for me entirely," was the reply. "I have lost confidence in myself."

"Well, I shall consider," returned the lawyer. "And now one word more: it was Hyde who dictated the terms in your will about that disappearance?"

The doctor seemed seized with a quail of faintness; he shut his mouth tight and nodded.

"I knew it," said Utterson. "He meant to murder you. You had a fine escape."

"I have had what is far more to the purpose," returned the doctor solemnly. "I have had a lesson—(O God, Utterson, what a lesson I have had!—And he covered his face for a moment with his hands.)"

On his way out the lawyer stopped and had a word or two with Poole.

"By the bye," said he, "there was a letter handed in to-day, what was the messenger like? But Poole was positive nothing had come except by post—and only circumspectly by that," he added.

This news sent off the visitor with his fears renewed. Plainly the letter had come by the laboratory door, possibly, indeed, it had been written in the cabinet, and if that were so, it must be differently judged and handled with the more caution. The newshaws, as he went, were giving themselves a hoarse going along the footways. "Special edition. Shocking murder of an M.P." That was the funeral oration of one friend and client, and he could not help a certain apprehension lest the good name of another should be sucked down in the eddy of the scandal. It was at least a ticklish decision that he had to make, and so fitly reluctant as he was by habit, he began to cherish a longing for advice. It was not to be had directly, but perhaps, he

thought it ought to be taken for.

Presently after breakfast one side of his wet hearth with Mr. Guest his head cloth upon the other, and then was between, at a table standing at a distance from the fire a bottle of a particular old wine he had long dwelt upon in the foretellers of his house. The big step on he wing above the doorway, where the armpits turned like a butress and through them the air, another of these faces, only the procession of the town side was a strong, although he great attention was a sound as of a mighty wind. But the room was gay with fire. In the bottle the air were being again renewed, he kept a fire had a better with time as the room grows richer it stained windows, and the glow of hot a double a reflection on his side invariably was ready to be set free and to dispense the fog of London. I say this, he answer, heated. There was no man from whom he kept fewer secrets than Mr. Guest, and he was not a ways were, but he kept as many as he meant. Guest had often been on business to the factory, he knew how he could make have to see to hear of Mr. Guest's plans, as a matter of course, he might draw this story was true as well, then, that he should see a letter which put that mystery to rights, at least a little. Guest being a great student and doer of his two being would consider he step that as a doing thing. The clerk besides was a man of course, he could make read what was a document without dropping a remark, and by that remark Mr. Guest might shape his future course.

"This is a sad business about Sir Danvers," he said.

"Yes, sir, indeed. I have noted a great deal of poor feeling returned Guest. "The man, of course, was mad."

"I should like to hear your views on that," replied Utterson. "I have a document here in his handwriting, it is between ourselves, but I want to know what to do about it, it is a very business at the best, but there is a queer way of writing, and it is a letter, a dog's tail."

Guests eyes brightened, and he saw how at once and studied it with passion. "No, sir," he said, "no, indeed, but it is an old hand."

"And is it as good as a very old writer," asked he, answer.

"I will then the servant entered with a note."

"That from Dr. Jekyll, sir," replied the clerk. "I thought I knew the writing. Anything private, Mr. Utterson?"

"It is an invitation to dinner. Why do you want to see it?"

"For curiosity," I thank you, sir," said the clerk, and the two sheets of paper alongside and set in a very room, they were very. "I thank you, sir," he said at last, returning both, "it is a very interesting a dog's tail."

There was a pause during which Mr. Utterson struggled with himself. Why did you compare him to Guest? he muttered and then:

"Well, sir," he said, "the clerk, there is a rather singular resemblance the two, but it is not many points of identity, they are differently shaped."

"Rather quaint," said Utterson.

"It is as you say, rather quaint," returned Guest.

"I would not speak of this note, you know," said the master.

"No, sir," said the clerk, "I understand."

But no sooner was Mr. Utterson alone that night, than he took the note up to his study, where it lay upon the table, and he looked at it. He thought, "He is a man, a murderer. And his blood runs down his veins."

REMARKABLE INCIDENT OF DR. LAYTON

Time passed in the same old pattern, with no direct reward for the death of Sir Havers. He was regarded as a patient of Sir Mr. Hyde had done a great deal of the work of the police as though he had never existed. Now his past was forgotten indeed, and a steep, bare, bare came into the man's life at once, and as it were, a new world of his strange associations of the hatred that seemed to have surrounded his career faded his vision, where a man could a whisper. From the time he had left the house at night on the morning of the murder, he was firmly believed not and gradually, as time drew on, Mr. Lestrade began to recover from the business of the day and to grow more at ease with himself. The death of Sir Havers was to his way of looking more than paid for by the testimony of Mr. Hyde. Now that that evil of some had been with him, a new he began to be free. He came out of his seclusion, renewed relations with his friends, his name once more their familiar general conversation, and when he had always been known for what he was now he was living, shed for the good. He was busy, he was much in the open air, he did good, his face seemed to open and brighten as if with an inward joyousness, desire, and for more than two months, the doctor was at peace.

On the 11th of January I received had found at the bottom of a small party of about 100 men had been there and the land of the boat had worked to my cause. The other as in the old days when the two were engaged about 100 men. On the 12th of January in the 11th the two was the again at the answer.

he found it was not needed. He thought it was not used and saw no use for it. The next day he tried again and was again refused and having now been used for the day we did not care to use it. I tried a second day. He found this necessary of necessity to weigh against his opinion. The fifth night he had in the morning found it not needed and he said he had not to use it. He again said

I there at least he was not termed an intruder, but when he came in he was shocked at the charge which had taken place in the doctor's apartment. He had his death warrant written in his open face. The news that his going to pass his last breath in prison was the most terrible and cruel punishment that may come to man in these regions. I said, please, let us have a rest, he answered me as a look in the eye and a look in the manner had seemed to tell to me the deep seated terror of the mind. It was as if he had the doctor should fear death, and yet that was what I myself was surprised to expect. Yes, he thought, he is a brute, he must know his own state of mind that his days are counted, and he knows, he knows that he is at least. And yet when I asked him what he would do it was with an air of great firmness that he answered and he said, I would man

[illegible]

But I lay in state, I argued at the head of a great big bed. I wish to see it near to mine of Mr. Jeky. He said a kind, friendly voice. I am quite done with this person, and I beg that you will spare me as a short to one whom I regard as dead."

I said, said Mr. Lanyon, and I then after a considerable pause, could I do anything, he insisted. We are here very old friends. Lanyon, we then did not care to make others.

Nothing at the time, I replied Lanyon, ask himself.

"He will not see me," said the lawyer.

I am not surprised at that, was the reply. Some day I mean to see I am dead, you may perhaps come to learn the right way of it, but I cannot tell you. And in the meantime, if you call on and talk with me of other things, for God's sake, may and do so, but do not mention the point of this as a secret, for then Mr. Jeky's name goes, and I cannot hear it.

As soon as he got home, Lanyon sat down and wrote to Jeky, concerning of his excuse to go to his house, and asking the cause of his unhappy break with Lanyon, and the next day his great big answer, after very much of a worried and somewhat of a violent nature, it felt. The matter with Lanyon was no more. I do not blame our old friend, Jeky, who, but I share his view that we must never meet. I mean to go henceforth to lead a life of extreme seclusion, so that you must not be surprised, nor must you doubt the friendship, if it is done to other, that next to you. You must suffer me to go my own way. I have brought down with me a punishment and a danger that I can not name. If I am the chief of sinners, I am the best of sinners, and I could not think that this earth sustained a more evil suffering and evil sinning, and you can do but one thing, I return to fight his destiny, and that is to respect his sinners. Lanyon was amazed, the dark of course of Hyde had been withdrawn, he felt it had returned to his old tasks and amusements. A week ago, the prospect had seemed to every person, a heart and an honest and age, and now it a moment, I would up and peace of mind, and the whole world of his life were wrecked. So great and unexpected a change produced a madness, but in view of Lanyon's character and words, there it was, he felt it worse deeper ground.

A week afterwards, Mr. Lanyon took to his bed, and in something less than a fortnight he was dead. The night after the funeral, at which he had been sadly attracted, Lanyon asked, he found, that his business room, and sitting here in the night, at a time as he was, he threw up at last, he felt him a letter, addressed by the hand and sealed with the seal of his dead friend. He was, for he hardly felt, Lanyon's case, and in case of his possible case, he decided to send, so it was empty, and a subject, he felt, and the lawyer, he decided to help, at the contrary, I have been, one friend to day, he thought, what if this should not be a letter. And then he could not help but fear, as a law, and broke the seal. Within there was another envelope, likewise sealed, and marked upon the cover as not to be opened, the dread of the disappearance of Mr. Henry Jeky. Lanyon, did not read his eyes. Yes, it was that, that was here again, as to be that was, which he had long ago, returned to its, a short, here again were the idea of a disappearance, and the name of Henry Jeky, he asked. But it, he was, that idea had sprung from the most suggestion, the man, Hyde, it was set there with a put, some, a time, perhaps, to the. Written by the hand of Lanyon, what should I mean.

A great curiosity came on the trustee to disregard the prohibition and dive at once to the bottom of these mysteries. But professional honour and faith to his dead friend were stringent obligations, and the packet slept in the inmost corner of his private safe.

It is one thing to mortally curiosity, another to conquer it, and it may be doubted if from that day forth Utterson desired the society of his surviving friend with the same eagerness. He thought of him kindly, but his thoughts were disquieted and fearful. He went to call, indeed, but he was perhaps relieved to be denied admittance; perhaps, in his heart, he preferred to speak with Poole upon the doorstep and surrounded by the air and sounds of the open city, rather than to be admitted into that house of voluntary bondage, and to sit and speak with its inscrutable recluse. Poole had, indeed, no very pleasant news to communicate. The doctor, it appeared, now more than ever confined himself to the cabinet over the laboratory, where he would sometimes even sleep; he was out of spirits, he had grown very silent, he did not read, it seemed as if he had something on his mind. Utterson became so used to the unvarying character of these reports, that he felt little by little in the frequency of his visits.

INCIDENT AT THE WINDOW

It chanced on Sunday, when Mr. Utterson was on his usual walk with Mr. Enfield, that their way lay once again through the by street, and that when they came in front of the door, both stopped to gaze on it.

"Well," said Enfield, "that surely is an end at least. We shall never see more of Mr. Hyde."

"I hope not," said Utterson. "Did I ever tell you that I once saw him and shared your feeling of repulsion?"

"It was impossible to do the one without the other," returned Enfield. "And by the way, what an ass you must have thought me, not to know that this was a back way to Dr. Jekyll's. It was partly your own fault that I found it out, even when I did."

"So you found it out, did you?" said Utterson. "But if that be so, we may step into the court and take a look at the windows. To tell you the truth, I am uneasy about poor Jekyll, and even outside, I feel as if the presence of a friend might do him good."

The court was very cool, and a little damp, and full of premature twilight, although the sky, high up overhead, was still bright with sunset. The middle one of the three windows was half-way open, and sitting close beside it, taking the air with an infinite sadness of mien, like some disconsolate prisoner, Utterson saw Dr. Jekyll.

"What, Jekyll?" he cried. "I trust you are better."

"I am very low," Utterson replied, the doctor drearily. "Very low. It will not last long, thank God."

"You stay too much in doors," said the lawyer. "You should be out, whipping up the circulation like Mr. Enfield and me. This is my cousin, Mr. Enfield.—Dr. Jekyll, come now, get your hat and take a quick turn with us."

"You are very good," sighed the other. "I should like to very much, but

no, no, no it is quite impossible. I dare not. But indeed, Uterson, I am very glad to see you. This is really a great pleasure. I would ask you and Mr. Enfield up, but the place is really not fit."

"Why, then," said the lawyer good-naturedly, "the best thing we can do is stay down here and speak with you from where we are."

"That is just what I was about to venture to propose," returned the doctor with a smile. But the words were hardly uttered before the smile was struck out of his face and succeeded by an expression of such affect, terror and despair, as froze the very blood of the two gentlemen below. They saw it but for a glimpse for the window was instantly thrust down but that glimpse had been sufficient and they turned and left the court without a word. In silence, too, they traversed the by-street, and it was not until they had come into a neighbouring thoroughfare where even upon a Sunday there were still some stirrings of life that Mr. Uterson at last turned and looked at his companion. They were both pale, and there was an answering horror in their eyes.

"God forgive us! God forgive us!" said Mr. Uterson.

But Mr. Enfield only nodded his head very seriously and walked on once more in silence.

THE LAST NIGHT

Mr. Uterson was sitting by his fireside one evening after dinner when he was surprised to receive a visit from Poole.

"Bless me, Poole, what brings you here?" he cried, and then taking a second look at him, "What ails you?" he added, "is the doctor ill?"

"Mr. Uterson," said the man, "there is something wrong."

"Take a seat, and here is a glass of wine for you," said the lawyer. "Now take your time and tell me plainly what you want."

"You know the doctor's ways, sir," replied Poole, "and how he shuts himself up. Well, he's shut up again in the cabinet, and I don't like it, sir—I wish I may die if I like it. Mr. Uterson, sir, I'm afraid."

"Now, my good man," said the lawyer, "be explicit. What are you afraid of?"

"I've been afraid for about a week," returned Poole, "dogged and regarding the question—and I can bear it no more."

The man's appearance amply bore out his words; his manner was altered for the worse, and except for the moment when he had first announced his terror, he had not once looked the lawyer in the face. Even now he sat with the glass of wine untasted on his knee, and his eyes directed to a corner of the floor. "I can bear it no more," he repeated.

"Come," said the lawyer, "I see you have some good reason, Poole. I see there is something seriously amiss. Try to tell me what it is."

"I think there's been foul play," said Poole, hoarsely.

"Foul play?" cried the lawyer, a good deal frightened and rather inclined to be irritated in consequence. "What foul play? What does the man mean?"

"I daren't say, sir," was the answer, "but will you come along with me and see for yourself?"

Mr. Utterson's only answer was to rise and get his hat and greatcoat, but he observed with wonder the greatness of the relief that appeared upon the butler's face, and perhaps with no less that the wine was not so tasted when he set it down to follow.

It was a wild, cold season, a fine night of March, with a pale moon, lying on her back as though the wind had tilted her, and flying wrack of the most diaphanous and lawny texture. The wind made talking difficult, and flecked the broad front of the face. It seemed to have swept the streets unusually bare of passengers besides, for Mr. Utterson thought he had never seen that part of London so deserted. He could have wished it otherwise, never in his life had he been conscious of so strong a wish to see and touch his fellow creatures. For struggle as he might, there was borne in upon his mind a crushing anticipation of calamity. The square, when they got there, was full of wind and dust, and the linden trees in the garden were lashing themselves along the railing. Poole, who had kept all the way a pace or two ahead, now passed up into the middle of the pavement, an' in spite of the biting weather, took off his hat and mopped his brow with a red pocket-handkerchief. But for all the hurry of his coming, these were not the views of exertion that he wiped away, but the remembrance of some straining anguish, for his face was white and his voice, when he spoke, harsh and broken.

"Well, sir," he said, "here we are, and God grant there be nothing wrong."

"Amen, Poole," said the lawyer.

Thereupon the servant knocked in a very guarded manner, the door was opened on the chain, and a voice asked from within, "Is that you, Poole?"

"It is a right," said Poole. "Open the door."

The hall, when they entered it, was brightly lighted up, the fire was built high, and about the hearth the waist of the servants, men and women, stood, had been together like a flock of sheep. At the sight of Mr. Utterson, the household broke into hurried whispering, and he could cry out, "Bless God, it's Mr. Utterson!" ran forward as if to take him in her arms.

"What, what? Are you all here?" said the lawyer, peevishly. "Very regular, very unseemly, your master would be far from pleased."

"They're all afraid," said Poole.

Banksyence followed no one protesting, only the maid uttered her voice and now wept loudly.

"Hold your tongue," Poole said to her, with a ferocity of accent that testified to his own tangled nerves, and indeed, when the girl had so suddenly raised the note of her lamentation, they had all varied and turned towards the inner door with faces of breathless expectation. And now continued the butler, addressing the knife-boy, "reach me a candle, and we'll get this through, that is a donee." And then he begged Mr. Utterson to follow him, and left, he was to the back garden.

"Now sit," said he, "you come as gently as you can. I want you to hear, and I don't want you to be heard. And see here, sir, it is any chance he was to ask you in, don't go."

Mr. Utterson's yes at this invoked for termination gave a jerk that nearly threw him from his haunches, but he recollecting his courage and followed the butler into the laboratory building through the surgical

theatre with its lumber of crates and theatres to the foot of the stair. Here Poole motioned him to stand on one side and listen, while he himself, setting down the candle and making a great and obnoxious call on his tired brain, hunted, he steps and knocked with a somewhat uncertain hand, on the red haze of the cabinet door.

Mr. Utterson, in asking to see you, he cried, and even as he did so, once more violently signed to the lawyer to give rat.

A voice answered from within: "Let him I cannot see anyone," it said complacently.

"Thank you, sir," said Poole, with a note of something like triumph in his voice, and taking up his candle, he led Mr. Utterson back across the yard and into the great kitchen, where the fire was out and the beetles were leaping on the floor.

"No," he said, looking Mr. Utterson in the eyes, "was that my master's voice?"

"It seems much changed," replied the lawyer, very pale, but going on to look for look.

"Changed? Well, yes, I think so," said the butler. "Have I been twenty years in that man's house to be deceived as to his voice? No, my master's made away with; he was made away with eight days ago, when we heard him cry out upon the name of God, and when there instead of him, and what it stays there, was a thing that cries to Heaven, Mr. Utterson."

"This is a very strange tale," Poole, "this is rather a wild tale," my man," said Mr. Utterson, holding his finger. "Suppose it were as you suppose, supposing Dr. Jekyll have been murdered, what could induce the murderer to stay? That would be bad water, it does not commend itself to reason."

"Well, Mr. Utterson, you are a hard man to satisfy, but I don't yet," said Poole. "All this last week, you must know him, or if whatever it is that lives in that cabinet, has been crying night and day for some sort of medicine, and cannot get it to his mind. It was sometimes his way—the mastery that was to write his orders on a sheet of paper and throw it in the stair. We've had nothing else this week back, nothing but papers, and a closed door, and the very meats left there to be smothered in when nobody was looking. Well, on every day, say, and twice and three in the same day, there have been orders and compacts, and I have been sending to a the wholesale chemist in town, every time I brought the stuff back, there would be another paper telling me to return it, because it was not pure, and another order to add, seven times. This drug is wanted bitter bad, sir, whatever for."

"Have you any of these papers?" asked Mr. Utterson.

Poole felt in his pocket and handed him a crumpled note, which the lawyer, bending nearer to the candle, carefully examined. His comments ran thus: "Dr. Jekyll presents his compliments to Messrs. Maw. He assures them that their last sample is impure and quite useless for his present purpose. In the year 18— Dr. J. put bases a somewhat large quantity from Messrs. M. He now begs them to search with most sedulous care, and should any of the same quality be left, to forward it to him at once. Expense is no consideration. The importance of this to Dr. J. can hardly be exaggerated." So far the letter had run, composed, as enough, but here, with a sudden quivering of the pen, the writer's emotion had taken more.

"For God's sake," he added, "tell me where of the end."

"It was a strange note," said Mr Utterson, and then sharply, "How do you come to have that?"

The man a Malay was main at grips with him, and he threw it back to me like a much better returned blow.

This was a goodly note, he said, it's hand, do you know? resumed the lawyer.

"I thought I looked like it," said the servant, rather weakly, and then, with another voice, "But what matters hand? I write," he said, "I've seen him."

"Seen him?" repeated Mr Utterson. "Well."

"That was I," said Poor. "It was this way. I came suddenly into the theatre from the garden. It seems he had slipped out to look for his dog or whatever it is, for the cabinet door was open, and there he was at the far end of the room, tugging among the crates. He looked up when I came in, gave a kick to it, it is, and whipped it away, and the cabinet. It was not for one moment that I saw him, for the hat stood upon his head, he quarts. But if that was my master, why had he a mask upon his face? If it was my master, why did he run out like that and run from me? I have served him long enough. And then—" The man paused and passed his hat over his face.

"These are a strange collection of answers," said Mr Utterson, "but I think I begin to see daylight. Your master, Poor, is plainly seized with one of those maniacs that both torture and delude the sufferer, hence, for aught I know, the alteration of his name, hence the mask and the avoidances of his friends, hence his eagerness to find this dog, by means of which the poor will retain some hope of a master's recovery. And grant that he be not deceived. There is his explanation, it is sad enough, I am afraid, and appalling to consider, but it is plain and natural, being well together, and delivering us from all such a variety."

"No," said he, "but I am going to set a moreed pace. That thing was not my master, and therefore he hath. My master, once he looked to, and him and regret to who see—is a fair, fair-looking, a man, and this was more of a sword. Utterson attempted to protest. "O yes," cried Poor, "do you look if I do not know my master after twenty years. Do you think I do not know where his head comes out the cabinet door where I saw him every morning of my life. No sir, I am king of the mask was never Dr. Jekyll—last knows what it was, but it was never Dr. Jekyll—and it is the best of my heart, but there was murder done."

Poor repeated he, "I am going to set a moreed pace. That thing was not my master, and therefore he hath. My master, once he looked to, and him and regret to who see—is a fair, fair-looking, a man, and this was more of a sword. Utterson attempted to protest. "O yes," cried Poor, "do you look if I do not know my master after twenty years. Do you think I do not know where his head comes out the cabinet door where I saw him every morning of my life. No sir, I am king of the mask was never Dr. Jekyll—last knows what it was, but it was never Dr. Jekyll—and it is the best of my heart, but there was murder done."

"My Mr Utterson, that's taking," cried the latter.

And now comes the second question, resumed Utterson. "Who is going to do it?"

"Why you and me," was the unexpected reply.

"That every well said," retorted the lawyer, "and whatever comes of it I shall make it my business to see you safe to bed."

"There is an axe in the kitchen," resumed Poor, "and you might take the kitchen-pot for yourself."

The lawyer took that note too weighty to stir the night's work, and he turned to the door, knowing Poor, he said, looking at the man, and came

about to place ourselves in a position of some peril."

"You may say so, sir," replied "retained" be butler.

"It is well then that we should be frank," said the other. "We both think more than we have said. Let us make a clean breast. This masked figure that you saw, did you recognise it?"

"Well, sir, it went so quick, and the creature was so doubled up, that I could hardly swear to that," was the answer. "But if you mean, was it Mr. Hyde—why, yes, I think it was. You see, it was much of the same height, and I had the same quick light way with it, and then when we second have got it by the waist, certainly, you? You have not forget, sir, hat at the time of the murder he had stuck the key with him. But that you and I do not know. Mr. Utterson, if you ever met this Mr. Hyde—"

"Yes," said the lawyer, "I once spoke with him."

"Then you must know as well as he rest of us that there was something queer about that gentleman—something that gave a chill and a shiver. I don't know rightly how to say it, sir, beyond this, that you feel in your marrow kind of cold and thin."

"I own I felt something of what you describe," said Mr. Utterson.

"Quite so, sir," returned Poole. "Well, when that masked thing, like a monkey, slipped from among the shelves and whopped at the cabinet, it went down my spine like ice. I know it's not evidence, Mr. Utterson. I'm back-slashed enough for that. But a man has his feelings, and I give you my bible-word it was Mr. Hyde!"

"As, as," said the lawyer. "My fears incline to the same point, but I fear, indeed, evil was sure to come of that connection. As it is, I believe you. I believe poor Hatter is killed, and I believe his murderer, for what purpose? God alone can tell. It is a—taking it to his victim's room. Well, let us not have the vengeance. Call Bradshaw."

The footman came at the summons, very white and nervous.

"Put yourself together, Bradshaw," said the lawyer, "by suspense. I know it's a long job, but it is now our intention to make an end of it. Poole here and I are going to force our way into the cabinet. If a man were my shoulders are broad enough to bear the blame. Meanwhile, rest anything should really be an answer, or any manufacturer seek to escape by the back yard and the boy must go out of the corner with a pair of good sticks and take your post at the landlady's door. We give you ten minutes to get to your stations."

As Bradshaw left, the lawyer looked at his watch. "And now, Poole, let us get to work," he said, and taking the pocket under his arm, led the way into the yard. The wind had backed over the moon, and it was now quite dark. The wind, which only broke in puffs and draughts into that deep well of the night, tossed the light of the candle to and fro about their steps, until they came to the shelter of the theatre, where they sat down, side by side, to wait. London hummed warmly all around, but nearer at hand the street was only broken by the sound of a footfall moving to and fro along the cabinet floor.

Soon was wakened a day, sir, whispered Poole, "ay, and the better part of the night. Only when a new sample comes from the chest, at the very least, of a break. Ah, it is a terrible conscience that such an enemy takes. Ah, sir, there's blood for a shed in every step of it. But hark again, a true counsel—put your heart on your ears. Mr. Utterson, and if I live, with the doctor's foot!"

The step led ~~ghy and oddly~~ with a certain swing for all they went so slowly—it was different indeed from the heavy,reaking tread of Henry Jekyll. Utterson sighed. Is there never any thing else? he asked.

Poorer indeed. Once, he said. Once I heard it weeping.

Weeping, how that? said the lawyer, conscious of a sudden chill and horror.

Weeping like a woman or a lost soul, said the butler. I came away with that upon my heart, that I could have wept too.

But now the ten minutes drew to an end. Poole disinterred the axe from under a stack of packing straw, the candle was set upon the nearest table to light them to the attack, and they drew near with hated stealth to where that patient foot was still going up and down, up and down, in the quiet of the night. Jekyll cried Utterson, with a loud voice. I demand to see you. He paused a moment, but there came no reply. I give you fair warning, Mr. Jekyll, you are accused, and I must and shall see you, he resumed. If not by fair means, then by foul. If not by your consent, then by brute force!

Utterson, said the voice. For God's sake, have mercy.

Ah, that's not Jekyll's voice—it's Hyde's, cried Utterson. Down with the door, Poole!

Poole swung the axe over his shoulder, the blow shook the banding, and the red hair door scraped against the lock and hinges. A dismal screech, as of mere animal terror, came from the cabinet. Up went the axe again, and again the pane crashed and the flame bounded. Four times the blow fell, but the wood was tough and the fittings were of excellent workmanship, and it was not until the fifth that the lock burst and he wrenched the door from its wards on the carpet.

The besiegers, appalled by their own riot and the stress that had so needed, stood back a little and peered in. There lay the cabinet before their eyes in the pale lamp-light, a gulf of growing and battering on the hearth, the knee sagging with its strain, a drawer or two open, papers nearly set forth on the floor, a wax-taper and nearer the fire the things laid out for tea, the patterned room, you would have said, and but for the glazed presses full of chemicals, the most common place that might in London.

Right in the midst there lay the body of a man, not so extended and still twitching. They drew near on tiptoe, turned it on its back and beheld the face that faced Hyde. He was dressed in clothes far too large for him, clothes of the doctor's guess, the cords of his face were moved with a semi-conscious life, but he was quite gone, and by the crashed plash in the hand and the strong smelt of ketters that hung upon the air, Utterson knew that he was looking on the body of a self-deceiver.

We have come for you, he said sternly, whether to save or punish. Hyde is gone—do you want a verdict, or remain silent to find the body of your master?

The far greater proportion of the watching was done by the hearth, which the lamp must be where it would stand, and was lighted from above, and by the cabinet, which formed an upper story at the end and looked upon the ~~into~~. A curtain round the theatre to the foot of the by street, and within the alcove, a miniature separate view, a second light of wax, were besides a few dark ~~assets~~ and a space or so of air. At these they now, however, examined. Each corner needed but a glance

for a few were empty, and all, by the dust that fell from their doors, had stood long unopened. The great, indeed, was lined with crazy furniture, mostly dating from the times of the surgeon who was Jekyll's predecessor. But even as they opened the door, they were advertised of the uselessness of further search, by the fact of a perfect mat of cobwebs which had for years veiled up the entrance. Nowhere was there any trace of Henry Jekyll, dead or alive.

Poole stamped on the flags of the corridor. "He must be buried here," he said, hearkening to the sound.

Oh, he may have fled," said Utterson, and he turned to examine the door in the by street. It was locked, and lying near by on the flags, they found the key, a ready stained with rust.

"This does not look like use," observed the lawyer.

"Use," echoed Poole. "Do you not see, sir, it is broken? much as if a man had stamped on it."

Ay," continued Utterson, and he fractures too are rusty." The two men looked at each other with a stare. "This is beyond me, Poole," said the lawyer. "Let us go back to the cabinet."

They pointed, he sat in silence, and still with an occasional awestruck glance at the dead body, proceeded more thoroughly to examine the contents of the cabinet. At one table there were traces of chemical work, various measured heaps of some white salt being laid on glass saucers, as though for an experiment in which the unhappy man had been prevented.

"That is the same drug that I was always bringing him," said Poole, and even as he spoke, the kettle with a starting noise boiled over.

This brought them to the fire-side, where the easy chair was drawn close up, and the tea things stood ready to the uttermost bow, the very sugar in the cup. There were several books on a shelf, one lay beside the tea things open, and Utterson was amazed to find it a copy of a piece of work for which Jekyll had several times expressed a great esteem, annotated in his own hand, with startling blasphemies.

Next in the course of their review of the chamber, the searchers came to the chequer glass, into whose depths they looked with an involuntary horror. But it was useless as to show them nothing but the tiny glow playing on the fixed, the fire sparkling in a baffled repetition along the glazed front of the presses, and their own pale and fearful countenances stooping to look in.

"This glass has seen some strange things, sir," whispered Poole.

And sure you are stranger than that," said the lawyer in the same tone. "For what did Jekyll?" he caught himself up at the word with a start, and then conquering the weakness—"what could Jekyll wait with it?" he said.

"You may say that!" said Poole.

Next, they turned to the business table. On the desk, among the neat array of papers, a large envelope was prominent, and bore in the doctor's hand, the name of Mr. Utterson. The lawyer unsealed it, and several envelopes fell to the floor. The first was a will drawn in the same eccentric terms as the one which he had returned six months before, to serve as a testament in case of death, and as a deed of gift in case of disappearance, but it placed the name of Edward Hyde, the lawyer with modest public attention, read the name of Captain John Utterson. He

looked at Poole, and then back at the paper, and last of all at the dead malefactor stretched upon the carpet.

"My head goes round," he said. "He has been all these days in possession—he had no cause to like me—he must have raged to see himself displaced—and he has not destroyed this document."

He caught up the next paper—it was a brief note in the doctor's hand and dated at the top "O Poole!" the lawyer cried—he was alive and here this day! He cannot have been disposed of in so short a space—he must be still alive, he must have fled! And then why fled? and how? and in that case—can we venture to declare this suicide? O, we must be careful! I foresee that we may yet involve your master in some dire catastrophe."

"Why don't you read it, sir?" asked Poole.

"Because I fear," replied the lawyer solemnly. "God grant I have no cause for it!" And with that he brought the paper to his eyes and read as follows:

"MY DEAR UTTERSON

When this shall fall into your hands, I shall have disappeared—under what circumstances I have not the penetration to foresee, but my instinct and all the circumstances of my nameless situation tell me that the end is sure and must be early. Go then—and first read the narrative which Lanyon warned me he was to place in your hands—and if you care to hear more—turn to the confession of—

Your unworthy and unhappy friend

"HENRY JEKYLL."

"There was a third enclosure!" asked Utterson.

"Here, sir," said Poole, and gave into his hands a considerable packet sealed in several places.

The lawyer put it in his pocket. "I would say nothing of this paper. If your master has fled—it is dead—we may at least save his credit. It is now ten—I must go home and read these documents in quiet—but I shall be back before midnight—when we shall send for the police."

They went out locking the door of the theatre behind them—and Utterson, once more leaving the servant gathered about the fire in the hall—trudged back to his office to read the two narratives in which this mystery was now to be explained.

DR. LANYON'S NARRATIVE

On the ninth of January—now four days ago—I received by the evening delivery a registered envelope—addressed in the hand of my colleague and old school companion—Henry Jekyll. I was a good deal surprised by this, for we were by no means in the habit of correspondence. I had seen the man—dined with him—indeed the night before—and I could imagine nothing in our intercourse that should justify formality of registration. The contents increased my wonder—for this is how the letter ran:

10th December, 18—

"Dear Lanyon—You are one of my oldest friends, and although we may have differed at times on scientific ques-

the fact that the United States is a free country and that the people of the United States are free to express their opinions and to make their own decisions. The United States is a free country and the people of the United States are free to express their opinions and to make their own decisions.

[illegible]

1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230. 231. 232. 233. 234. 235. 236. 237. 238. 239. 240. 241. 242. 243. 244. 245. 246. 247. 248. 249. 250. 251. 252. 253. 254. 255. 256. 257. 258. 259. 260. 261. 262. 263. 264. 265. 266. 267. 268. 269. 270. 271. 272. 273. 274. 275. 276. 277. 278. 279. 280. 281. 282. 283. 284. 285. 286. 287. 288. 289. 290. 291. 292. 293. 294. 295. 296. 297. 298. 299. 300. 301. 302. 303. 304. 305. 306. 307. 308. 309. 310. 311. 312. 313. 314. 315. 316. 317. 318. 319. 320. 321. 322. 323. 324. 325. 326. 327. 328. 329. 330. 331. 332. 333. 334. 335. 336. 337. 338. 339. 340. 341. 342. 343. 344. 345. 346. 347. 348. 349. 350. 351. 352. 353. 354. 355. 356. 357. 358. 359. 360. 361. 362. 363. 364. 365. 366. 367. 368. 369. 370. 371. 372. 373. 374. 375. 376. 377. 378. 379. 380. 381. 382. 383. 384. 385. 386. 387. 388. 389. 390. 391. 392. 393. 394. 395. 396. 397. 398. 399. 400. 401. 402. 403. 404. 405. 406. 407. 408. 409. 410. 411. 412. 413. 414. 415. 416. 417. 418. 419. 420. 421. 422. 423. 424. 425. 426. 427. 428. 429. 430. 431. 432. 433. 434. 435. 436. 437. 438. 439. 440. 441. 442. 443. 444. 445. 446. 447. 448. 449. 450. 451. 452. 453. 454. 455. 456. 457. 458. 459. 460. 461. 462. 463. 464. 465. 466. 467. 468. 469. 470. 471. 472. 473. 474. 475. 476. 477. 478. 479. 480. 481. 482. 483. 484. 485. 486. 487. 488. 489. 490. 491. 492. 493. 494. 495. 496. 497. 498. 499. 500. 501. 502. 503. 504. 505. 506. 507. 508. 509. 510. 511. 512. 513. 514. 515. 516. 517. 518. 519. 520. 521. 522. 523. 524. 525. 526. 527. 528. 529. 530. 531. 532. 533. 534. 535. 536. 537. 538. 539. 540. 541. 542. 543. 544. 545. 546. 547. 548. 549. 550. 551. 552. 553. 554. 555. 556. 557. 558. 559. 560. 561. 562. 563. 564. 565. 566. 567. 568. 569. 570. 571. 572. 573. 574. 575. 576. 577. 578. 579. 580. 581. 582. 583. 584. 585. 586. 587. 588. 589. 590. 591. 592. 593. 594. 595. 596. 597. 598. 599. 600. 601. 602. 603. 604. 605. 606. 607. 608. 609. 610. 611. 612. 613. 614. 615. 616. 617. 618. 619. 620. 621. 622. 623. 624. 625. 626. 627. 628. 629. 630. 631. 632. 633. 634. 635. 636. 637. 638. 639. 640. 641. 642. 643. 644. 645. 646. 647. 648. 649. 650. 651. 652. 653. 654. 655. 656. 657. 658. 659. 660. 661. 662. 663. 664. 665. 666. 667. 668. 669. 670. 671. 672. 673. 674. 675. 676. 677. 678. 679. 680. 681. 682. 683. 684. 685. 686. 687. 688. 689. 690. 691. 692. 693. 694. 695. 696. 697. 698. 699. 700. 701. 702. 703. 704. 705. 706. 707. 708. 709. 710. 711. 712. 713. 714. 715. 716. 717. 718. 719. 720. 721. 722. 723. 724. 725. 726. 727. 728. 729. 730. 731. 732. 733. 734. 735. 736. 737. 738. 739. 740. 741. 742. 743. 744. 745. 746. 747. 748. 749. 750. 751. 752. 753. 754. 755. 756. 757. 758. 759. 760. 761. 762. 763. 764. 765. 766. 767. 768. 769. 770. 771. 772. 773. 774. 775. 776. 777. 778. 779. 780. 781. 782. 783. 784. 785. 786. 787. 788. 789. 790. 791. 792. 793. 794. 795. 796. 797. 798. 799. 800. 801. 802. 803. 804. 805. 806. 807. 808. 809. 810. 811. 812. 813. 814. 815. 816. 817. 818. 819. 820. 821. 822. 823. 824. 825. 826. 827. 828. 829. 830. 831. 832. 833. 834. 835. 836. 837. 838. 839. 840.

Handwritten musical notation on ten staves.

+Your friend,
"H. I.

1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

letter of Friday and our next expected message got at midnight it was then that we knew we had lost the ship. I passed a long night, you will know that we have sent no word of Henry yet.

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

The purpose of this study is to determine the effect of the use of the computer on the learning of the English language. The study was conducted in a classroom of 20 students. The results of the study show that the use of the computer has a positive effect on the learning of the English language.

hyster were open and at the sight of the night curvise started and made greater haste.

[illegible][illegible]

These observations took a first place over singing a hymn to be sure, but we were yet the work of a few seconds. My step was lifted in fire with sombre excitement.

Have you got a friend? Have you got a friend who will help you in your work and who will help you in your life?

[illegible]

I began to feel the latent danger very early. What you say is very true. I tried to tell you quite early, as you know, but to my regret I came here with the same old view. I agree Dr. Henry Jones was a poor old fellow, but I cannot see how I could understand. He put his hand on my shoulder and I could see in spite of his eccentric manner that he was working against my apprehensions of the hysteria—"I understood, a drawer . . ."

But there I was, a 10-year-old, as surprised as I could be, just as I was by my own growing curiosity.

... and, ... the ...

before I awoke and was covered with the sheet.

He sprang to it, and then passed it aside, laid his hand upon his heart. I could hear his teeth grate with the convulsion of some terrible awe, and his face was so ghastly to see that I grew a quiver with terror and reason.

"Compose yourself," said I.

He turned a dreadful vision to me, and said with the decision of despair, "I pulled away the sheet. A sight of the contents he uttered one word, with it was in my secret that I sat petrified. And the next moment, in a voice that was a really fairy word under control, 'Have you a glass, a real glass?' he asked.

I rose from my place with something of a effort, and gave him what he asked.

He looked me with a strong and measured out a few minutes of the red liqueur and added one of the powders. The mixture, which was at first of a reddish blue, began to proportion as the crystal melted to brighter colour, to effervescence and joy, and forthwith a mass of vapour, seven yards at the same moment, the electricity ceased and the colour and changed to a dark purple, which faded again more slowly to a watery green. My visitor, who had watched these metamorphoses with a keen eye, smiled, set down the glass, put the label back, he turned and looked upon me with an air of security.

"And now," said he, "telling what remains. Will you be wise, will you be guided, will you suffer me to take this glass from your hand and to go forth from your house without further parley? It has the green of a man's too much command of you. I think before you a sweet, for it shall be done as you decide. As you decide, you shall be left as you were before, and neither richer nor wiser, unless the senses of service rendered to a man in mortal distress may be claimed as a kind of riches of the soul. If, if you shall prefer to choose a new province of knowledge and new avenues to fame and power, shall be and yet, you, here, in this room upon the instant, and your sight shall be wasted by a prodigy to stagger the angels of Satan."

"Sir," said I, affecting a composure that I was far from really possessing, "you speak enigmas and I cannot perhaps not wonder that I hear you with no very strong impression of benefit. But I have gone too far in the way of expensive services to pause before I see the result."

"Sir," replied my visitor, "I am so you remember your vows, what I know is under the seal of our profession. As, now, you who have so long been bound to the most exact and material views, you who have decried the virtues of a moderate medicine, you who have termed your superiors—behold!"

He put the glass to his lips and drank at once. As I knew, he felt I staggered, I coughed at the taste and then, starting with widened eyes, gasping with open mouth, and as I looked there came I thought a change. He seemed to swell, his face became suddenly black and the features seemed to me to alter, and the next moment I had sprung to my feet and leaned back against the wall, my arms raised, I shrank from that prodigy, my mind was merged in terror.

"O God," I screamed, and "O God," again and again, but here before my eyes, pale and shivering, and half-brooding, a figure, half-angel, half-demon, with his hands, like a man recovered from death, there stood. He is Jekyll!

What he told me in the next hour I cannot bring my mind to set on paper. I saw what I saw. I heard what I heard, and my soul sickened at it, and yet now when that sight has faded from my eyes, I ask myself if I believe it, and I cannot answer. My life is shaken to its roots, sleep has left me, the deadliest terror sits by me at all hours of the day and night, and I feel that my days are numbered, and that I must die, and yet I shall die incredulous. As for the moral turpitude that man unveiled to me, even with tears of penitence, I cannot, even in memory, dwell on it without a start of horror. I will say but one thing, Utterson, and that, if you can bring your mind to credit it, will be more than enough. The creature who crept into my house that night was, on Jekyll's own confession, known by the name of Hyde and hunted for in every corner of the land as the murderer of Carew.

HASTIE LANYON

HENRY JEKYLL'S FULL STATEMENT OF THE CASE

I was born in the year 18— to a large fortune, endowed besides with excellent parts, inclined by nature to industry, fond of the respect of the wise and good among my fellowmen, and thus, as might have been supposed, with every guarantee of an honourable and distinguished future. And indeed the worst of my faults was a certain impatient gaiety of disposition, such as has made the happiness of many, but such as I found it hard to reconcile with my imperious desire to carry my head high, and wear a more than commonly grave countenance before the public. Hence it came about that I concealed my pleasures, and that when I reached years of reflection, and began to look round me and take stock of my progress and position in the world, I found already committed to a profound duplicity of life. Many a man would have even lazzoned such irregularities as I was guilty of, but from the high views that I had set before me, I regarded and hid them with an almost morbid sense of shame. It was thus rather the exacting nature of my aspirations than any particular degradation in my faults, that made me what I was, and with even a deeper trench than in the majority of men, severed in me those provinces of good and ill which divide and compound man's dual nature. In this case, I was driven to reflect deeply and inveterately on that hard law of life, which lies at the root of religion and is one of the most plentiful springs of distress. Though so profound a double-dealer, I was in no sense a hypocrite, both sides of me were in dead earnest. I was no more myself when I laid aside restraint and plunged in shame, than when I laboured, in the eye of day, at the furtherance of knowledge, or the relief of sorrow and suffering. And it chanced that the direction of my scientific studies, which led wholly towards the mystic and the transcendental, reacted and shed a strong light on this consciousness of the perennial war among my members. With every day, and from both sides of my intellectual licence, the moral and the intellectual, I thus drew steadily nearer to that truth, by whose partial discovery I have been doomed to such a dreadful shipwreck: that man is not truly one, but truly two. I say two, because the

[illegible][illegible]

I was a young wife and I put this to the test in practice. I knew well that I trusted neither anything that so powerful a creature and which the very richness of her body might by the least suggestion of an evil force or at the least of a bad habit in the nature of exhibition she is bred up that it ever in turn and which I asked for a change. But the temptation of a worse was strong at all. I had not yet come the suggestion of a girl. I had long since perceived my husband had used a new form of it in his own chamber as a girl of a boy of a particular set which I knew to be very experienced in the case of girls. I was very much interested in the case. I had long since perceived the case was bad from her and spoke together of the girl and when the other had advised with a strong glow of courage I asked of the girl.

The most racking pangs were eased, a grinding in the bones, deadly nausea and a horror of the spirit that could not be exceeded at the height of birth-pain ceased. Then these agonies began slowly to subside, and I came to myself as if out of a great sickness. There was something strange in the sensations, something indescribably new and from its very novelty, incredibly sweet. I felt younger, lighter, happier in body; within I was conscious of a heady recklessness, a sense of some deleted sensual images returning, like a new race in my family, a sense of the freedom of dogma, an unknown but not an innocent freedom of the soul. I knew myself at the first breath of this new life to be more wicked, tenfold more wicked, and a slave to my orgies, even, and the thought in that moment braced and delighted me like wine. I stretched out my hands, exulting in the freshness of these sensations, and in the act I was suddenly aware that I had lost in stature.

There was no mirror at his date, in my room, but who stands beside me as I write was by night there, later on, and for the very purpose of these transformations. The night, however, was far gone into the morning, black as it was, was nearly typical of the conception of the day. The moon and my house were wicked in the morning, and my hands of sin, and I determined to shed as I was with hope and triumph, to venture in my new shape as far as to my bedroom. I crossed the yard, wherein the moonlight was wicked down upon me. I could have thought with wonder, the first trait of that soft, fat, hen-sleeping, guano had yet descended to them. I went through the courtyard, a stranger to my own house, and coming to my room, I saw for the first time the appearance of Edward Hyde.

I must here speak by theory alone, saying not that which I know, but that which I suppose to be most probable. The evil side of my nature to which I had now transferred the stamping efficacy, was less robust and less developed than the good which I had just deposited. Again, in the course of my life, which had been, after all, none the less a life of effort, virtue and control, it had been much less exercised and much less exhausted. And hence, as I think it came about that Edward Hyde was so much smaller, lighter and younger than Henry Jekyll. Even as good shone upon the countenance of the one, evil was written broadly and plainly on the face of the other. Evils and pleasures which I might have seen in the lethal side of man, had left on that body an impression of deformity and decay. And yet when I looked upon that ugly shadow in the glass, I was conscious of no repugnance, rather of a leap of welcome. This too was myself, I seemed to say, and human. If my even it bore a better image of the spirit, it seemed more express and single than the imperfect and divided countenance I had been hitherto accustomed to examine. And so far I was doubtless right. I have observed that when I wore the new guise of Edward Hyde, none would come near to me and yet through a visible mingling of the flesh. This, as I take it, was because as human beings, as we meet them, are mingled out of good and evil, and Edward Hyde, alone in the ranks of mankind, was pure evil.

I lingered but a moment at the mirror, the second and conclusive experiment had yet to be attempted, it yet remained to be seen if I had lost my identity beyond redemption, and must live henceforth from a house that was to forget me, and hurrying back to my chamber, I once more prepared and drank the magic potion, and waited the pangs of

the thin and delicate features with his character, his manner and the face of Henry Jekyll.

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

I have been very happy to be able to work with you as I have
and I am sure I will be able to do so in the future. I have
been very busy with my work and I have not had time to
write to you for some time. I am sure you are well and
I hope you are happy. I am sure you are well and I hope
you are happy. I am sure you are well and I hope you are
happy. I am sure you are well and I hope you are happy.

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

I must have seen you off for that hat and the drink as I was at the
 Morris' you saw. Let me tell it to you as it is, but as you
 are staying at the East Hotel, and I'm not there, I
 can't tell you more. I thought I might as well say a word
 to you, but I'm sure you'll say that you're fine. Yes, I'll go on. He's
 just I have a wake up I want to do. How was the experience? I
 asked myself and they with another but I don't know. How was it? He
 thought I was well, but he thought he was a little worse. I was
 going to be carried a long way, but the party is still
 going. I'll be back, but I'll be back. I'll be back. I'll be back.

It was heart-breaking when I was thus standing before that little
faded sepulchre. Yet to have found what we was that when I was
at the altar of a heathen temple was strange. And her with an ever
powering sweetness, I felt at once such a new vision. For the servants
were already used to the coming and going of my second self. I had never
dressed as well as I was at home. Indeed I now very gradually passed
through the house where Hester had stayed and I knew each at seeing Mr.
Hyde pass by that he was not a strange man and that he was a man
I had retained to his very shame and was going down with a
laurel crown to make a final breakfast.

[illegible]

He went here too. I now feel that in those days we had
memory and emotion, but at other times we were most interested
between them. John, who was content to live with the most secret
attribution, now with a greenly green, preserved and shared in the
paradoxes and adventures of life, but Hyde was interested in
the present and the future, as the man was that he remembered the system
which he carried forward from his past, but more than a father
could. Hyde had more than a mother's love. I was interested with
John, who was the one who appeared which he had long seen, and
had it late before to pass. I cast it now in Hyde was to be a
thousand interests and associations, and to become at a time and
desire, and I remember. The last night of my stay, a
was so, another, a quiet one, he was for while, but in a matter
arranging in the future, but now Hyde was, who was a man of
a, but he had not. Strange as it is, instances were the terms of his
debate are as old as the world, as man is a being, and the terms
and I have not, but he has a very good and true, and a
with me, as it is with a vast majority of people, who are the
better part of it, and I was that I was not, but the story is a very good one.

Yes, the stress of the year is a lot more than I can handle.

towers and herishing houses. In joy and haste a rescue came to the
 place by the appearance of the long green, trailing myosotis and sweet
 primroses. But I had observed that the sky was still blue. I gave this hope
 perhaps with some unconsciously reservation. For I never gave up the
 thought. So he took my dresses, the clothes of Edward Lear, which still as
 ready to be able at that time. But however I was to be my sister's
 hands. For we then they used a sort of phyllopharynx as a sad secret before
 attaining to and enjoyed the object of my wish. At a point of science.
 But for what a sad to deteriorate the existence. My dear, he praises
 it. I suppose what I glow. A long existence I regretted. I was
 well. I was young as I felt. I was young. I felt. I was young. I felt. I was
 young. I felt. I was young. I felt. I was young. I felt. I was young. I felt.
 the transforming draught.

[illegible]

I was not—was never had begun to succeed—that I was suffering in the
 top of Providence, which I thought he had by a certain degree
 that I suspected I saw by a certain degree and so forth. He was of these
 excesses at one going and returning my last of exaggerated and
 stimulated my love of the witness of the position of the house
 of God—and to make assistance to my wife destroyed my papers
 there, and sent through the narrow streets of the same divided roadway
 that I thought of my wife—headed by the same others in the house
 and yet so fastening and so—seawater in my wake for he was not the
 average. His wife was a young girl his wife was the companion to the draught
 and as he drank in the ages, the dead man. The gages of the same man
 had not—the tearing of a letter from the house—with a tearing tears of
 grief to and with me had there upon his knees and found his wasted
 hands—God! The very last of the house was not from head to foot I
 saw this the same house. I saw weeping from the house of the house when I
 had water with my father's hand—and though he was suffering from
 the pains of the active age—and again with the same we were
 so many at the damned house—he every day I have wept
 and I thought with tears and prayers to comfort of with the world
 the tears of ages and wounds with which the memory was the same again to me

and still between the pessimism, though the face of my company started not my mind. As the afternoon it is temporary began to be away, it was succeeded by a sense of joy. The prospect of my conduct was solved. He was herewith in possible, whether I was or not, I was now a friend to the better part of my existence, and so how I resolved to be patient with what wrong humanity I embraced grew the reason, sort of natural life with what were remarkable for I asked, he told by which I had so often gone and come, and ground the key under my heel.

The next day, came the news that the murder had been overlooked that the good of Hyde was patient to the world, and that the victim was a man high in public estimation. It was not so, a crime it had been a tragedy, but I was glad to know it. I think I was glad to have my better impulses thus buttressed and guaranteed by the terror of the world. It was from my city of refuge, let but Hyde jump out an instant, and the hands of justice would be raised to take and slay him.

I resolved in my future conduct to esteem the past, and I can say with honesty that my resolve was fruitful of some good. You know you felt how earnestly, in the last months of the last year, I laboured to relieve suffering, you know that much was done for others, and that the days passed quietly, a more happy for myself. Nor can I truly say that I was self-indulgent and contented. I felt it straight that I do not enjoyed it more completely, but I was disappointed with my duty and purpose, as the strange and my presence were with the same side of me, a long indulged, so, even, I had begun to grow. For justice, Nor that I dreamed of reuniting Hyde, he hated him, it had would startle me to find it, no, it was in my own person that I was once more tempted to it, he with my conscience, and it was as an ordinary secret sin, that I at last felt, to be assailed of temptation.

There comes another thing, the most painful measure is that at last, and the best condensed and to my eyes, a destroyed the character of my mind. And yet I was not alarmed, he seemed natural, like a return to the old days before I had made my discovery. It was a fine, clear January day, with a clear sky where the sun had melted, but cloudless, yet bright, and the Regency Park was full of it, with its bright and sweet with spring flowers. I sat on the lawn on a bench, the air as with me, looking, he took it himself, the spiritual side a more, promising to be, yet, yet, yet, but not yet moved to beg it. After an hour, I reflected, I was, as my neighbours, and then I set out, comparing myself with other men, comparing my own good will with the laws, and of their neglect. And at the very moment, that was going to bring a pain, came over me, a horrible, and he must leave, with of feeling. These passed away, and yet the last, and then as I did, in fact, news, double. I began to be aware of a change in the temper of my thoughts, a greater hardness, a contempt of larger, a more, of the hope of obligation, turned down, my wishes being, sometimes, in my shoes, and, in the bath, that lay on my knee was not feel, and I felt, I was, more, more, I had Hyde. A moment before I had been safe, I had, a respect, wealth, but, the, with, having for me, in the living room at home, and now I was, he, in my, party of mankind, but, I, however, a known murderer, to, the gallows.

My reason wavered, but I did not fall, the, I have more, than, more, observed, to, my second, character, my, law, as, seems, that, period, to

a point at which sports have to be given up. I was it can be shown that where Jeky's path was going I have seen it held. His answer - "He is just a fool" the moment. My dog was in one of the passes of his nature, how was I to reach him. That was the problem. I was rushing my very person in my hands. I set myse - I move. The calculator had I had moved a few feet to enter by the house. My own set was to be brought to the gate way. I saw I must enter just another hand, and thought - I can't. How was he to be reached - how, persuaded. Supposing that I was a part of nature in the street, how was I to be and my way to be his exercise - and how should I an unknown and I was a very good person in the - a man, a physical, to be the study of his colleague. The joke - a very a friend, a friend that of my - a great character, one person, and to me. I could write my own history, and once I had - I arrived that kind of space, he was - that I could be now become - lighted if I can end over.

[illegible]

When I came to myself at a very late hour, I lay and brooded perhaps a little, but not so much as I should have done, at a trip to the sea to be a hurricane with which I bumped back and there being a large bad one over me I was to be got the best of he gave me it was the best of the gale that raked me I took as much as I could under a tarpaulin in a stream it was pouring a great deal of water home to my own house and got a bed I slept after the previous day with a straight and proud weather which not even the light breeze that

writing the _____ I had to confess I am not a true young socialist
unlike our illustrious _____ I do not believe in the right of the poor
that we must have and I believe that we are going to be a young
the people of the day of the _____ I was not there at the _____ of the _____
and I am not a young socialist but I am a young socialist in the _____ of the _____
because I am a young socialist in the _____ of the _____

[illegible][illegible]

thought of him when I recall the abjection and passion of this attachment and when I know how he trims my power to cut him off by suicide I find it in my heart to pity him.

It is useless and the time awfully falls me to prolong this description: no one has ever suffered such torments, let that suffice, and yet even to these habits brought—no, not a deviation, but a certain callousness of soul, a certain acquiescence of despair, and my punishment might have gone on for years, but for the last calamity which has now fallen, and which has finally severed me from my own face and nature. My provision of the salt, which had never been renewed since the date of the first experiment, began to run low. I went out for a fresh supply and mixed the draught; the ebullition followed, and the first charge of colour, not the second I drank it and it was without efficiency. You will learn from Poole how I have had London ransacked; it was in vain, and I am now persuaded that my first supply was impure, and that it was that unknown impurity which lent efficacy to the draught.

About a week has passed, and I am now finishing this statement under the influence of the last of the old powders. This then is the last time, short of a miracle, that Henry Jekyll can think his own thoughts or see his own face (now sadly altered) in the glass. Nor must I live as long to bring my writing to an end, for if my narrative has hitherto escaped destruction, it has been by a combination of great prudence and great good luck. Should the throes of change take me in the act of writing it, Hyde will tear it in pieces; but if some time shall have elapsed after I have laid it by, his wickedness will shew an I circumstance to the moment will probably save it, once again, from the action of his ape-like spite. And indeed the doom that is closing on us both has already changed and crushed him. Hasten, then, now, when I shew again and forever remain that hated personality, I know how I shall sit shuddering and weeping in my chair, or continue with the most strained and fearstruck ecstasy of listening, to pace up and down this room (my last earthly refuge) and give ear to every sound of menace. Will Hyde die upon the wall, or will he find courage to release himself at the last moment? God knows. I am careless: this is my true hour of death, and what is to follow concerns another than myself. Here then, as I lay down the pen and proceed to seal up my confession, I bring the life of that unhappy Henry Jekyll to an end.

THE PICTURE
OF
DORIAN GRAY

Oscar Wilde

THE PREFACE

The artist is the creator of beautiful things. To reveal art and conceal the artist is art's aim.

The critic is he who can translate into another manner or a new material his impression of beautiful things.

The highest as the lowest form of criticism is a mode of autobiography.

Those who find ugly meanings in beautiful things are corrupt without being charming. This is a fault.

Those who find beautiful meanings in beautiful things are the cultivated. For these there is hope.

They are the elect to whom beautiful things mean only beauty.

There is no such thing as a moral or an immoral book. Books are well written, or badly written. That is all.

The nineteenth century dislike of realism is the rage of Caliban seeing his own face in a glass.

The nineteenth century dislike of romanticism is the rage of Caliban not seeing his own face in a glass.

The moral life of man forms part of the subject-matter of the artist, but the morality of art consists in the perfect use of an imperfect medium.

No artist desires to prove anything. Even things that are true can be proved.

No artist has ethical sympathies. An ethical sympathy in an artist is an unpardonable mannerism of style.

No artist is ever morbid. The artist can express everything.

Thought and language are to the artist instruments of an art.

Value and virtue are to the artist materials for an art.

From the point of view of form, the type of all the arts is the art of the musician. From the point of view of feeling, the actor's craft is the type.

All art is at once surface and symbol.

Those who go beneath the surface do so at their peril.

Those who read the symbol do so at their peril.

It is the spectator, and not life, that art really mirrors.

Diversity of opinion about a work of art shows that the work is new, complex, and vital.

When critics disagree, the artist is in accord with himself.

We can forgive a man for making a useful thing as long as he does not admire it. The only excuse for making a useless thing is that one admires it intensely.

All art is quite useless.

OSCAR WILDE

CHAPTER ONE

The studio was filled with the rich odour of roses, and when the light summer wind stirred amidst the trees of the garden, there came through the open door the heavy scent of the oak, or the more delicate perfume of the pink-flowering thorn.

From the corner of the divan of Persian saddle-bags on which he was lying, smoking, as was his custom, innumerable cigarettes, Lord Henry Wotton could just catch the gleam of the honey-sweet and honey-coloured blossoms of a laburnum, whose tremulous branches seemed hardly able to bear the burden of a beauty so flame-like as theirs; and now and then the fantastic shadows of birds in flight flitted across the long tawny silk curtains that were stretched in front of the huge window, producing a kind of momentary Japanese effect, and making him think of those painted jade-faced painters of Tokyo who, through the medium of an art that is necessarily immobile, seek to convey the sense of swiftness and motion. The sullen murmur of the bees shouldering their way through the long unknown grass of the field with monotonous insistence round the dusty gut-horns of the straggling woodland, seemed to make the stillness more oppressive. The dim roar of London was like the bourdon note of a distant organ.

In the centre of the room, clamped to an upright easel, stood the full-length portrait of a young man of extraordinary personal beauty, and in front of it, some little distance away, was sitting the artist himself, Basil Hallward, whose sudden disappearance some years ago caused at the time such public excitement and gave rise to so many strange conjectures.

As the painter looked at the gracious and comely form he had so skillfully immortalised in his art, a sense of pleasure passed across his face, and seemed about to linger there. But he suddenly started up, and closing his eyes, placed his fingers upon the lids, as though he sought to imprison within his brain some curious dream from which he feared he might awake.

"It is your best work, Basil, the best thing you have ever done," said Lord Henry languidly. "You must certainly send it next year to the Grosvenor. The Academy is too large and too vulgar. Whenever I have gone there, there have been either so many people that I have not been able to see the pictures, which was dreadful, or so many pictures that I have not been able to see the people, which was worse. The Grosvenor is really the only place."

"No, I won't send it anywhere." He answered, tossing his head back, as if it were his own, to make his defiance as absolute as the word.

[illegible]

"I know now what it means to be rejected, but I can't let that stop me. I have put too much of myself into it."

1. I'll let you start the first set at the down and back.

Yes, I know you won't buy it at all for a beginner.

[illegible][illegible]

studio towards Basil Hallward.

Yes ☐ No ☐ Other ☐

"But why not?"

"Oh, I can't explain. When I take people immensely I never tell their names to any one. It is like surrendering a part of them. I have grown to love secrecy. It seems to be the one thing that can make modern life mysterious and marvelous to us. The commonest thing is delightful if one only hides it. When I leave town now I never tell my people where I am going. If I did, I would lose all my pleasure. It is a very bad habit, I dare say, but somehow it seems to bring a great deal of romance into one's life. I suppose you think me awfully foolish about it."

"Not at all," answered Lord Henry. "not at all, my dear Basil. You seem to forget that I am married, and the one charm of marriage is that it makes a bit of deception absolutely necessary for both parties. I never know where my wife is, and my wife never knows what I am doing. When we meet, we do meet occasionally, when we dine out together, or go down to the Duke's—we tell each other the most absurd stories with the most serious faces. My wife is very good at it—much better, in fact, than I am. She never gets confused over her dates, and I always do. But when she does find me out, she makes no row at all. Sometimes with she would, she merely laughs at me."

"I hate the way you talk about your married life, Harry," said Basil Harward, stroking toward the door that led to the garden. "I believe that you are really a very good husband, but that you are thoroughly ashamed of your own virtues. You are an extraordinary fellow. You never say a moral thing, and you never do a wrong thing. Your cynicism is simply a pose."

"Being natural is simply a pose, and the most irritating pose I know," cried Lord Henry, laughing, and the two young men went out into the garden together and ensconced themselves on a long bamboo seat that stood in the shade of a tall white bush. The sunlightrippled over the polished leaves. In the grass white daisies were tremulous.

After a pause, Lord Henry pulled out his watch. "I am afraid I must be going, Basil," he murmured, and before Lord Henry's most in-voluntarily answering a question I put to you some time ago—

"What is that?" said the painter, keeping his eyes fixed on the ground.

"You know quite well."

"I do not, Harry."

"Well, I will tell you what it is. I want you to explain to me why you won't exhibit Dorian Gray's picture. I want the real reason."

"I told you the real reason."

"No, you did not. You said, 'I was because there was too much of yourself in it.' Now, that is childish."

"Harry," said Basil Harward, looking him straight in the face, "every portrait that is painted with feeling is a portrait of the artist, not of the sitter. The sitter is merely the accident, the occasion. It is not he who is revealed by the painter; it is rather the painter who, on the coloured canvas, reveals himself. The reason I will not exhibit this picture is that I am afraid that I have shown in it the secret of my own soul."

Lord Henry laughed. "And what is that?" he asked.

"I will tell you," said Harward, but an expression of perplexity came over his face.

"I am disappointed," Basil continued his companion, glancing at him. "Oh, there is really very little to tell," Harry answered the painter, "and

"I am afraid you will hardly understand. Perhaps you will hardly believe it."

Lord Henry smiled, and leaning down, picked a pink petal off a rose from the grass and examined it. "I am quite sure I shall never believe," he repeated, gazing curiously at the tiny green, white-feathered disk, "and as for believing things, I can believe anything, provided that it is quite incredible."

The wind shook some blossoms from the trees, and the heavy rain blossoms with them. Everying stars moved to and fro in the big good air. A grasshopper began to chirrup by the wall, and like a huge thread a long thin draggledly-tinted partition of brown gauze wings. Lord Henry felt as if he could hear Basil Hallward's heart beating, and wondered what was coming.

"The story is simply this," said the painter after some time. "Two months ago I went to a restaurant Lady Brandon's. You know we poor artists have to show ourselves in society from time to time, just to remind the public that we are not savages. With an evening coat and a white tie, as you told me once, anybody, even a stick-breaker, can gain a reputation for being civilized. Well, after I had been in the room about ten minutes, taking to huge over-dressed dowagers and tedious aristocrats, I suddenly became conscious that some one was looking at me. I turned half-way round and saw Herbert Gray for the first time. When our eyes met I felt that I was growing pale. A curious sensation of terror came over me. I knew that I had come face to face with some one whose entire personality was so fascinating that if I allowed it to do so, it would absorb my whole nature, my whole self, my very art itself. I did not want any external aid, never in my life. You know yourself, Harry, how independent I am by nature. I have always been my own master, had at least always been so. I met Herbert Gray. Then, but I don't know how to explain it to you, something seemed to tell me that I was on the verge of a terrible crime in my life. I had a strange feeling that I had just gone for the extreme passion and extreme sorrow. I grew afraid and turned out of the room. It was not conscience that made me do so, it was a sort of cowardice. I take no credit to myself for trying to escape."

"Conscience and cowardice are really the same thing, Basil. Conscience is the trade name of the crime, that is all."

"I don't believe that, Harry, and I don't believe you do either. However, whatever was my motive—and it may have been pride, but I used to be very proud—I certainly struggled to the end. I here, of course, I struggled against Lady Brandon. You are not going to run away with me, Mr. Halward," she screamed out. "You know her extremely thoroughly."

"Yes, she is a peach-uck, every long but beauty," said Lord Henry, putting the daisy into his with his long nervous fingers.

"I could not get rid of her. She brought me up to cocktails and proper with stars and garters, and endless waxes with gigantic manes and painted noses. She spoke of me as her dearest friend, I had only met her once before, but she took it off her head to comfort me. The review of a picture of mine had made a great success at the time, at least had been battered about in the penny newspapers, which is often better than even my standard of the century. So I let my friend rise to face it for with the young man whose personality had so strangely stirred me. We were quite close, almost touching. Our eyes met again. It was to know of me that I asked

Lady Brandon to introduce me to him. Perhaps it was not so reckless after all. It was simply irresistible. We would have spoken to each other with a very introduction. I am sure of that. And that is true afterwards. He has told that we were destined to know each other.

And how did Lady Brandon describe this wonderfully young man asked my companion. I know she gave me a rapid foretaste of her guests. I remember her bringing me up to a magnificent and red-tailed old gentleman covered all over with medals and ribbons, and kissing me on my ear in a fragrant whisper which it must have been perfectly audible to every body in the room, the most astounding details I simply feel I dare not find out people for myself. But Lady Brandon treats her guests exactly as an author treats his goods. She either explains them thoroughly away, or tells one everything about them except what one wants to know.

Poor Lady Brandon. You are hard on her, Harry, said Hatward listlessly.

My dear fellow, she tried to find a woman and only succeeded in opening a restaurant. How could I admire her. But tell me, what did she say about Mr. Dorian Gray?"

Oh something like "charming boy, poor dear mother and I almost inseparable. Quite forget what he does, afraid he doesn't do anything," she says, plays the piano, and so the vicar, dear Mr. Gray. Neither of us could he play long, and we became friendly at once.

Laughter is not at all a bad thing to do for a friendship, and it is far the best way of doing it, said the young lord, picking another clasp.

Hatward shook his head. You don't understand what friendship is, Harry, he murmured. Or what enmity is for that matter. You are every one. That is to say, you are indifferent to every one.

How horribly unjust of you, cried Lord Henry, taking his hat back and looking up at the little clouds that like tawnyed skeins of glossy white silk were drifting across the hot, overcast, orange of the summer sky. Yes, but by a vast way. I make a great difference between people. I choose my friends for their good looks, my acquaintances for their good characters, and my enemies for their good interests. A man cannot be too careful. He chooses his enemies. I have not got one who is a fool. They are all men of some intellectual power, and consequently they all appreciate me. Is that very vain of me? I think it is rather vain.

I should think it was, Harry. But according to your category I must be merely an acquaintance.

My dear friend, Harry, you are much more than an acquaintance.

And much less than a friend. A sort of neither, I suppose.

Oh, brothers, I don't care for brothers. My elder brother won't be, and my younger brothers seem never to do anything else.

Harry, exclaimed Hatward, frowning.

My dear fellow, I am not quite serious. But I can't help detesting my relations. I suppose it comes from the fact that none of them understand other people having the same faults as ourselves. I quite sympathize with the rage of the English demagogue against what they call the vices of the upper classes. The masses feel that their keenness, simplicity, and firmity should be their own special property, and that if any one of us makes an ass of himself, he is poisoning their preserves. When poor Southwark got into the divorce court, their tongue ran away with magnificence. And yet I don't suppose that ten per cent of the people at all are reflexive.

"I don't agree with Agnew, would you have said, and what's more Harry, I feel sure you don't either."

Lord Henry stroked his pointed chin and said, "I am not the one of life's party-leaders here with a taste for elbow-jane. How English you are, Basil. That is the second line you have made that observation. It is one point forward at once to a true Englishman—a way a day's thing to do—he never dreams of considering whether he is saying right or wrong. The only thing he considers of any importance is whether one believes it oneself. Now the value of an idea has nothing whatever to do with the sincerity of the man who expresses it. Indeed, the probability is that the more sincere the man is the more sincere the testimony to the idea he has in mind. Case it will not be considered by either his wit or his desires or his prejudices. However, I don't propose to discuss points of view, only of metaphysics with you. I like persons better than principles, and I like persons with no principles better than anything else in the world. Tell me more about Mr. Dorian Gray. How often do you see him?"

"Every day. I couldn't be happy if I didn't see him every day. He is absolutely necessary to me."

"It is extraordinary. I thought you would never care for anything but your art."

"He was my art to me now," said the painter gravely. "I sometimes think, Harry, that here are only two things of any importance in the world's history. The first is the appearance of a new method for art, and the second is the appearance of a new personality for art also. What the invention of oil-painting was to the Venetians, the use of Anacreon was to late Greek sculpture, and the face of Herbert Gray will some day be to the future of art as that I painted from found French is to the work of Dürer. I have done a lot of things which more than make a model for a sister. I wonder, you had I and I have the work which I have done of him, or that his beauty was it that art cannot express it. There is nothing that art cannot express, and I know that the work I have done since I met Herbert Gray is good work, is the best work of my life. But in some casual way, I wonder, will you understand me? His personality has suggested to me an entirely new manner, a new manner, an entirely new mode of style. I see things differently. I looked at them differently. I can now recreate in a way that it was hidden from me before. A dream of form in days of thought—what you who says that I forget but it is when Herbert Gray has been—the more visible presence. It is said for he seems to me more more, but a fact, though he is really over twenty—there is a visible presence, ah! I wonder at you realize that that means. I know so, as he defines for me the lines of a fresh school, a school that is to have in it all the passion of the romantic spirit, and the perfection of the spirit that is Greek—the harmony of soul and body—how much that is. We do not madness have separated the two, and have created a realism that is vulgar and idealism that is cold. Harry, if you only knew what Herbert Gray is to me. You remember that a landscape in the city which Agnew offered me such a huge price for which I would not part with. I value it the best thing I have ever done. And why is it so? Because when I was painting it Herbert Gray sat beside me. Some vision of him came passed through my eyes for the first time to my life. I saw it the plain woodcut, he wondered I had always looked for and always missed."

"Basil, it is extraordinary. I must see Herbert Gray."

"He was I got up from the sofa and walked up and down the garden

After some time he came back. Harry, he said, Thomas Gray is the only one with a motive. But you might see nothing. I see everything in him. He is never more presentable to us when he is angry. It is there. He is a suggestion, as I have said, of a new manner. I had said he carries it out, certainly, in the new and violent studies of certain country. That is all.

they will want to exhibit to their shareholders (or not)

Because without intending it I have put in a few expressions I am proud of, and the clarity of which I am sure I have never tried to speak to him. He knows nothing about it. He shall never know anything about it. But he would fight to get it, and I would hate my work if I should give it to him. My heart shall never be put under their microscope. There is no one but myself to be thinking Harry, or that of myse.

Pages are not so wet, and as you are. They know how wet I, session is for it. I'm doing. Now, I've a book to read with all the relations.

I have been told, I heard Howard [An artist should create meaningful things but should not do anything of his own but to him] We live in an age when men treat art as if it were meant to be a form of autobiography. We have lost the abstract sense of beauty. Some say I will show the world what it is and for that reason the world shall never see my portrait of Herman Gray."

"I think you are wrong Basil, but I won't argue with you. It is only he who is the best person who ever lived. Let me wish that they were fond of you?"

The patient considered for a few moments. He hesitated, he answered after a pause. I know he has me. Of course I have been dreadfully kind a strange pleasure in saying I got it in that I know I shall be sorry for having said. As a rule he is charming to me, and we sit in the sun, and talk of a thousand things. Now and then, however, he is horribly thoughtful and seems to take a real delight in giving the pain. Then I feel happy that I have given away my whole soul to someone who treats it as if it were a flower to pick, a box of chocolates, a bit of decoration to charm his vanity, an ornament, or a vanity itself.

Pass in summer. Bath for day to get immersed and Henry

[illegible]

Harry says take it as long as I see the permeability of the an-
tiseptic for the Y and the whole thing is a change in the

34. my dear Basil. how exactly why I can't see it. Those who are

faunts know only the rival side of love, it is the fathers who know love's tragedies. And Lord Henry struck a light on a dainty silver case and began to smoke a cigarette with a self-conscious and satisfied air, as if he had summed up the world in a phrase. There was a rustle of interrupting sparrows in the green lacquer leaves of the ivy, and the blue cloud shadows chased themselves across the grass like swallows. How pleasant it was in the garden! And how delightful other people's emotions were, much more delightful than the ideas it seemed to him. One's own soul, and the passions of one's friends—those were the fascinating things in life. He pictured to himself with mental amusement the tedious unbroken that he had missed by staying so long with Basil Halward. Had he gone to his aunt's, he would have been sure to have met Lord Goodbody there, and the whole conversation would have been about the feeding of the poor and the necessity for model lodging houses. Each class would have preached the importance of those virtues, but whose exercise there was no necessity in their own lives. The rich would have spoken on the value of thrift, and the idle grown eloquent over the dignity of labour. It was charming to have escaped all that! As he thought of his aunt, an idea seemed to strike him. He turned to Halward and said: "My dear fellow, I have just remembered—"

"Remembered what, Harry?"

"Where I heard the name of Dorian Gray."

"Where was that?" asked Halward, with a slight frown.

"Don't look so angry, Basil. It was at my aunt, Lady Agatha's. She told me she had discovered a wonderful young man who was going to be pber in the East End, and that his name was Dorian Gray. I am bound to state that she never told me he was good-looking. Women have no appreciation of good looks, at least good women have not. She said that he was very earnest and had a beautiful nature. I at once pictured to myself a creature with spectacles and lank hair, horribly freckled, and tramping about on huge feet. I wish I had known it was your friend."

"I am very glad you didn't, Harry."

"Why?"

"I don't want you to meet him."

"You don't want me to meet him?"

"No."

"Mr. Dorian Gray is in the studio, sir," said the butler, coming into the garden.

"You must introduce me now," cried Lord Henry, laughing.

The painter turned to his servant, who stood blinking in the sunlight.

"Ask Mr. Gray to wait, Parker. I shall be in in a few moments." The man bowed and went up the walk.

Then he looked at Lord Henry. "Dorian Gray is my dearest friend," he said. "He has a simple and a beautiful nature. Your aunt was quite right in what she said of him. Don't spoil him. Don't try to influence him. Your influence would be bad. The world is wide, and has many marvels as people in it. Don't take away from me the one person who gives to my art whatever charm it possesses. My life as an artist depends on him. Mind, Harry, I trust you." He spoke very slowly, and the words seemed wrung out of him almost against his will.

"What nonsense you talk!" said Lord Henry, smiling, and taking Halward by the arm, he almost led him into the house.

CHAPTER TWO

As they entered they saw Dorian Gray. He was seated at the piano with his back to them, turning over the pages of a volume of Schubert's "Forest Scenes." "You must rehearse these Basos," he cried. "I want to learn them. They are perfectly charming."

"That entirely depends on how you sit today," Dorian

"Oh, I am tired of sitting, and I don't want a late-sized port all of myself," answered the old, swinging round on the music-stool in a worldly, petulant manner. When he caught sight of Lord Henry, a faint flush coloured his cheeks for a moment, and he started up, "Is your party on Basil's? But I don't know you had any one with you."

"It is my Lord Henry's woman," Dorian answered. "One of my friends of mine. I have just been telling him what a capital set you were, and now you have spoiled everything."

"You have not spoiled my pleasure in meeting you," Mr. Gray said. Lord Henry, stepping forward and extending his hand, "My aunt has often spoken to me about you. You are one of her favourites, and I am at once one of her victims also."

"I am to Lady Agave's back-bowls at present," answered Dorian with a funny look of penitence. "I promised to go to a Mrs. Whitechapel with her last evening, and I really forget that now. We were to have played a duet together, three duets. I am sure I don't know what she will say to me. I am far too frightened to do."

"Oh, I will make you at peace with my aunt. She is quite devoted to you. And I don't think it really matters about your not being there. The audience probably brought in a duet. When Aunt Agave has tired with the piano, she makes quite enough noise for two people."

"That is very kind of her, and not very interesting," answered Dorian, laughing.

Lord Henry looked at him. Yes, he was certainly wonderfully handsome, with his forty-two and scintillating black eyes, his superb hair. There was something in his face that made one trust him at once. At the same time, if it was there, as well as all the other passionate parts, there was that he had kept but well, at spots in the world. No wonder Basil Hallward worshipped him.

"You are too charming to go on being philanthropic," Mr. Gray said, laughing. And Lord Henry took a case from the drawer and opened his cigarette-case.

The painter had been busy mixing his colours and getting his brushes ready. He was looking toward Dorian when he heard Lord Henry's last remark. He came forward hesitating for a moment, and then said, "Harry, I want to finish this picture to-day. Would you look at my model for it? I asked you to go away."

Lord Henry started and looked at Dorian Gray. "At Dorian?" Mr. Gray he asked.

"Oh, please don't, Lord Henry. I see that Basil is in one of his sulky moods, and I can't bear him when he waxes. Besides, I want you. For I see why I should not go to the play to-day."

"I don't know what I shall do, other than Mr. Gray. It is so ridiculous as I feel that one would have to talk seriously with him. But I certainly shall not run away now that you have asked me to stop. You are in a cruelly kind mood, Basil, do you? You have often told me that you asked your sisters to have some one to chat to."

"Harward bit his lip. If Deiman wishes it, of course you must stay. Deiman's whims are laws to everybody except himself."

"Lord Henry took up his hat and gloves. You are very pressing, Basil, but I am afraid I must go. I have promised to meet a man at the Orleans. Good-bye, Mr. Gray. Come and see me some afternoon in Curzon Street. I am nearly always at home at five o'clock. Write to me when you are coming. I should be sorry to miss you."

"Basil cried Deiman Gray to Lord Henry. "When you go, I shall go too. You never open your lips while you are putting on a suit, and it is horribly dull standing on a platform and trying to look pleasant. Ask him to stay. I must upon it."

"Stay, Harry, to oblige Deiman and to oblige me," said Harward, gazing intently at his picture. "It is quite true, I never talk when I am working, and never listen either, and I must be dreadfully tedious to my unfortunate sisters. I beg you to stay."

"But what about my man at the Orleans?"

"The painter laughs. 'I don't think there will be any difficulty about that. Sit down again, Harry. And now, Deiman, get on the platform and don't move about too much, or pay any attention to what Lord Henry says. He has a very bad influence over all his friends, with the single exception of myself.'"

"Deiman Gray stepped up on the stage with the air of a young Greek martyr, and made a noble moue of dismission to Lord Henry, to whom he had rather taken a fancy. He was so like Basil. They made a delightful contrast. And he had such a beautiful voice. After a few moments he said to him, 'Have you really a very bad influence, Lord Henry? As bad as Basil says?'"

"There is no such thing as a good influence, Mr. Gray. As a creature is immoral, so is he at first from the scientific point of view."

"Why?"

"Because to influence a person, you give him one's own self. He does not think his natural thoughts, or win with his natural passions. His virtues are not real to him. He says, and there are such things as sins, are borrowed. He believes a creed, and so becomes a Christian, an actor, a part that has not been written for him. The aim of life is self-development. To realize one's nature perfectly—that is what each of us is here for. People are afraid of themselves, no way else, they have forgotten the highest ideal. And this, the only way that one can ever be selfless. Of course, they are charitable. They feed the hungry and clothe the beggar. But Henry, who is starved, is quite naked. Courage has gone out of his face. Perhaps we never really had it. The terror of society, which is the basis of morality, the terror of God, which is the secret of religion—these are the weightings that govern us. And yet—"

"Joy was on his head at the moment the right Deiman, like a good boy, said the painter, deeply in his work and conscious only of a look and come

And the only fact that he had never seen there, where

And yet, continued Lord Henry, it has not made me a man. It has not given me the grace of the great, the grace of the great that glances in the wave of the hand that was always so majestic at the end of the sentence, and that he had even in his childhood. It has not made me live out his life, his way of thinking, his every gesture, his every expression, his every thought, ready to every form. I believe that he would have gained such a flesh in praise of poetry that we would forget the machinery of machinery, and retain only the flame, the idea, something finer, rather than the flame, because it may be. But he has not that, and he is not a man of his kind. The nature of his age has taught him to survive, to be self-sufficient, that is all, and even. We are possessed by our reticence, by our impulse that we strive to struggle to make the most of our personality. The body is a mere a means to an end with us, but for him it is a mode of justification. Nothing remains there but the trace of it, of a pleasure in the beauty of a gesture, a beauty, a way of getting, a way of being, a way of it. He is it, and you, you know, you will be looking for the things it has to offer to use it with, for it is what it is most, it is what it has made for survival, it is what it has been and that the great things of the world take place in the body, in the body, and the body, that the great things of the world take place in. You, Mr. Gray, you yourself, with your rose-red youth, with your rose-white youth, you have had passions that have made you a man, thoughts that have made you with your city dreams and sleeping dreams, with your city night, with your city, with your city, with your city.

Sally entered Doris's day camp, a new letter I told him what was there among sweeties - by I am still in the space
 let me think the father are he is too busy

[illegible][illegible]

Yes there had been things not heard by the party at a festival held at the district here now I have been busy at other places and have been unable to hear or had seen what was going on. Why? The folk know.

With his blue stare fixed on the young man, he watched him. He knew the purpose he brought him here, whether he was looking for a job or a girl or a girl's father. He was amazed at the young man's expression. He had never before noticed a young man looking at him like that, when he was asked a question which had revealed to him that he had a knowledge of the world. He wondered whether the young man was saying through a young man's eyes, even if he had never said it at all, was he not. It did not make him feel how fascinating the lad was.

[illegible]

the true refinement and perfect beauty that heart at any rate comes only from strength. He was unconscious of the silence.

Basel is tired of standing," cried Doran Gray suddenly. "I must go out and sit in the garden. The air is stifling here."

"My dear fellow, I am so sorry. When I am painting I can't think of anything else. But you never sat better. You were perfectly well. And I have caught the effect I wanted—the half-painted jaw and the bright look in the eyes. I don't know what Harry has been saying to you, but he has certainly made you have the most wonderful expression. I suppose he has been paying you compliments. You mustn't be vexed a word," he says.

He has certainly not been paying me compliments. Perhaps that is the reason that I don't believe anything he has told me."

"You know you believe it all," said Lord Henry, looking at him with his dreamy languorous eyes. "I will go out to the garden with you. It is horrible hot in the studio. Basel, let us have something good to drink, something with strawberries in it."

"Certainly, Harry. Just touch the bell, and when Parker comes I will tell him what you want. I have got to work up this background, so I will see you later on. Don't keep Doran waiting. I have never been so happy as when I am painting, but I am to-day. This is going to be my masterpiece. It will be a masterpiece as it stands."

Lord Henry went out to the garden and found Doran Gray burying his face in the great roses and blowing his feverish forehead in their perfume as if it had been wine. He came close to him and put his hand upon his shoulder. "You are quite right to do that," he murmured. "Nothing can cure the soul, but the senses;—not anything can cure the senses but the soul."

The tail started and drew back. He was bare-headed, and the eaves had tossed his rebellious curls and tangled all his gilded threads. There was a look of fear in his eyes, such as people have when they are suddenly awakened. His finely-bowed nostrils quivered, and some sudden nerve shook the scarlet of his lips and left them trembling.

"Yes," continued Lord Henry, "that is one of the great secrets of life—to cure the soul by means of the senses, and the senses by means of the soul. You are a wonderful creation. You know more than you think you know, just as you know less than you want to know."

Doran Gray frowned and turned his head away. He could not help liking the tall graceful young man who was standing by him. His Roman features combined face and with expression interested him. There was something in his low languid voice that was absolutely fascinating. His cool white flower-like hands even had a curious charm. They moved as he spoke like music, and seemed to have a language of their own. But he felt attracted to him and ashamed of being afraid. Why had it been left to a stranger to reveal him to himself? He had known Basil Hawthorne for months, but the friendship between them had never altered him. Suddenly there had come some one across his life who seemed to have disclosed to him its mystery. And yet what was there to be afraid of? It was not a shadowy or a gloomy. It was absurd to be frightened.

"Let us go and sit in the shade," said Lord Henry. "Parker has brought out the drinks, and if you stay any longer in this glare you will be quite spoiled, and Basil will never paint you again. Your tears must not grow worse than your nose and throat. I would be unbecomingly

What an immense crowd! He sat there laughing as he sat down on the seat at the end of the garden.

It should not matter everything is you Mr. Cogan
Wife

Because you have the most massive south, and south is the one thing worth having."

"I don't feel than Lord Henry"

Now you don't feel it now. Some day when you are old and wrinkled and grey when thought has seared your forehead with its lines and passion has led your eye with its hideous tears you will feel it you will feel it terribly. Now whenever you go you harm the world. Will it always be so? You have a wonderful beautiful face Mr. Gray. I don't know. You have. And beauty is a form of genius—higher indeed than genius as it needs no explanation. I'm not the great facts of the world like the night or spring time or the reflection in dark waters of that silver sheen on the moon. It cannot be questioned. It has no divine right of sovereignty. It makes prisoners of those who have it & suffer. Ah when you have lost it you won't see it. People say sometimes that beauty is only superficial. That may be so but at least it is not so superficial as thought is. I think beauty is the wonder of wonders. It is only a shadow upon people who do not judge by appearances. The true mystery of the world is the visible not the invisible. Yes Mr. Gray the gods have been good to you. But what the gods give they quickly take away. You have only a few years in which to live really perfectly and fully. When your youth goes your beauty goes with it and then you wonder why you had here a miracle in physics but you must have recognized yourself with those mean triumphs that the memory of your past will make more bitter than defeat. I very much as it wastes things you nearer to something great. Yes there is pain in this and wars against your senses and your senses. You will be one day old and become the old and I dread. You will suffer heartily. Ah realize your youth while you have it. Don't wonder being good. I spent days turning to the religious trying to impose the highest faith on giving away your life to the ignorant the common and the vulgar. These are the sick saints the false saints. I am glad I've been well taught to that point now. Let nothing be said against you. Be always searching for new sensations. Be afraid of nothing. A new Hedonism—that is what our century was to be. You might have been content. With some personalities there is nothing you could not do. The world turned to you for a season. The moment I met you I saw that you were going to diminish all what you do is a state of what's in reality might be. There was no such thing as that harmed me but I'll be honest if you're nothing about it you're not. I thought how tragic it would be if you were wasted. For here is such a fine fine that your youth will be as good as a little time. The common people know better but they live down again. The atmosphere will be as you want I am as it is now. It's a much better way for people starts in the vicinity and year after year the green night is in the eyes will lead to people starts. But we never get back our youth. The power has been taken from us at twenty becomes sluggish. Our intellects the memory of the passions of what we were in much afraid and the exasperations of the passions have lost the courage to vent to youth. Youth youth. There is absolutely nothing in the world but youth!"

Dorian Gray laughed—open-eyed and wondering. The spray of mace fell from his hand upon the graves. A lady bee came and buzzed round it for a moment. Then it began to scamble about over the oval steeled globe of the tiny burrows. He watched it with that strange interest in trivial things that we try to develop when things of high import make us afraid, or when we are stirred by some new emotion of which we cannot find expression, or when some thought that terrifies us lays sudden siege to the brain and calls on us to yield. After a time the beetle flew away. He saw it creeping into the stained trumpet of a Lyrian convolvulus. The flower seemed to quiver, and then swayed gently to and fro.

Suddenly the painter appeared at the door of the studio and made staccato signs for them to come in. They turned to each other and smiled.

"I am waiting," he cried, "to come in. The light is quite perfect, and you can bring your drinks."

They rose up and sauntered down the walk together. Two green and white butterflies fluttered past them, and in the pear-tree at the corner of the garden a thrush began to sing.

"You are glad you have met me," Mr. Gray said Lord Henry, looking at him.

"Yes, I am glad now. I wonder what I always be glad."

"Always? That is a dreadful word. It makes me shudder when I hear it. Women are wonderful at using it. They spoil every romance by trying to make it last for ever. It is a meaningless word, too. The only difference between a captive and a fleeing passion is that the captive lasts a little longer."

As they entered the studio, Dorian Gray put his hand upon Lord Henry's arm. "In that case, let our friendship be a captive," he murmured, flashing at his own beauty; then stepped up on the platform and resumed his pose.

Lord Henry flung himself into a large wicker armchair and watched him. The sweep and dash of the brush on the canvas made the only sound that broke the stillness, except when, now and then, Harry had stepped back to look at his work from a distance. In the morning beams that streamed through the open doorway the dust danced and was golden. The heavy weeds of the roses seemed to brood over everything.

After about a quarter of an hour Harry had stopped painting, looked for a long time at Dorian Gray, and then for a long time at the picture, being the end of one of his huge brushes and throwing it aside. "Quite finished," he cried at last, and stepping down he wrote his name in big vermilion letters on the left-hand corner of the canvas.

Lord Henry came over and examined the picture. "It was certainly a wonderful work of art, and a wonderful likeness as well."

"My dear fellow, I congratulate you most warmly," he said. "It is the finest portrait of modern times. Mr. Gray, come over and look at your self."

"He had started, as I awakened from some dream."

"Is it really finished?" he murmured, stepping down from the platform.

"Quite finished," said the painter. "An eye have sat upon him to-day. I am awfully obliged to you."

"That went very well to me," broke in Lord Henry. "But Mr. Gray—"

Dorian made no answer. He passed ~~recessantly~~ in front of his picture and turned towards it. When he saw it he drew back, and his cheeks flushed.

for a moment with pleasure. A look of joy came into his eyes, as if he had recognized himself for the first time. He stood there motionless and in wonder, fully conscious that Howard was speaking to him, but not catching the meaning of his words. The sense of his own beauty came on him like a revelation. He had never felt it before. Basil Hallward's compliments had seemed to him to be merely the charming exaggeration of friendship. He had laughed at them, laughed at himself, forgotten them. They had not influenced his attitude. Then had come Lord Henry Wotton with his strange, paradoxical, cynical, his terrible warning of its brevity. That had started him at the time, and now, as he stood gazing at the shadow on his own ivory mask, the full reality of the description flashed across his mind. Yes, there would be a day when his face would be wrinkled and swollen, his eyes dim and bloodless, the grace of his figure decayed and deformed. The secret would pass away from his lips and he would sink from his height. The life that was to make him was gone, but his body. He would be one dreadfully decrepit and old man.

As he thought of it a shuddering chill struck him, might him like a knife and made each delicate line of his nature quiver. His eyes deepened into amethyst, and as they turned came a mist of tears. He felt as if a hand of ice had been laid upon his heart.

Don't you like it? cried Howard at last, standing aside by the lady's screen, not interfering with what I meant.

Of course he doesn't, said Lord Henry. Who would like it? It is one of the greatest things in modern art. I will give you a thing you like to ask for it. I must have it.

"It is not my property, Harry.

"Whose property is it?

Dorian's, of course," answered the painter.

He is a very lucky fellow."

How sad it is," murmured Dorian Gray with his eyes fixed upon his own portrait. How sad it is. I shall grow old and horrible, and dreadful. But this picture will remain always young. I will never be older than this particular day of June. If it were only the other way. If it were I who was to be always young, and the picture that was to grow old—for that—for that—I would give everything. Yes, there is nothing in the whole world I wouldn't give. I would give my soul for that.

You would hardly care for such an arrangement, Basil," cried Lord Henry, laughing. It would be rather hard—on your work.

I should expect very strongly, Harry," said Howard.

Dorian Gray turned and looked at him. I reserve my wishes, Basil. You like your art better than your friends. I am a creature to you, but a green bronze figure. Harry's as much I care for.

The painter stared in amazement. It was so unlike Dorian to speak like that. What had happened? He seemed quite at bay. His face was flushed and his cheeks burning.

Yes," he continued. I am less to you than any other creature, or silver faun. You will take them away. How long will you take me? I have my first wrinkles, I suppose. I know now what when one uses one's good looks whatever they may be, one loses everything. You, on the other hand, are that. Lord Henry Wotton is absolutely right. You are sure of everything with having. Well, I find that I am growing old. I shall kill myself."

Howard turned pale. I ought to stand by you, Dorian," he cried.

"don't lack like that I have never had such a friend as you and I shall never have such another. You are not jealous of material things are you?—you who are richer than any of them."

"I am jealous of everything whose beauty does not die. I am jealous of the portraits you have painted of me. Why should I keep what I most treasure? Every moment that passes takes something from me and gives something to it. Oh, if it were only the other way. If the picture could change and I could be always what I am now. Why did I ever paint it. It will mock me some day—mock me horribly." The portrait wavered into his eyes—he tore his hand away and flinging himself on the sofa he buried his face in the cushions, as though he was praying.

"This is what I am doing, Harry—and the painter—utterly."

Lord Henry shrugged his shoulders. "It is the real Herman Gray—that is

It is not."

"If it is not, what have I to do with it?"

"You should have gone away when I asked you," he muttered.

"I stayed when you asked me," was Lord Henry's answer.

Harry had not quarrelled with his two best friends at once, but between you and him you have made me have the finest piece of work I have ever done—and I will destroy it. What is it but canvas and colour. I will not let it come across our three axes and treat them."

Herman Gray lifted his gaunt head from the sofa and with pale face and tear-stained eyes looked at him as he walked over to the dear painting table that was set beneath the high-paned window. What was he doing there. His fingers were staying about among the tatters of linens and dry brushes seeking for something. Yes, a waft of the long palette-knife with a thin blade of a fine steel. He had found it at last. He was going to rip up the canvas.

With a stifled sob he had leaped from the sofa and rushing over to Herman had tore the knife out of his hand and flung it to the end of the studio. "Don't, Basil, don't," he cried, "at what we murder."

"I am glad you appreciate my work at last, Herman," said the painter roddily when he had recovered from his surprise. "I never thought you would."

"Appreciated it, I am—more with Basil. I is part of myself. I see that."

"We—as soon as you are dry you shall be varnished and framed and sent home. Then you can tell what you like with yourself. And he walked across the room and rang the bell for tea. "You will have tea, of course, Herman. And so will you, Harry. Or do you object to such simple pleasures?"

"I do not object to simple pleasures," said Lord Henry. "They are the last refuge of the complex. Basil does—he never except on the stage. What a world fellows you are both of you. I wonder what it was defined man as a rational animal. It was the most premature of conclusions even. Man is rational though he is not rational. I am glad he is not after all—though I wish you both were. I am scribbled over the picture. You had much better come have it. Basil. He is a boy does not really want it and I really do."

"It is a masterpiece, Basil. I should never forgive you," cried Herman Gray—and I don't know people to call me a silly boy."

"You know the picture is very old. I gave it to you before it existed."

"And you know you have been a little silly, Mr. Gray, and that you don't really object to being reminded that you are extremely young."

"I should have objected very strongly this morning, Lord Henry."

"Ah, this morning! You have lived since then."

There came a knock at the door, and the butler entered with a laden tea-tray and set it down upon a small Japanese table. There was a range of cups and saucers and the hissing of a tilted Georgian urn. Two globe-shaped china dishes were brought in by a page. Dorian Gray went over and poured out the tea. The two men sauntered languidly to the table and examined what was under the covers.

"Let us go to the theatre to-night," said Lord Henry. "There is sure to be something on somewhere. I have promised to dine at White's, but it is only with an old friend, so I can send him a wire to say that I am ill, or that I am prevented from coming in consequence of a subsequent engagement. I think that would be a rather nice excuse—it would have all the surprise of candour."

"It is such a bore putting on one's dress-clothes," muttered Hallward.

"And when one has them on, they are so horrid."

"Yes," answered Lord Henry dreamily. "the costume of the nineteenth century is detestable. It is so sombre, so depressing. Sin is the only real colour-element left in modern life."

"You really must not say things like that before Dorian, Henry."

"Before which Dorian? The one who is pouring out tea for us, or the one in the picture?"

"Before either."

"I should like to come to the theatre with you, Lord Henry," said the lad.

"Then you shall come, and you will come too, Basil, won't you?"

"I can't, really. I would sooner not. I have a lot of work to do."

"Well, then, you and I will go alone, Mr. Gray."

"I should like that awfully."

The painter bit his lip and walked over, cup in hand, to the picture. "I shall stay with the real Dorian," he said, sadly.

"Is it the real Dorian?" cried the original of the portrait, strolling across to him. "Am I really like that?"

"Yes; you are just like that."

"How wonderful, Basil!"

"At least you are like it in appearance. But it will never alter," sighed Hallward. "That is something."

"What a fuss people make about fidelity!" exclaimed Lord Henry. "Why, even in love it is purely a question for physiology. It has nothing to do with our own will. Young men want to be faithful, and are not; old men want to be faithless, and cannot—that is all one can say."

"Don't go to the theatre to-night, Dorian," said Hallward. "Stop and dine with me."

"I can't, Basil."

"Why?"

"Because I have promised Lord Henry Wotton to go with him."

"He won't like you the better for keeping your promises. He always breaks his own. I beg you not to go."

Dorian Gray laughed and shook his head.

"I entreat you."

The lad hesitated and looked over at Lord Henry who was watching them from the tea-table with an amused smile.

"I must go, Basil," he answered.

"Very well," said Halward, and he went over and laid down his cup on the tray. It is rather late, and as you have to dress you had better lose no time. Good-bye, Harry. Good-bye Dorian. Come and see me soon. Come to-morrow."

Certainly."

You won't forget?"

No, of course not," cried Dorian.

And Harry?"

Yes, Basil."

"Remember what I asked you, when we were in the garden this morning."

"I have forgotten it."

"I trust you."

"I wish I could trust myself," said Lord Henry laughing. "Come Mr Gray, my hansom is outside, and I can drop you at your own place. Good-bye, Basil. It has been a most interesting afternoon."

As the door closed behind them the painter flung himself down on a sofa, and a look of pain came into his face.

CHAPTER THREE

At half past twelve next day Lord Henry Wotton strolled from Curzon Street over to the Albany to call on his uncle Lord Fermor, a gentleman of somewhat rough-mannered old bachelor, whom the outside world called selfish because he derived no particular benefit from him, but who was considered generous by society as he fed the people who amused him. His father had been once an ambassador at Madrid when Isabella was young and Prime unthought of, but had retired from the diplomatic service in a capricious moment of annoyance on not being offered the Embassy at Paris a post to which he considered that he was fairly entitled by reason of his birth, his indolence, the good English of his dispatches, and his inordinate passion for pleasure. The son, who had been his father's secretary, had resigned along with his chief somewhat foolishly as was thought at the time, and on succeeding some months later to the title had set himself to the serious study of the great aristocratic art of doing absolutely nothing. He had two large town houses, but preferred to live in chambers as it was less trouble, and took most of his meals at his club. He paid some attention to the management of his colonies in the Midland counties, excusing himself for this want of industry on the ground that the one advantage of having coal was that it enabled a gentleman to afford the decency of burning wood on his own hearth. In politics he was a Tory except when the Tories were in office, during which period he roundly abused them for being a pack of Radicals. He was a hero to his valet, who bullied him, and a terror to most of his relations, whom he bullied in turn. Only England could have produced him, and he always said that the country was going to the dogs. His principles were out of date, but there was a good deal to be said for his prejudices.

When Lord Henry entered the room, he found his uncle sitting in a rough shooting coat, smoking a cheroot and gazing over *The Times*. "Well, Harry," said the old gentleman, "what brings you out so early? I thought your dandies never got up till two, and were not so wise as I." "Excuse my fatherly affection, I assure you, Uncle George, I want to get something out of you."

"Money, I suppose," said Lord Fernor, making a wry face. "Well, sit down and tell me at least if young people nowadays imagine that money is everything."

"Yes," murmured Lord Henry, settling his button-hole in his hat, "and when they grow older they know it. But I don't want money. It's only people who pay then, but who want that I love. George, and I never pay mine. I've let it be the capital of a younger son, and one day charmingly open it. Besides, I always deal with Dartmoor's tradesmen, and consequently they never bother me. What I want is information, not useful information, of course, useless information."

"Well, I can tell you a thing that even an English Blue Book, Harry, although I've known 'em nowadays write a lot of nonsense. When I was in the Diplomatic things were much better. But I hear they let them in now by examination. What can you expect? Examinations are pure humbug from beginning to end. If a man is a gentleman, he knows quite enough, and if he is not a gentleman, whatever he knows is bad for him."

"Mr. Dorian Gray does not belong to Blue Books, Uncle George," said Lord Henry languidly.

"Mr. Dorian Gray? Who is he?" asked Lord Fernor, knitting his bushy white eyebrows.

"That is what I have come to learn, Uncle George. Or rather I know who he is. He is the last Lord Kew's grandson. His mother was a Devereux, Lady Margaret Devereux. I want you to tell me about his mother. What was she like? Whom did she marry? You have known nearly everybody in your time, so you might have known her. I am very much interested in Mr. Gray at present. I have only just met him."

Kew's grandson, echoed the old gentleman, Kew's grandson. Of course. I knew his mother intimately. I believe I was at her christening. She was an extraordinary beautiful girl, Margaret Devereux, and made all the men frantic by running away with a penniless young fellow—a mere nobody, sir, a volunteer in a foot regiment, or something of that kind. Certainly, I remember the whole thing as if it happened yesterday. The poor chap was killed in a duel at Spa a few months after the marriage. There was an ugly story about it. They said Kew got some famous adventurer, some Belgian brute, to murder his son-in-law in public, and he did so. He did, paid him, and that the fellow spared his man as if he had been a pygmy. The thing was hushed up, but egad, he wrote his chap alone at the club for some time afterwards. He brought his daughter back with him. I was told, and she never spoke to him again. Oh, yes, it was a bad business. The girl died, too, died within a year, so she left a son, did she? I had forgotten that. What sort of boy is he? Is he like his mother, he must be a good looking chap.

"He is very good looking," assented Lord Henry.

"I hope he will turn out properly," continued the old man. "He should have a good education waiting for him. Kew did the right thing for him. His mother had money, too. As she by property came to her through her grandfather. Her grandfather hated Kew, thought him a

mean dog. He was not I came to Madrid once when I was there. Egad! I was ashamed of him. The Queen used to ask me about the English noble who was always quarrelling with the cabinet about her taxes. They made quite a story of it. I did not dare show my face at Court for a month. I hope he treated his grandson better than he did the latvies.

"I don't know," answered Lord Henry. "I fancy that the boy will be well off. He is not of age yet. He has Seby, I know. He told me so. And—his mother was very beautiful?"

Margaret Devereux was one of the loveliest creatures I ever saw. Harry. What on earth induced her to behave as she did. I never could understand. She could have married anybody she chose. Carrington was mad after her. She was romantically, though. All the women of that family were. The men were a poor lot, but egad, the women were wonderful. Carrington went on his knees to her. Told me so himself. She laughed at him, and there wasn't a girl in London at the time who wasn't after him. And by the way, Harry, taking a good view of marriages, what is this haunting you to bother to tell me about Dartmoor waiting to marry an American. Aren't English girls good enough for him?"

It is rather fashionable to marry Americans just now. Uncle George

looked back English women against the world, Harry, said Lord Henry, striking the table with his fist.

"The betting is on the Americans."

"They don't last, I am told," muttered his uncle.

A long engagement exhausts them, but they are capital at a steep chase. They take things flying. I don't think Dartmoor has a chance."

"Who are her people?" growled the old gentleman. "Has she got any?"

Lord Henry shook his head. "American girls are as clever at concealing their parents as English women are at concealing their past," he said, rising to go.

"They are pork packers, I suppose."

"I hope so, Uncle George, for Dartmoor's sake. I am told that pork packing is the most lucrative profession in America after politics."

"Is she pretty?"

"She behaves as if she was beautiful. Most American women do. It is the secret of their charm."

"Why can't these American women stay in their own country? They are always telling us that it is the paradise for women."

"It is. That is the reason why, like Eve, they are so excessively anxious to get out of it," said Lord Henry. "Good bye, Uncle George. I shall be late for lunch, if I stop any longer. Thanks for giving me the information I wanted. I always like to know everything about my new friends, and nothing about my old ones."

"Where are you lunching, Harry?"

"At Aunt Agatha's. I have asked myself and Mr. Gray. He is her latest *protégé*."

"Nonsense! tell your Aunt Agatha, Harry, not to bother me any more with her charity appeals. I am sick of them. Why, the good woman thinks that I have nothing to do but to write cheques for her silly fads."

"All right, Uncle George. I will tell her, but it won't have any effect. Phew! this pig people lose all sense of humanity. It is their distinguishing characteristic."

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

had gone in to catch. He gave one of the footmen his hat and stick and passed into the dining-room.

Late as usual Harry cried his aunt shaking her head at him.

He invented a false excuse and having taken the vacant seat next to her looked round to see who was there. He then bowed to himself as if from the end of the table a flash of pleasure stealing into his cheek. Opposite was the Duchess of Fancies, a lady of admirable good nature and good temper, much liked by every one who knew her, and of those agreeable intellectual properties that in women who are not actresses are demanded by contemporary historians as necessities. Next to her sat on her right Sir Thomas Burton, a Radical member of Parliament, who followed his leader in public, but in private he followed the best society doing with the Tories and thinking with the Liberals in accordance with a wise and well-known rule. The position her left was occupied by Mr. Fiskine of Treasiley, an old gentleman of considerable charm and culture, who had taken, however, his bad habits of silence. Having, as he explained once to Lady Agatha, said everything that he had to say before he was thirty. His own neighbour was Mrs. Vandermere, one of his aunt's oldest friends, a perfect saint amongst women, but with dreadful dowry that she inherited, one of a lady's board of hump back. Fortunately for him she had on the other side Lord Fancies, a most intelligent middle-aged man, witty as hard as a mineral, a statement in the House of Commons with which she was conversing in that intense earnest manner which is the one undoubted merit, as he remarked once himself, that a really good people have, and from which none of them ever quite escape.

We are talking about poor old money, Lord Henry cried the fifth time, making proposals to her across the table. Do you think he will really marry this fascinating young person?

I believe she has made up her mind to propose to him, Duchess.

How dreadful! exclaimed Lady Agatha. Really some one should interfere."

I am told on excellent authority that her father keeps an American dry goods store, said Sir Thomas Burton, looking vapourous.

My dear, he has already suggested pork packing, Sir Thomas.

Dry goods? What are American dry goods? asked the duchess, raising her large hands in wonder at accentuating the verb.

American money, answered Lord Henry, helping himself to some quail.

The duchess looked puzzled.

Don't mind him, my dear, whispered Lady Agatha. He never means anything that he says."

When America was discovered, said the Radical member, and he began to give some wear some facts. Like a people who try to exhaust a subject he exhausted his listeners. The duchess laughed and exercised her privilege of interruption. I wish to goodness it never had been discovered, she exclaimed. Really our girls have no chance now-a-days. It is most unfair."

Perhaps, after all, America never has been discovered, said Mr. Fiskine. I myself would say that it had merely been detected.

Oh, but I have seen specimens of the inhabitants, answered the duchess vaguely. I must confess that most of them are extremely pretty. And they dress well too. They get at their dresses in Paris. I wish I could afford to do the same."

"They say that when good Americans die they go to Paris," chuckled Sir Thomas, who had a large wardrobe of Hamour's cast-off clothes.

"Really? And where do bad Americans go to when they die?" inquired the duchess.

"They go to America," murmured Lord Henry.

Sir Thomas frowned. "I am afraid that your nephew is prejudiced against that great country," he said to Lady Agatha. "I have travelled all over it in cars provided by the directors, who, in such matters, are extremely civil. I assure you that it is an education to visit it."

"But must we really see Chicago in order to be educated?" asked Mr. Fiske plaintively. "I don't feel up to the journey."

Sir Thomas waved his hand. "Mr. Fiske of Bradley has the word in his sleeve. We practical men like to see things, not to read about them. The Americans are an extremely interesting people. They are absolutely reasonable. I think that is their distinguishing characteristic. Yes, Mr. Fiske, an absolutely reasonable people. I assure you there is no common sense about the Americans."

"How contradictory!" cried Lord Henry. "I can stand brute force, but brute reason is quite unbearable. There is something unfair about its use. It is hitting below the intellect."

"I do not understand you," said Sir Thomas, growing rather red.

"I do," Lord Henry murmured. Mr. Fiske, with a smile.

"Paradoxes are all very well in their way," rejoined the baronet.

"Was that a paradox?" asked Mr. Fiske. "I did not think so. Perhaps it was. Well, the way of paradoxes is the way of truth. To test reality we must see it on the right side. When the virtues become caricatures we can judge them."

"Dear me," said Lady Agatha, "how you men argue. I am sure I never can make out what you are talking about. Oh, Harry, I am quite vexed with you. Why do you try to persuade our nice Mr. Dorian Gray to give up the East End? I assure you he would be quite insupportable. They would love his playing."

"I want him to play to me," cried Lord Henry, smiling, and he looked down the table and caught a bright answering glance.

"But they are so unhappy in Whitechapel," continued Lady Agatha.

"I can sympathize with everything except suffering," said Lord Henry, shrugging his shoulders. "I cannot sympathize with that. It is too ugly, too horrible, too distressing. There is something terribly morbid in the modern sympathy with pain. One should sympathize with the colour, the beauty, the joy of life. The less said about life's woes, the better."

"Still, the East End is a very important problem," remarked Sir Thomas with a grave shake of the head.

"Quite so," answered the young lord. "It is the problem of slavery, and we try to solve it by amusing the slaves."

The politician looked at him keenly. "What change do you propose, then?" he asked.

"Lord Henry laughed. "I don't desire to change anything in England except the weather," he answered. "I am quite content with philosophical contemplation. But, as the nineteenth century has gone bankrupt through an over-expenditure of sympathy, I would suggest that we should appeal to science to put us straight. The advantage of the emotions is that they lead us astray, and the advantage of science is that it is not emotional."

But we have such grave responsibilities," venetian Mrs. Vandeleur timidly.

"Let us grave," rejoined Lady Agatha.

Lord Henry looked over at Mr. Eysenck. "He naturally takes itself too seriously. If only he would say 'gosh' as the caveman had known how to laugh, history would have been different."

"You are really very comforting," warbled the duchess. "I have always felt rather giddy when I am to see you, dear aunt, but I take no interest at all in the past and in the future I shall be able to look her in the face without a blush."

A blush, a very becoming one, however, remarked Lord Henry.

"Only when she is young," she answered. "When an old woman like myself tries it is a very bad sight. Ah, Lady Henry, I wish you would tell me how to become young again."

"He thought for a moment. "Can you remember her a very great error that you committed in your early days, Duchess?" he asked, looking at her across the table.

"A great many, I fear," she cried.

"Then commit them over again," he said gravely. "I forget back more youth, one has more vice repeated many times."

"A delightfully theory," she exclaimed. "I must put it into practice."

"A larger as theory," came from Sir John as a slight bow lady Agatha shook her head, but could not help being amused. Mr. Eysenck listened.

"Yes," he continued, "that is one of the great secrets of life. Nowadays most people live a sort of life of keeping up common sense and discover when it is too late that the only things one never regrets are one's mistakes."

A laugh ran round the table.

He played with the idea and grew with it, teased it to the an and transformed it, let it escape and then snatched it, made it grotesque with fancy and winged it with paradox. The phrase of life as he went on, seated, into a philosophy, and philosophy beside became young, and catching the mad music of pleasure, wearing one might fancy, her wine stained face and wreathed in danced like a Bacchante over the balcony, and mocked the slow Sisyphus or being when fastidious before her like lightning forest things. Her white feet and the huge press at which was Omar sat, the wedding grape, she rose round her hair pink in waves of purple, nibbles of candles in red flames over the vast black dripping soap sides. It was an extraordinary improvisation. He felt that the eyes of that Gray were fixed on him, and the curious guess that amongst his audience there was one whose temperament he wished to follow, he seemed to give his own keenness and to lend colour to his imagination. He was brilliant, charming, irresponsible. He harmed his listeners out of themselves, and they followed his pipe, laughing. But an Gray never took his gaze off him, but sat like one under a spell, strong chasing each other over his lips and wondering with grave and widening eyes.

At last, hurried in the costume of the age, tea is entered the room in the shape of a servant to tell the duchess that her carriage was waiting. She wrung her hands in mock despair. "How annoying," she cried. "I must go. I have to call on my husband at the club to take him to some absurd meeting at Wicks Rooms where he is going to be in the chair. I am late, he is sure to be furious, and I cannot have a word in his honour. It is far

too fragile. A harsh word would ruin it. No, I must go, dear Agatha. Good-bye. Lord Henry, you are quite delighted and dreadfully demoralizing. I am sure I don't know what to say about your views. You must come and dine with us some night, Tuesday. Are you disengaged Tuesday?

If you like I would throw over anybody, Dorian," said Lord Henry with a bow.

Ah, that is very nice, and very wrong if you," she cried, "wound you come," and she swept out of the room, followed by Lady Agatha and the other ladies.

When Lord Henry had sat down again, Mr. Erskine moved round, and taking a chair close to him, placed his hand upon his arm.

You talk books away," he said, "why don't you write one?"

"I am too fond of reading books to care to write them," Mr. Erskine. "I should like to write a novel, certainly, a novel that would be as lively as a *Perman*, as pet and as untrue. But there is no literary public in England for anything except newspapers, primers, and encyclopaedias. Of all people in the world the English have the least sense of the beauty of literature."

"I fear you are right," answered Mr. Erskine. "I myself used to have literary ambitions, but I gave them up long ago. And now my dear young friend, if you will allow me to call you so, may I ask if you really meant all that you said to us at lunch?"

"I quite forget what I said," smiled Lord Henry. "Was it all very bad?"

"Very bad indeed. In fact I consider you extremely dangerous, and if anything happens to our good duchess, we shall look on you as being primarily responsible. But I should like to talk to you about it. The generation into which I was born was tedious. Some day, when you are tired of London, come down to Treadley and expound to me your philosophy of parasitism over some admirable Burgundy I am fortunate enough to possess."

"I shall be charmed. A visit to Treadley would be a great privilege. It has a perfect host, and a perfect library."

"You will complete it," answered the old gentleman with a courteous bow. "And now I must bid good-bye to your excellent aunt. I am due at the Athenaeum. It is the hour when we steep there."

"All of you, Mr. Erskine?"

"Forty of us, in forty arm-chairs. We are practising for an English Academy of Letters."

Lord Henry laughed and rose. "I am going to the park," he cried.

As he was passing out of the door, Dorian Gray touched him on the arm. "Let me come with you," he murmured.

"But I thought you had promised Basil Hallward to go and see him," answered Lord Henry.

"I would sooner come with you, yes, I see. I must come with you. Do let me. And you will promise to talk to me all the time. No one talks so wonderfully as you do."

"Ah, I have talked quite enough for to-day," said Lord Henry, smiling.

"All I want now is to look at it. You may come and look at it with me, if you care to."

CHAPTER FOUR

One afternoon, a month later, Thomas Gray was reclining in a luxuriant arm-chair in the little library of Lord Henry's house in Mayfair. It was in its way a very charming room, with its high paneled wainscoting of olive stained oak, its trim carved woodwork and ceiling of faded plaster-work, and its broad soft felt carpet strewn with silk, long fringed Persian rugs. On a tiny satinwood table stood a statuette by Canova, and beside it lay a copy of *Les Femmes Noires* bound for Margaret of Anjou by Louis XVI and powdered with the gold-dusts that Quercy had selected for her device. Some large blue china jars and parrot-cups were ranged on the mantel-shelf, and through the small-paned panes of the window streamed the apricot-coloured light of a summer day in London.

Lord Henry had not yet come in. He was always late on principle, his principle being that punctuality is the thief of time. So the lad was looking rather soxy—as with listless fingers he turned over the pages of an elaborate illustrated edition of *Memoirs of Louis Quatorze* that he had found in one of the book-cases. The formal monotony-making of the Louis Quatorze clock annoyed him. Three or twice he thought of going away.

At last he heard a step beside him, and he then opened: "How late you are, Harry!" he murmured.

"I am afraid it is not Harry, Mr. Gray," answered a shrill voice.

He glanced quickly round and rose to his feet. "I beg your pardon, I thought—"

"You thought it was my husband. It is only his wife. You must let me introduce myself. I know you quite well by your photographs. I think my husband has a sever-teen of 'em."

"Not seventeen, Lady Henry?"

"Well, eighteen, then. And I saw you with him the other night at the opera. She laughed nervously as she spoke, and watched him with her sagacious forget-me-not eyes. She was a curious woman, whose dresses always looked as if they had been designed on a stage and put on in a tempest. She was usually in pose with somebody, at least, as her passion was never returned, she had kept all her money. She tried to look picturesque, but only succeeded in being absurd. Her name was Victoria, and she had a perfect mania for going to church.

"That was at *Lohengrin*, Lady Henry. I think."

"Yes, it was at dear *Lohengrin*. I like Wagner's music better than anybody's. It is so good that one can talk the whole time without other people hearing what one says. That is a great advantage, don't you think so, Mr. Gray?"

The same nervous start caught her from her third lap, and her fingers began to play with a long tortoise-shell paper-knife.

Thomas smiled and shook his head. "I am afraid I don't think so, Lady Henry. I never ask during music—at least during good music. If one hears bad music, it is one's duty to throw it in one's way."

"Ah! that is one of Harry's views, isn't it, Mr. Gray? I always hear Harry's views from his friends. It is the only way I get to know of them. But you must not think I don't like good music. I adore it, but I am afraid of it. It makes me too romantic. I have symphonies, worshiped pianists—two at a time, sometimes. Harry tells me I don't know what it is about them. Perhaps it is that they are foreigners. They all are, ain't they? Even those that are born in England and become foreigners after a time, don't they? It is so clever of them, and such a compliment to art. Makes it quite cosmopolitan, doesn't it? You have never been to any of my parties, have you, Mr. Gray? You must come. I can't afford on bids, but I spare no expense in foreigners. They make one's rooms look so picturesque. But here is Harry! Harry! I came in to look for you, to ask you something. I forget what it was—and I found Mr. Gray here. We have had such a pleasant chat about music. We have quite the same ideas. No, I think our ideas are quite different. But he has been most pleasant. I am so glad I've seen him."

"I am charmed, my love, quite charmed," said Lord Henry, elevating his dark, crescent-shaped eyebrows and looking at them both with an amused smile. "No sorry I am late, Dorian. I went to look after a piece of old brocade in Wardour Street and had to bargain for hours for it. Nowadays people know the price of everything and the value of nothing."

"I am afraid I must be going," exclaimed Lady Henry, breaking an awkward silence with her very sudden laugh. "I have promised to drive with the duchess. Good-bye, Mr. Gray. Good-bye, Harry. You are dining out, I suppose. So am I. Perhaps I shall see you at Lady Thornebury's."

"I dare say, my dear," said Lord Henry, shutting the door behind her as looking like a bird of paradise that had been out all night in the rain, she flitted out of the room, leaving a faint odour of frangipani. Then he lit a cigarette and flung himself down on the sofa.

"Never marry a woman with straw-coloured hair, Dorian," he said after a few puffs.

"Why, Harry?"

"Because they are so sentimental."

"But I like sentimental people."

"Never marry a man, Dorian. Men marry because they are tired, women because they are curious—both are disappointed."

"I don't think I am likely to marry, Harry. I am too much in love. That is one of your aphorisms. I am putting it into practice, as I do everything that you say."

"Who are you in love with?" asked Lord Henry after a pause.

"With an actress," said Dorian Gray, blushing.

"Lord Henry shrugged his shoulders. "That is a rather commonplace debut."

"You would not say so if you saw her, Harry."

"Who is she?"

"Her name is Sibyl Vane."

"Never heard of her."

"No one has. People will some day, however. She is a genius."

"My dear boy, no woman is a genius. Women are a decorative sex. They never have anything to say, but they say it charmingly. Women represent the triumph of matter over mind, just as men represent the triumph of mind over morals."

"Harry, how can you?"

My dear Horatio it is quite true I am analysing women at present, so I ought to know. The subject is not so a subtle as I thought it was. I find that ultimately there are only two kinds of women, the plain and the coloured. The plain women are very useful if you want to gain a reputation for respectability, you have merely to take them down to supper. The other women are very charming. They commit the mistake, however, they paint in order to try and look young, that gratifies others painted in order to try and look beautiful. *Hunger* and *Love* used to go together. That is all over now. As long as a woman can look ten years younger than her own daughter, she is perfectly satisfied. As for conversation, there are only two women in London worth talking to, and two of these can't be admitted into decent society. However, tell me about your genius. How long have you known her?

"Ah! Harry, your views testify me."

Never mind that. How long have you known her?

"About three weeks."

And where did you come across her?

I must tell you Harry that you mustn't be unsympathetic about it. After all it never would have happened if I had not met you. You told me with a wild desire to know every thing about life. For days after I met you something seemed to throb in my veins. As I lounged in the park or strolled down Piccadilly I used to look at every one who passed me and wonder with a mad anxiety what sort of lives they led. Some of them fascinated me. Others I told me with terror. There was a exquisite passion in the air. I had a passion for sensations. — One evening about seven o'clock I determined to go out in search of some adventure. I felt that big grey monstrous London, cloudy with its millions of people its crowded streets and its splendours at once once phrased it must have something to store for me. I entered a boulevard early. The mere danger gave me a sense of delight. I remembered what you had said to me — that wonderful evening when we last stood together about the search for beauty being the real secret of life. I don't know what I expected, but I went out and wandered eastward soon losing my way in a stretch of grimy streets and black glassy squares. As I had just eight I passed by an abandoned theatre with great hanging gables and gables play back. A hideous Jew in the most amazing waistcoat ever wheeled round. He was standing at the entrance smoking a cigar. He had greasy curls and an enormous national beard. He carried a white shirt. Have a look, my Lord, he said, when he saw me and he took off his hat with an air of gorge his servants. There was something about my Harry that attracted me. He was such a monkey. You were laughing at me. I know that I really were in and paid a whole guinea for the stage box. I — the present day I have made me why I did so and yet I had to — my dear Harry if I had — I should have missed the greatest romance of my life. I see you are laughing. It is horrid of you!"

I am not anything because I am not anything at all. But you should not say the greatest romance of your life. You should say the first romance of your life. You will always be loved and you will always be loved with love. A grand passion is the privilege of people who have nothing to do. That is the one use of the idle classes of a country. You be afraid. There are expedients to go to for you. It is where the beginning.

12. A. The first two terms of the series are 1 and 2 . The third term is $1 + 2 = 3$. The fourth term is $1 + 2 + 3 = 6$. The fifth term is $1 + 2 + 3 + 6 = 12$. The sixth term is $1 + 2 + 3 + 6 + 12 = 24$. The seventh term is $1 + 2 + 3 + 6 + 12 + 24 = 48$. The eighth term is $1 + 2 + 3 + 6 + 12 + 24 + 48 = 96$. The ninth term is $1 + 2 + 3 + 6 + 12 + 24 + 48 + 96 = 192$. The tenth term is $1 + 2 + 3 + 6 + 12 + 24 + 48 + 96 + 192 = 384$. The eleventh term is $1 + 2 + 3 + 6 + 12 + 24 + 48 + 96 + 192 + 384 = 768$. The twelfth term is $1 + 2 + 3 + 6 + 12 + 24 + 48 + 96 + 192 + 384 + 768 = 1536$. The thirteenth term is $1 + 2 + 3 + 6 + 12 + 24 + 48 + 96 + 192 + 384 + 768 + 1536 = 3072$. The fourteenth term is $1 + 2 + 3 + 6 + 12 + 24 + 48 + 96 + 192 + 384 + 768 + 1536 + 3072 = 6144$. The fifteenth term is $1 + 2 + 3 + 6 + 12 + 24 + 48 + 96 + 192 + 384 + 768 + 1536 + 3072 + 6144 = 12288$. The sixteenth term is $1 + 2 + 3 + 6 + 12 + 24 + 48 + 96 + 192 + 384 + 768 + 1536 + 3072 + 6144 + 12288 = 24576$. The seventeenth term is $1 + 2 + 3 + 6 + 12 + 24 + 48 + 96 + 192 + 384 + 768 + 1536 + 3072 + 6144 + 12288 + 24576 = 49152$. The eighteenth term is $1 + 2 + 3 + 6 + 12 + 24 + 48 + 96 + 192 + 384 + 768 + 1536 + 3072 + 6144 + 12288 + 24576 + 49152 = 98304$. The nineteenth term is $1 + 2 + 3 + 6 + 12 + 24 + 48 + 96 + 192 + 384 + 768 + 1536 + 3072 + 6144 + 12288 + 24576 + 49152 + 98304 = 196608$. The twentieth term is $1 + 2 + 3 + 6 + 12 + 24 + 48 + 96 + 192 + 384 + 768 + 1536 + 3072 + 6144 + 12288 + 24576 + 49152 + 98304 + 196608 = 393216$. The twenty-first term is $1 + 2 + 3 + 6 + 12 + 24 + 48 + 96 + 192 + 384 + 768 + 1536 + 3072 + 6144 + 12288 + 24576 + 49152 + 98304 + 196608 + 393216 = 786432$. The twenty-second term is $1 + 2 + 3 + 6 + 12 + 24 + 48 + 96 + 192 + 384 + 768 + 1536 + 3072 + 6144 + 12288 + 24576 + 49152 + 98304 + 196608 + 393216 + 786432 = 1572864$. The twenty-third term is $1 + 2 + 3 + 6 + 12 + 24 + 48 + 96 + 192 + 384 + 768 + 1536 + 3072 + 6144 + 12288 + 24576 + 49152 + 98304 + 196608 + 393216 + 786432 + 1572864 = 3145728$. The twenty-fourth term is $1 + 2 + 3 + 6 + 12 + 24 + 48 + 96 + 192 + 384 + 768 + 1536 + 3072 + 6144 + 12288 + 24576 + 49152 + 98304 + 196608 + 393216 + 786432 + 1572864 + 3145728 = 6291456$. The twenty-fifth term is $1 + 2 + 3 + 6 + 12 + 24 + 48 + 96 + 192 + 384 + 768 + 1536 + 3072 + 6144 + 12288 + 24576 + 49152 + 98304 + 196608 + 393216 + 786432 + 1572864 + 3145728 + 6291456 = 12582912$. The twenty-sixth term is $1 + 2 + 3 + 6 + 12 + 24 + 48 + 96 + 192 + 384 + 768 + 1536 + 3072 + 6144 + 12288 + 24576 + 49152 + 98304 + 196608 + 393216 + 786432 + 1572864 + 3145728 + 6291456 + 12582912 = 25165824$. The twenty-seventh term is $1 + 2 + 3 + 6 + 12 + 24 + 48 + 96 + 192 + 384 + 768 + 1536 + 3072 + 6144 + 12288 + 24576 + 49152 + 98304 + 196608 + 393216 + 786432 + 1572864 + 3145728 + 6291456 + 12582912 + 25165824 = 50331648$. The twenty-eighth term is $1 + 2 + 3 + 6 + 12 + 24 + 48 + 96 + 192 + 384 + 768 + 1536 + 3072 + 6144 + 12288 + 24576 + 49152 + 98304 + 196608 + 393216 + 786432 + 1572864 + 3145728 + 6291456 + 12582912 + 25165824 + 50331648 = 100663296$. The twenty-ninth term is $1 + 2 + 3 + 6 + 12 + 24 + 48 + 96 + 192 + 384 + 768 + 1536 + 3072 + 6144 + 12288 + 24576 + 49152 + 98304 + 196608 + 393216 + 786432 + 1572864 + 3145728 + 6291456 + 12582912 + 25165824 + 50331648 + 100663296 = 201326592$. The thirtieth term is $1 + 2 + 3 + 6 + 12 + 24 + 48 + 96 + 192 + 384 + 768 + 1536 + 3072 + 6144 + 12288 + 24576 + 49152 + 98304 + 196608 + 393216 + 786432 + 1572864 + 3145728 + 6291456 + 12582912 + 25165824 + 50331648 + 100663296 + 201326592 = 402653184$. The thirty-first term is $1 + 2 + 3 + 6 + 12 + 24 + 48 + 96 + 192 + 384 + 768 + 1536 + 3072 + 6144 + 12288 + 24576 + 49152 + 98304 + 196608 + 393216 + 786432 + 1572864 + 3145728 + 6291456 + 12582912 + 25165824 + 50331648 + 100663296 + 201326592 + 402653184 = 805306368$. The thirty-second term is $1 + 2 + 3 + 6 + 12 + 24 + 48 + 96 + 192 + 384 + 768 + 1536 + 3072 + 6144 + 12288 + 24576 + 49152 + 98304 + 196608 + 393216 + 786432 + 1572864 + 3145728 + 6291456 + 12582912 + 25165824 + 50331648 + 100663296 + 201326592 + 402653184 + 805306368 = 1610612736$. The thirty-third term is $1 + 2 + 3 + 6 + 12 + 24 + 48 + 96 + 192 + 384 + 768 + 1536 + 3072 + 6144 + 12288 + 24576 + 49152 + 98304 + 196608 + 393216 + 786432 + 1572864 + 3145728 + 6291456 + 12582912 + 25165824 + 50331648 + 100663296 + 201326592 + 402653184 + 805306368 + 1610612736 = 3221225472$. The thirty-fourth term is $1 + 2 + 3 + 6 + 12 + 24 + 48 + 96 + 192 + 384 + 768 + 1536 + 3072 + 6144 + 12288 + 24576 + 49152 + 98304 + 196608 + 393216 + 786432 + 1572864 + 3145728 + 6291456 + 12582912 + 25165824 + 50331648 + 100663296 + 201326592 + 402653184 + 805306368 + 1610612736 + 3221225472 = 6442450944$. The thirty-fifth term is $1 + 2 + 3 + 6 + 12 + 24 + 48 + 96 + 192 + 384 + 768 + 1536 + 3072 + 6144 + 12288 + 24576 + 49152 + 98304 + 196608 + 393216 + 786432 + 1572864 + 3145728 + 6291456 + 12582912 + 25165824 + 50331648 + 100663296 + 201326592 + 402653184 + 805306368 + 1610612736 + 3221225472 + 6442450944 = 12884901888$. The thirty-sixth term is $1 + 2 + 3 + 6 + 12 + 24 + 48 + 96 + 192 + 384 + 768 + 1536 + 3072 + 6144 + 12288 + 24576 + 49152 + 98304 + 196608 + 393216$

"No; I think your nature so deep."

How do you mean?

My dear boy, the people who love us value us, their eyes are really, be-
thawing people. What they see at heart is pity and heart-ache. I am rather
the sort who do not mind the lack of imagination. Facts are easier to be
emotional. It is what consistency is to the heart of the intensest—surveys a
confession of facade. Facts—well, I must analyse it some day. The
passion for property is wild. There are many things that we would throw
away if we were not afraid that others might pick them up. But I don't
want to interrupt you. Go on with your story.

Well, I had myself seated in a comfortable private box with a velvet
leopone staring me in the face. I looked out from behind the curtain
and surveyed the house. It was a lovely abode—gay, capricious and—er—gay,
just like a third-rate wedding cake. The gallery and pit were fairly full,
but the two rows of boxes stairs were quite empty, and there was hardly a
person in what I suppose they called the boxes. The women went about
with oranges and ginger-bread, and there was a terrible conversation of
nuts going on."

It must have been just at the party days of the Bunsbush drama.

Just like I should say, and very depressing. I beguile myself by wonder what
on earth I should do when I am right in the play box. What do you
think the play was, Harry?"

I should think *The Hotter Hell*—I am by no means that far from right.
Like that sort of piece. The more the longer I live, the more I know
I feel that what ever was good enough for our fathers is too good enough
for us. It is all as if you were in a greenhouse and the sun were out.

This play was good enough for us, Harry. It was *Rome and Juliet*. I
must admit that I was rather annoyed at the idea of seeing Shakespeare
done in such a worn-out hole. I suppose Sir Herbert intended it in a sort of
way. At any rate, I determined it was for the best. There was a
dreadful orchestra presided over by a young Helton who sat at a cracked
piano that heaved and heaved away by itself as the players were drawn up
and the play began. Romeo was a young noble's gentleman with curled
eyebrows, a black tragedy sword and a figure like a beer-barrel. Mercutio
was almost as bad. He was played by the new comedian who had those
famous gags of his own and was on most times in terror with the pit. They
were both as good as dead as the scenery, and that looked as if it had come
out of a country town. But I got Harry's imagination. He had seventeen
years of age with a fine face, but his eyes were just as sickly and he peered
constantly at his own hair, eyes that were violet when it passed. I pitied it
were like the petals of a rose. She was the most beautiful I had ever seen in
my life. You said to me once that path was not very unusual, but that
heavenly face beauty could not fill your eyes with tears. I tell you, Harry, I
could hardly see this girl for the mist of tears that came across me. And
her voice—I never heard yet of a voice. It was very low and soft with deep
melancholy notes that seemed to fall straight upon the heart. It became a
marvel and wonders like a beautiful dawn. In the gallery
where it had all the tremendous ecstasy that the heart can feel in dawn
when night's gates are flying. There were moments when it
had the wild passion of a storm. You know I was once in the pit. Your
voice at the close of *My Valentine* was two things that I shall never forget.
When I came in my eyes I had tears and I heard her say something
different. I don't know what it was. Well, the play was over. Harry

I do love her. She is everything — me in the Night after night I go to see her play. One evening she is Rosalind, and the next evening she is Imogen. I have seen her die in the gloom of an Italian tomb, sucking the poison from her ivory jaw. I have watched her wandering through the forest of Arden disguised as a pretty boy in hose and a dainty cap. She has been mad, and has come into the presence of a gay king and given him cue to wear a flower-bedecked tunic. She has been innocent, and the black hands of jealousy have crushed her freedom's throat. I have seen her in every age and in every costume. Ordinary women never appeal to one's imagination. They are limited to their century. No garb or ever-trailing girdles form. One knows their meretriciousness as one knows their homeliness. One can always find them where you may find a violet-bell in the park, or a morning gladiolus at tea parties in the afternoon. They have their stereotyped smiles and their fashionable chatter. They are quite obvious. But an actress! How different an actress is Harry, why didn't you tell me that the only thing worth loving is an actress?"

Because I have loved so many of them, Domine.

Oh, yes, but people with dyed hair and painted faces.

Don't run down dyed hair and painted faces. There is an extraordinary charm in them, sometimes. — said Lord Henry.

I wish now I had not said so about Sibyl Vane.

You could not have helped saying so, Domine. Although you tell me you will tell me everything you do.

Yes, Harry. I believe that, strictly, I cannot help telling you things. You have a curious influence over me. If I ever did a crime, I would tell you, and I confess to you. You would understand me.

People like you — the world-sophisticates — do not understand others, Domine. But I am not obliged for being so perfect at the same. And now tell me — teach me the machine, like a good boy — that is, what are your actual relations with Sibyl Vane?

Domine Gray raped the history with flushed cheeks and burning eyes. "Harry, Sibyl Vane is sacred!"

It is only the sacred things that are worth sacrificing, Domine, — said Lord Henry, with a strange moment of almost-bisexual. — Why should you be annoyed? I suppose she will belong to you some day. When one sacrifices one always begins by deceiving one's self, and one always ends by deceiving others. That is what the world always contains. You know her, at any rate, I suppose?"

Of course I know her. On the first night I was at the theatre the horrible Jew came in and so, he told me, after the performance was over, and offered to take me behind the scenes and introduce me to her. I was furious with him, and told him that I had never been dead for hundreds of years, and that her beauty was as good as that of the Venus of Verona. I think from his awkward amazement that he was under the impression that I had taken too much champagne or something.

"I am not surprised."

Then he asked me — I wrote for a year for the newspapers. I had found never even read them. He seemed terribly disappointed at that, and confessed to me that all the dramatic critics were a conspiracy against him, and that they were every one of them — he brought.

I should not wonder if he was quite right here. But on the other

hand, judging from their appearance, most of them cannot be at all expensive."

Well, he seemed to think they were beyond his means. I laughed. Dorian. By this time, however, the lights were being put out in the theatre, and I had to go. He wanted me to try some cigars that he strongly recommended. I declined. The next night, of course, I arrived at the place again. When he saw me, he made me a bow, bowed, and assured me that I was an immensely popular artist. He was a most offensive brute, though he had an extraordinarily passion for Shakespeare. He told me once, with an air of pride, that his five bankruptcies were entirely due to *The Bard*, as he insisted on calling him. He seemed to think it a distinction.

It was a distinction, my dear Dorian, a great distinction. Most people become bankrupt through having invested too heavily in the prose of life. To have ruined oneself over poetry is an honour. But when did you first speak to Miss Sibyl Vane?

The third night. She had been playing *Requiem*. I could not help going round. I had known her some flowers, and she had looked at me—at least I fancied that she had. The old Jew was persistent. He seemed determined to take me behind, so I consented. It was curious, my not wanting to know her, wasn't it?"

"No; I don't think so."

"My dear Harry, why?"

I will tell you some other time. Now I want to know about the girl.

Sibyl. Oh, she was so shy and so gentle. There is something of a child about her. Her eyes opened wide in exquisite wonder when I told her what I thought of her performance, and she seemed quite unconscious of her power. I think we were both rather nervous. The old Jew stood gazing at the doorway of the dusty greenroom, making elaborate speeches about us both while we stood looking at each other like children. He would insist on calling me *My Lord*, so I had to assure Sibyl that I was not a stinging of the kind. She said, putting up to me, "You look more like a prince. I must call you Prince charming."

I told my wife, Dorian. Miss Sibyl knows how to pay compliments.

You don't understand her, Harry. She regarded me merely as a person in a play. She knows nothing of it. She lives with her mother, a faded tired woman who played *Lady Capulet* in a sort of magenta dress, or wrapper, on the first night, and looks as if she had seen better days.

I know that look. It depresses me. I murmured Lord Henry examining his rings.

The Jew was trying to tell her history, and I said, "It does not interest me."

You were quite right. There was something in his only meat about other people's tragedies."

Sibyl is the only thing I care about. What is it to me where she came from? From her little head to her little feet, she is absolutely perfect, is divine. Every night of my life I go to see her act, and every night she is more marvellous.

That is the reason, I suppose, that you never live with me now. I thought you must have some common romance on hand. You have, but it is not quite what I expected."

My dear Harry, we either snatched up together every day, and I have been to the opera with you several times," said Dorian, opening his blue eyes in wonder.

"You always cry dreadfully!"

"Well, I ~~was~~ ~~am~~ ~~going~~ to see Sibyl play. He cries, even if it only for a single act. I get angry for her presence, and when I think of the wonderful soul that is hidden away in that poor little body I am tired with awe."

"You can come with me to-night. Julian can come."

He shook his head. "To-night she is Imogen," he answered, "and to-morrow night she will be Juliet."

"When is she Sibyl Vane?"

"Never."

"I congratulate you."

"How ~~horrid~~ you are! She was the great heroine of the world in one. She is more than an individual. You laugh, but I tell you she has genius. I love her, and I must make her love me. You, who know all the secrets of life, tell me how to charm Sibyl Vane to love me. I want to make Romeo passion. I want the dead lovers of the world to beat out laughter and grow sad. I want a breath of our passion to stir their dust, and to show us how to wake their ashes, no pain. My God, Harry, how I worship her! He was walking up and down the room as he spoke. His lips were red-burned in his cheeks. He was terribly excited.

Lord Henry watched him with a subtle sense of pleasure. How different he was now from the shy, lighted boy he had met in Bay. His nature's studies. His nature had developed like a flower, had borne the blossoms of a secret flame. That if its secret budding power had crept unnoticed, and fate had come to meet it on the way.

"And what do you propose to do?" said Lord Henry at last.

"I want you and Basil to come with me some night and see her act. I have not the slightest fear of the result. You are certain to acknowledge her genius. Then we must get her out of the new husband's hands. She is bound to him for three years—a least for two years and a day from now. From the present time I shall have to pay him something of mine. What at that is settled. I shall take a West End theatre and bring her out properly. She will make the world as mad as she has made me."

"That would be impossible, my dear boy."

"Yes, she will. She has not merely an consummate art instinct in her, but she has personality also. I've often told me that it is personal likes, not principles, that move the age."

"Well, what night shall we go?"

"Let me see. To-day is Tuesday. Let us fix it to-morrow. She plays Juliet to-morrow."

"As right. The Bristol are going, and I will get Basil."

"Not right, Harry, please. The Bristol's. We must be there before the curtain rises. You must see her in the first act, where she meets Romeo."

"Half past six. What an hour! It will be the having a meat-tea, or reading an English novel. It must be seven. No getting away before seven. Shall I see Basil between this and then? Or shall I write to him?"

"Dear Basil, I have not answered in time for a week. It is rather horrid of me, as he has sent me his portrait in the most wonderful frame specially designed by himself, and though I am a little jealous of the picture for being a whole month younger than I am, I am so stupid that I forget him. Perhaps you had better write to him. I don't want to see him alone. He says things that annoy me. He gives me good advice."

Lord Henry smiled. "People are very fond of giving away what they

need more than very [cavalier] as the depth of argument is

On May 15, he told of a new law he was to be used to be used in a
P. 1000. Since I have known you, Harry, I have the feeling that

That they fear they just everything that's that's going on but not his work, the other sense is that he has nothing to do with his poems, his poems, poems and then of course when I heard a student I have ever known who was the same as I thought that there had a very good artists exist who pay what they make and of course they are poets, so interesting is what they are. A great poet, a real great poet is the most important of all creatures. But I think poets are almost to a fault, that the more they rhyme, the more put away, if they look like more fact, if having produced a book, I think that a writer makes a man, it is irresistible. He gives the poetry that he should write. The others write the poetry that they dare not realize."

I wonder if that really was Harry - said I, and I was putting some postcard of that little boy with the large good looking nose that stood on his nose. I thought it was said. And you Harry? I began to wonder for me. But I forgot about the picture. I said over.

As he left the room, Lord Henry glanced excitedly in a pocket, and he began to think that at a few years he had even discovered him as much as a human being, and yet the only materialization of some more serious interest in the subject had got him very close to him. He was pleased by it. It made him a more interesting study. He had seen always, and as yet by the methods of natural science, but the ordinary subject-matter of that science had seemed to him to be at a distance of no import. And so he had begun to investigate himself, as he had been led by investigating others. He had then appeared to him the one thing worth investigating. He perceived that there was nothing else of any value. It was true that as the world had been in it, it was a mass of pain and pleasure, one could not wear over one's face a mask of glass, not keep his soul pure, was it not? He was looking at the brain and making his imagination filled with mysterious fancies and existing of a mass where were persons who were but to know their properties were his. He had been told that there were no such things as a man, but he had to pass through them. He might understand them better. And yet what a great reward he received. How wonderful the whole was, became to him. He could see the whole as far as he could, and the emotion as a great deal of the interest in the whole, where they met, and where they separated, at what point they were in a position, and at what point they were a distance. There was a delight in that. What matter what the end was, that could never pay too high a price for any situation.

He was conscious and he thought he might as well let it pass as to his brown agar eyes that it was his right, certain was by it for its small words said with such utterance that had an old way even had given to this white girl and to seek a worship before her. For a sign of it he said was his own traitor. He had made her pretence. That was something. Of many people wanted to be his hand to him its secret. But the law to the right he discovered of the world revealed but to the red was drawn away. Sometimes this was the eternal art and beauty of the art of creation which dealt himself with the passions and the desire. But now and then a unique person to seek he peace at all times he chose of art was indeed in a way a real work of art. He having its elaborate its mystery. As a poetry has its complete of painting.

Yes, the old way, for sure. He was gathering his harvest where it was

yet spring. The love and passion I can't write about. He was
 the only one I ever loved. It was a great love. With his love, I
 found a life for a while. He was a strong, wonderful, intelligent
 man. He was a student. It was the best of me. He was the one of those
 gentlemen. He was a perfect man. He was a perfect man. He was a perfect man.
 He was a perfect man. He was a perfect man. He was a perfect man. He was a perfect man.

[illegible]

But what to do for whether we should make pay things so much
the answer is a cash wage system. The reason is that
we always must be sure we are not taking our labor and selling
for nothing was the other way. I was sure the reason was
that it makes a mistake to regulate it as a rule. I was
that a good for labor was not a good for the whole. I was
that power it as something to be given to the whole and to
what a good. But there was no other power to give to the
that a good was a good for the whole. But that was a
that a good was a good for the whole. But that was a
that a good was a good for the whole. But that was a

[illegible]

While Jack Herby sat, reading a book, he got a knock on the door, and he was startled and confused but it was the doorkeeper. He got up and looked at the visitor. The visitor told him that it was at 10 o'clock he was to be taken to the theatre. The prisoner grew angry and threatened him. The doorkeeper was afraid for his Herby thought that he was going into a world of trouble and he felt how it was all going to end.

When he arrived home and that night we were drunk, he saw a big
guy in a hat take him to the station and throw him into a train. I
was the first that he was engaged to, and he was a New Yorker.

CHAPTER FIVE

"Mother, Mother, I am so happy!" whispered the girl, burying her face in the lap of the faded, tired-looking woman who, with back turned to the still intrusive light, was sitting in the one arm-chair that their dingy sitting-room contained. "I am so happy," she repeated, "and you must be happy, too!"

Mrs. Vane winced and put her thin, bismuth-whitened hands on her daughter's head. "Happy," she echoed. "I am only happy, Sybil, when I see you act. You must not think of anything but your acting. Mr. Isaacs has been very good to us, and we owe him money."

The girl looked up and pouted. "Money, Mother," she cried, "what does money matter? Love is more than money."

"Mr. Isaacs has advanced us fifty pounds to pay off our debts and to get a proper outfit for James. You must not forget that, Sybil. Fifty pounds is a very large sum. Mr. Isaacs has been most considerate."

"He is not a gentleman, Mother, and I hate the way he talks to me," said the girl, rising to her feet and going over to the window.

"I don't know how we could manage without him," answered the elder woman querulously.

Sybil Vane tossed her head and laughed. "We don't want him any more, Mother. Prince Charming rises to his feet for us now." Then she paused. A rose shook in her blood and shadowed her cheeks. Quick breath parted the petals of her lips. They trembled. Some southern wind of passion swept over her and stirred the dainty folds of her dress. "I love him," she said simply.

"Foolish child! Foolish child!" was the parrot phrase flung in answer. The waving of crooked, false-jeweled fingers gave grotesqueness to the words.

The girl laughed again. The joy of a caged bird was in her voice. Her eyes caught the mirrors and echoed it in a ravanne, then closed for a moment, as though to hide their secret. When they opened, the mist of a dream had passed across them.

That tipped wisdom spoke at her from the worn chair, hinted at prudence, quoted from that book of cowardice whose author apex the name of common sense. She did not listen. She was free in her prison of passion. Her private Prince Charming was with her. She had called on memory to remake him. She had sent her soul to search for him, and it had brought him back. His kiss burned again upon her mouth. Her eyelids were warm with his breath.

Then wisdom altered its method and spoke of espion and discovery. This young man might be rich. If so, marriage should be thought of. Against the shield of her ear broke the waves of worldly caution. The arrows of craft shot by her. She saw the thin lips moving and smiled.

Suddenly she felt the need to speak. The wordy silence troubled her. "Mother, Mother," she cried, "why does he love me so much? I know why

"I love him. I love him because he is the what love he is or I don't. He. But what does he see in me. I am not worth him. And yet, why I am not test, though I feel so much beneath him. I don't feel beautiful. I feel proud for my pitiful Mother, did you love my father as I love Prince Charming?"

The sister win an glow pale beneath the coarse powder that daubed her cheeks and her lips, with her wet, ashy hair. Then Sylvia asked to her, "Ling her arms round her neck and kissed her. "Ling to me Mother, I know I pass you to talk about our father. But it only passes, because you loved her so much. Don't look so sad. I am as happy to-day as you were twenty years ago. Ah, let me be happy for ever."

"My child, you are far too young to think of taking a wife. Besides, what do you know of this young man. You don't even know his name. The whole thing is most improper, and really, when James is going away to Australia and I have no more to think of, I don't say that you should have shown more consideration. However, as I said before, if he is rich—"

"Ah, Mother, Mother, let me be happy."

Mrs. Vane glanced at her, as if with a sort of those false theatrical gestures that so often become a mode of second nature to a stage player, clasped her in her arms. At the moment, the door opened and a young lad with rough brown hair, arose to the room. He was buck set of figure, and his hands and feet were large and somewhat clumsy in movement. He was not so finely bred as his sister. One would hardly have guessed the close relationship that existed between them. Mrs. Vane lifted her eyes of him and sternly bled her sister. She mentally elevated her son to the dignity of an audience. She felt sure that he tobacco was interesting.

"You might keep some of your kisses for me, Sylvia. I think," said he, and with a good-natured grumble.

"Ah, but you don't like being kissed, Jim," she cried. "You are a dreadful old fear." And she ran across the room and hugged him.

James Vane looked at his sister with earnestness. "I want you to come out with me for a walk, Sylvia. I don't suppose I shall ever see this beautiful garden again. I am sure I don't want to."

My son, for he says such dreadful things, motivated Mrs. Vane, taking up a tawdry tea and dress with a sigh, as if going to a party. She felt a little disappointed, but he had not joined the group. It would have increased the theatrical pathos of the situation.

"Why not, Mother? I mean it."

"You pain me, my son. I trust you will return from Australia in a position of affluence. I believe there is no society of any kind in the colonies, nothing that I would care society, so when you have made your fortune, you must come back and assert yourself in London."

Society mattered, he said. "I don't want to know anything about that. I should like to make some money to take you and Sylvia off the stage. I hate it."

"Oh, Jim," said Sylvia, sighing, how kind of you. But are you really going for a walk home—that will be fine. I was afraid you were going to say good-bye to some of your friends, to Lord Hazelby, who gave you that hideous pipe, or Ned Latgion, who makes fun of you for smoking it. It is very sweet of you to let me have your last afternoon. Where shall we go. Let us go to the park."

"I am not staying," he answered, lowering. "Only two people go to the park."

No sense Jim," she whispered, sticking her sleeve of his coat.

He hesitated for a moment. Very well, he said at last, but don't be too long dressing. She dashed out of the door. One could hear her singing as she ran upstairs. Her little feet pattered overhead.

He walked up and down the room two or three times. Then he turned to the study fire in the hall. "Mother, are my things ready?" he asked.

"Quite ready, James," she answered, keeping her eyes on her work. For some months past she had tried at ease when she was alone with this rough, stern son of hers. Her shallow, secret nature was troubled when their eyes met. She used to wonder if he suspected anything. The worse for he made no other observation, became in no way able to her. She began to complain. Women defend themselves by attacking, but as they attack by sultron and strange surrenders. "I hope you will be contented, James, with your sea-faring life," she said. "You must remember that it is your own choice. You might have entered a solicitor's office. Solicitors are a very respectable class, and in the country often live with the best families."

"I hate it, yes, and I hate clerks," he replied. "But you are quite right. I have chosen my own life. All I say is watch over Sylvia. Don't let her come to any harm. Mother, you must watch over her."

"James, you really talk very strangely. Of course I watch over Sylvia."

"I hear a gentleman comes every night to the theatre and goes behind to talk to her. Is that right? What about that?"

"You are speaking about things you don't understand, James. In the profession we are accustomed to receive a great deal of most gratifying attention. I myself used to receive many requests at one time. That was when acting was really understood. As for Sylvia, I don't know at present whether her attachment is serious or not. But there is no doubt that the young man in question is a perfect gentleman. He is a ways most polite to me. Besides, he has the appearance of being rich, and, he follows he sends, are lovely."

"You don't know his name, though," said the lad harshly.

"No," answered his mother with a pained expression in her face. "He has not yet revealed his real name. I think it is quite romantic of him. He is probably a member of the aristocracy."

"James Vane bit his lip. "Watch over Sylvia, Mother," he cried, "watch over her."

"My son, you distress me very much. Sylvia is always under my special care. Of course, if this gentleman is wealthy, there is no reason why she should not contract an alliance with him. I trust he is one of the aristocracy. He has all the appearance of it. I must say, it might be a most brilliant marriage for Sylvia. They would make a charming couple. His good looks are really quite remarkable. Everybody notices them."

The lad muttered something to himself and drummed on the window-pane with his coarse fingers. He had just turned round to say something when the door opened and Sylvia ran in.

"How serious you both are!" she cried. "What is the matter?"

"Nothing," he answered. "I suppose one must be serious sometimes. Good-bye, Mother. I will have my dinner at five o'clock. Everything is packed, except my shirt, so you need not trouble."

"Good-bye, my son," she answered with a bowed, strained smile.

She was extremely annoyed at the tone he had adopted with her, and there was something in his look that had made her feel afraid.

that saw infinite pity for Sibyl and Sibyl's happiness. Children begin by loving their parents; as they grow older they judge them; sometimes they forgive them.

His mother. He had something on his mind to ask of her, something that he had brooded on for many months at a time. A chance phrase that he had heard at the theatre, a whispered word that had reached his ears one night as he waited at the stage-door, had set loose a train of thought. He remembered it as if it had been the lash of a hunting crop across his face. His brows knit together into a wedge-like furrow, and with a twitch of pain he bit his under-lip.

You are not listening to a word I am saying, Jim, cried Sibyl, and I am making the most delightful plans for your future. Do say something.

"What do you want me to say?"

Oh, that you will be a good boy and not forget us, she answered smiling at him.

He shrugged his shoulders. You are more likely to forget me than I am to forget you, Sibyl.

She flushed. What do you mean, Jim? she asked.

You have a new friend, I hear. Who is he? Why have you not told me about him? He means you no good.

Stop, Jim, she exclaimed. You must not say anything against him. I love him.

Why, you don't even know his name, answered the lad. Who is he? I have a right to know.

He is called Prince Charming. Don't you like the name? Oh, you wily boy, you should never forget it. If you only saw him, you would think him the most wonderful person in the world. Some day you will meet him—when you come back from Australia. You will like him so much. Everybody likes him, and I—love him. I wish you could come to the theatre to-night. He is going to be there, and I am to play Juliet. Oh, how I shall play it! Fancy, Jim, to be in love and play Juliet. To have him sitting there, to play for his delight. I am afraid I may frighten the company, frighten or enthral them. To be in love is to surpass oneself. Poor dreadful Mr. Isaacs will be shouting genius to his waiters at the bar. He has preached me as a dogma to-night, he will announce me as a revelation. I feel it. And it is all his, his only, Prince Charming, my wonderful lover, my god of graces. But I am poor beside him. Poor? What does that matter? When poverty creeps in at the door, give them in through the window. Our proverbs want rewriting. They were made in winter, and it is summer now, spring time for me. I think a very dance of blossoms in blue skies.

He is a gentleman, said the lad, gently.

A prince, she cried, mask-like. What more do you want?

"He wants to enslave you."

I shudder at the thought of being free.

"I want you to beware of him."

To see him is to worship him, to know him is to trust him.

"Sibyl, you are mad about him."

She laughed and took his arm. You dear old Jim, you talk as if you were a hundred. Some day you will be in love yourself. Then you will know what it is. Don't look so sulky. Sure, you should be glad to think that, though you are going away, you leave me happier than I have ever been before. Life has been hard for us both, terribly hard and difficult.

But it will be different now. You are going to a new world, and I have found one. Here are two hats; let us sit down and see the smart people go by.

They took their seats amidst a crowd of watchers. The lamps held across the road flamed like hissing rings of fire. A white dust tremulous as cloud of mist rose it seemed, hanging in the panting air. The brightly coloured paravans danced and dipped like mad stars as butterflies.

She made her brother talk of himself, his hopes, his prospects. He spoke slowly and with effort. They passed words to each other as players at a game pass counters. Sylvia felt oppressed. She could not communicate her joy. A faint smile curving that slender mouth was all the echo she could win. After some time she became silent. Suddenly she caught a glimpse of golden hair and laughing eyes, and in an open carriage with two ladies Dorian Gray drove past.

She started in her seat. "There he is," she cried.

"Who?" said Jim Vane.

"Prince Charming," she answered, looking after the victoria.

He stooped up and seized her roughly by the arm. "Show him to me. Which is he? Point him out. I must see him," he exclaimed. But at that moment the Duke of Berwick's foot-lights came between, and when it had left the space clear, the carriage had swept out of the park.

He is gone," murmured Sylvia sadly. "I wish you had seen him."

"I wish I had. For as sure as there is a God in heaven, if he ever does you any wrong, I shall kill him."

She looked at him in horror. He repeated his words. They cut the air like a dagger. The people round began to gape. A lady standing close to her tittered.

"Come away. I'm come away," she whispered. He followed her doggedly as she passed through the crowd. He felt glad at what he had said.

When they reached the Achilles Statue she turned round. There was pity in her eyes that became laughter on her lips. She shook her head at him. "You are foolish," she uttered foolishly, a bad-tempered boy that was. "How can you say such horrible things? You don't know what you are talking about. You are simply jealous and unkind. Ah, I wish you would fall in love. Love makes people good, and what you said was wicked."

"I am sixteen," he answered, "and I know what I am about. Mother is no help to you. She doesn't understand how to look after you. I wish now that I was not going to Australia at all. I have a great mind to check the whole thing up. I wonder if my articles hadn't been signed."

"Oh, don't be so serious, Jim. You are like one of the heroes of those silly melodramas Mother used to be so fond of acting in. I am not going to quarrel with you. I have seen him, and I don't see him as perfect happiness. We won't quarrel. I know you would never harm any one I love, would you?"

"Not as long as you love him. I suppose," was the wistful answer.

"I shall love him for ever," she cried.

"And he?"

"For ever, too."

"He had better."

She sprang from him. Then she laughed and put her hand on his arm. "He was merely a boy."

At the Marble Arch they hired an omnibus, which left them close to

their shabby home in the Forest Road. It was after five o'clock and Sarah had come down for a couple hours before going. "It distressed that she would do so. He said that he would sooner part with her when their mother was not present. She would be sure to make a scene, and he detested scenes of every kind."

1. When a man finds they parted. There was no joy in the lady's heart and a bitter fight to hold back the stranger who, as it seemed to him, had come between the two. Yet when her arms were flung round his neck and her fingers raved through his hair, he softened and kissed her with real affection. There were tears in his eyes as he went downstairs.

His mother was waiting for him below. She griained at his appearance as he entered. He gave no answer, but sat down in his meagre room. The best-dressed woman there and raised over her shoulder cloth. Through the window I saw buses and the street where she had heard the shouting voice of a girl crying each time that was set to him.

After some time, he brushed away his pain and held his head in his hands. He felt that he had a right to know. It should have been told to him before. It was as he expected. He then with fear, his mother watched him. Worriedly dropped the hat and a vision before his. A altered face had been forced out before her fingers. When the clock struck six, he got up and went to the door. Then he turned back and looked at her. Their eyes met. In hers he saw a world of pain for theirs. It enraged him.

Mother, I have something to ask you," he said. Her eyes wandered vaguely about the room. She made no answer. "I enter the track, I have a right to know. Were you married to my father?"

She heaved a deep sigh. It was a sigh of relief. The terrible manner of the manner that night a day or two earlier when by she had dreaded had come at last and yet she felt no terror. In fact, in some measure it was a disappointment to her. The sugar-sweetness of the question called for a sweet answer. The situation had not been gradually led up to. It was crude. It revealed her of a bad rebuff.

No. 1004, swayed while riding at the back of the crowd.

My father was a soldier in the First World War, and he had a very big business.

She shook her head. "I know he was not free. We loved each other very much. If he had, yes, he would have made provision for us. I don't speak against him, my son. He was not father as I get them and I trust he was highly respected."

Am such broke from his job. I got a card from him. he explained that just at school. It is a gentleman at school who is in love with her. or say he is. He is a gentleman. I suppose.

For a moment, a hotness seemed to flash over the woman's face as she suspected she was being eyed with striking gaze. She had a notion she thought she had been

The old man was confused. He went towards her and stooping low, he kissed her. I am so glad I have passed you by asking a new sister. He said, but I could not help it. I am a new (cousin) brother. Don't forget that you will have one more brother to look after. He even told me that you are wrong, my sister. I am tired but will be with him down and kill him like a dog. I swear it.

He exaggerated the threat, he passed the gesture that accompanied the threat, what she really made to see, she said, her Nerve was a... with her at the... she brought in... and for

the first time for many months she really admired her son. She would have liked to have continued the scene on the same emotional scale, but he cut her short. Trunks had to be carried down and mufflers looked for. The lodging-house drudge busied in and out. There was the bargaining with the cabman. The moment was lost in vulgar details. It was with a renewed feeling of disappointment that she waved the tattered lace handkerchief from the window as her son drove away. She was conscious that a great opportunity had been wasted. She consoled herself by telling Siby how desolate she felt her life would be, now that she had only one child to look after. She remembered the phrase. It had pleased her. Of the threat she said nothing. It was vividly and dramatically expressed. She felt that they would all laugh at it some day.

CHAPTER SIX

"I suppose you have heard the news, Basil," said Lord Henry that evening as Halward was shown in to a little private room at the Bristol, where dinner had been laid for three.

"No, Harry," answered the artist, giving his hat and coat to the bowing waiter. "What is it? Nothing about politics, I hope. They don't interest me. There is hardly a single person in the House of Commons worth painting, though many of them would be the better for a little whitewashing."

"Dorian Gray is engaged to be married," said Lord Henry, watching him as he spoke.

Halward started and then frowned. "Dorian engaged to be married," he cried. "Impossible."

"It is perfectly true."

"To whom?"

"To some little actress or other."

"I can't believe it. Dorian is far too sensible."

"Dorian is far too wise not to do foolish things now and then, my dear Basil."

"Marriage is hardly a thing that one can do now and then, Harry."

"Except in America," rejoined Lord Henry languidly. "But I didn't say he was married. I said he was engaged to be married. There is a great difference. I have a distinct remembrance of being married, but I have no recollection at all of being engaged. I am inclined to think that I never was engaged."

"But think of Dorian's birth and position and wealth. It would be absurd for him to marry so much beneath him."

"If you want to make him marry this girl, tell him that, Basil. He is sure to do it then. Whenever a man does a thoroughly stupid thing, it is always from the noblest motives."

"I hope this girl is good, Harry. I don't want to see Dorian tied to some vile creature who might degrade his nature and ruin his intellect."

"Oh, she is better than good—she is beautiful," murmured Lord Henry, sipping a glass of vermouth and orange-bitters. "Dorian says she is beautiful, and he is not often wrong about things of that kind. Your portrait of him has quickened his appreciation of the personal appear-

around other people. It has had a tremendous effect amongst others. We are to see her tonight and that was just the beginning of her appearance.

"Are you kidding?"

Quite wrong. But I should be a senator. I thought I should say by those words that I am at the present time.

But I was not prepared to do that. I asked the painter what he would like to be paid for doing this job. I never saw a painter of the quality I've seen since my infatuation."

[illegible]

You hope that as you grow old that that's your happy ending. If I know today & tomorrow's gonna end one more morning like tonight I'm glad it's such a pretty day. You, people like me.

Love, Henry is right. The reason we are the best people we know is that we are a good lot of sinners. The same thing is true of them all. We think that we are good, but we are not. We are all sinners, and the possession of the virtues that are necessary to be a better man. We praise the father, but we may need an outcast, and a good and a bad man in the light of that. He is the one that he may want to be a better man, expecting that I have said I have the greatest interest in the person. As for a spoiled, he is the spoiled one, and the one who is the greatest. I want to that a father, you have more virtue than I. As for that, I am of course that we are the best. Here are other and more interesting things between me and women. I am a man, and I am a man. They are the things that are being fastened on. But here is what I can tell you, and you more than I can."

[illegible]

I hope you will be able to see me before I go to the States. I will be in the States for a few days. I will be in the States for a few days. I will be in the States for a few days.

"And I don't forgive you for being late for dinner—break in Lord Henry, putting his hand on the lady's shoulder and smiling as he spoke. "Come, let us sit down and try what the new chef here can do, and then you will tell us how it all came about."

There is really nothing to tell. First Domatias, he took them to a seat at the small round table. What happened was simply this. After lunch on yesterday evening Harry and I dined at some dinner at that—no I can't say it is the R. just Street's but I can't find the— and went down at eight o'clock to the theatre. She was playing *Rosalind*. Of course the scenery was dreadful and the Orlando absurd. But when you stood I have seen her. When she came in in her boy's clothes she was perfectly wonderful. She wore a moss-colored velvet with rich orange sleeves, with brown—how gartered hose, a daisy-blue green cap with a hawk's feather caught in a jewel and a bewitched look on her face. She had never seemed to me more exquisite. She had all the delicate grace of that Lattaglia figure that you have in your studio, Ray. Her hair—sistered from her face—dark hair—extremely pale rose. After her acting—well you shall see her to night. She was in a wonderful part in the thing. You almost see her raised. I urged that I was in London and in the excitement of the party. I was away with my horse in a forest that no man had ever seen. After the performance was over, I went behind and spoke to her. As we were sitting together and then she came in, her eyes a look that I had never seen before. My arm moved towards hers. We kissed each other. I can't describe to you what I felt at that moment. It seemed to me that almost she had been half-dead. It was one perfect portrait of rose-colored joy. She turned away and at a shock like a stone came away. Then she—gave herse—her knees and kissed my hands. I feel that I should not—do this but I—at the first of course—over-generous—valued her. She has not even cut her own throat. I for the sake of what my girl has said say Lord Radley wrote to her to—well I don't care. I shall be stage-ridden than a year and then I—what I—well I have been right. Ray—haven't I—take my horse out of poverty and to find my wife in Shakespeare's plays. I say that Shakespeare taught us speak have whispered—then secret in my ear. I have had the atom of *Rosalind* around me and kissed—just in the mouth.

"Yes, Domatias. I suppose you were right," said Howard slowly.

"Have you seen her to-day?" asked Lord Henry.

"Domatias Gray shook his head. "I met her at the—rest of Arden. I shall find her in an orchard in Verona."

Lord Henry smiled his champagne in a meditative manner. "A what pattern at present do you mention the most marriage, Domatias. And what did she say in answer? Perhaps you forgot a little."

"My dear Harry, I didn't treat it as a business transaction. I intended to make any form a proposal. I told her that I loved her, and she said she was not worthy to be my wife. Not worthy. Why, the whole world is nothing to me compared with her."

"Women are wonderful," said Howard, smiling at Lord Henry. "much more practical than we are. A situation of affairs—well, let's forget to say anything about marriage and let's have a glass of champagne."

"Howard, I am very—just—saying about Harry. You have a very good Domatias. He is not like other men. He will never let anything go to any one. His nature is too fine for that."

"Lord Henry looked across the table. "The man is never annoyed with me," he answered. "I asked the question for the best reason possible. For the only reason I need—that excuse—for asking any question—simple curiosity. I have a theory that it is always the women who propose to us, and not we who propose to the women. I expect of course to make a mistake. But then the mad theories are not modern."

Dorian Gray laughed and tossed his head. "You are quite too frightful, Harry, but I don't mind. It is impossible to be angry with you. When you see Sibyl Vane, you will see that the man who could wrong her would be a beast—a beast without a heart. I cannot understand how any one can wish to shame the thing he loves. I love Sibyl Vane. I want to place her on a pedestal of gold and to see the world worship the woman who is mine. What is marriage? An interminable vow. You think at it for that. Ah, don't mock. It is an interminable vow that I want to take. Her trust makes me faithful; her belief makes me good. When I am with her, I regret so that you have taught me. I become a better man than what you have known me to be. I am changed; and the mere touch of Sibyl Vane's hand makes me forget you and all your weird, fascinating, poisonous, delightful theories."

"And these are—" asked Lord Henry, heaping himself to some talad.

"Oh, your theories about life, your theories about love, your theories about paradise. A's your theories, in fact, Harry."

"Pleasure is the only thing worth having a theory about," he answered in his slow melodious voice. "But I am afraid I cannot—am my theory at my own. It belongs to Nature not to me. Pleasure is Nature's test, her sign of approval. When we are happy, we are always good; but when we are good, we are not always happy."

"Ah, but what do you mean by good?" cried Basil Hildward.

"Yes," echoed Dorian, leaning back in his chair and looking at Lord Henry over the heavy carved, purple-upped roses that stood in the centre of the table. "what do you mean by good, Harry?"

"The good is to be in harmony with one's self," he replied, touching the thin stem of his glass with his pale, fine-pointed finger. "Good is to be forced to be in harmony with others. One's own self—that is the important thing. As for the uses of one's neighbours, if one wishes to be a prig or a liar, one can blame one's moral views about them; but they are not one's concern. Besides, and what more has reason the higher aim. Modern morality consists in accepting the standard of one's age. I consider that for any man to refuse to accept the standards of his age is a form of the grossest immorality."

"But a man does not live merely for one's self, Harry. One pays a terrible price for doing so," suggested the painter.

"Yes, we are over-haunted by everything nowadays. I should fancy that the tragedies of the poor are that they can afford nothing but self. Eternal Beauty is thus like beauty for things, are the privilege of the rich."

"One has to pay in other ways but money."

"What sort of ways, Basil?"

"Oh, I should fancy in remorse, in suffering, in—well, in the consciousness of degradation."

Lord Henry shrugged his shoulders. "My dear fellow, mediocrity is all that is left of the ideal. The only thing that one can use them in is to be a better person. But then the only thing that one can use in fiction are

the things that one has ceased to use in fact. Believe me, no civilized man ever regrets a pleasure, and no uncivilized man ever knows what a pleasure is."

"I know what pleasure is," cried Dorian Gray. "It is to adore someone."

"That is certainly better than being adored," he answered, toying with some fruit. "Being adored is a nuisance. Women treat us just as horses treat its grooms. They worship us, and are always bothering us to do something for them."

"I should have said that whatever they ask for they had first given to us," murmured the sad grayed. "They create love in our nature. They have a right to demand it back."

"That is quite true, Dorian," cried Lord Henry.

"Nothing is ever quite true," said Lord Henry.

"This is," interrupted Dorian. "You must admit, Harry, that women give to men the very goal of their lives."

"Possibly," he sighed, "but they invariably want it back in such very small change. That is the worry. Women, as some witty Frenchman once put it, inspire us with the desire to do masterpieces and always prevent us from carrying them out."

"Harry, you are dreadful. I don't know why I like you so much."

"You will always like me, Dorian," he replied. "Will you have some coffee, you fellows? Water, bring coffee, and two champagne, and some cigarettes. No, don't mind the cigarettes—I have some. Basil, I can tell you to smoke cigars. You must have a cigarette. A cigarette is the perfect type of a perfect pleasure. It is exquisite, and it leaves one unsatisfied. What more can one want? Yes, Dorian, you will always be fond of me. I represent to you all the sins you have never had the courage to commit."

"What nonsense you talk, Harry," cried he, ad taking a light from a fire-breathing silver dragon that the waiter had placed on the table. "Let us go down to the theatre. When Mrs. Moncreux comes on the stage you will have a new idea—later. She will represent something to you that you have never known."

"I have known everything," said Lord Henry, with a tired look in his eyes, "but I am always ready for a new emotion. I am afraid, however, that for me at any rate, there is no such thing. See, you are not letting it all may throw me. I love acting. I am so much more real than life. Let us go, Christian. You will come with me. I am so sorry, Basil, but there is only room for two in the brougham. You must follow us in a hansom."

They got up and put on their coats, wiping their coffee-stained lips. The painter was silent and preoccupied. There was a gloom over him. He could not hear this marriage, and yet it seemed to him to be better than many other things that might have happened. After a few minutes they descended stairs. He found all by himself, as had been arranged, and watched the flashing lights of the little brougham as it went off him. A strange sense of loss came over him. He felt that Dorian Gray would never again be with him as he had been in the past. Life had come between them. Harry was talkative, and the crowded Paris streets became his tired talker's eyes. When he alighted up at the theatre it seemed to him that he had grown years older.

CHAPTER SEVEN

For some reason or other, the house was crowded that night, and the fat Jew manager who met them at the door was beating from ear to ear with anxious attentions as usual. He escorted them to their box with a sort of pompous hospitality, waving his fat soiled hands and talking at the top of his voice. Dorian Gray looked at him more than ever. He felt as if he had come to look for Miranda and had been met by Casiban. Lord Henry, upon the other hand, rather liked him. At least he declared he did, and persisted on shaking him by the hand and assuring him that he was proud to meet a man who had twice saved a real genius and whose bankruptcy over a poet had saved another house (with what he called the faces in the pit). The heat was terribly oppressive, and the huge sunlight flamed like a monstrous daemon with petals of yellow fire. The youths in the gallery had taken off their coats and waistcoats and hung them over the side. They talked to each other across the theater and shared their oranges with the row of girls who sat beside them. Some women were laughing in the pit. Their voices were hoarse by strain and discontent. The sound of the popping of corks came from the bar.

"What a piece of good luck is this!" said Lord Henry.

"Yes," answered Dorian Gray. "It was here I found her, and she is divine beyond anything I ever saw. When she acts you will get everything. These common-sense people with their sane faces and icy, sage-like behavior quite different when she is on the stage. They sit silently and watch her. They weep and laugh as she works their rods. She makes them as responsive as a choir. She spiritualizes them, and one feels that they are of the same flesh and blood as one's self."

"The same flesh and blood as one's self!" Oh, I hope not," exclaimed Lord Henry, who was watching, he occupied of the gallery through his opera-glass.

"Do not pay any attention to him, Dorian," said the painter. "I understand what you mean, and I believe in it myself. Anyone you love must be native-born, and a girl who has the effect you describe must be fine and noble. I assure you, my dear, that is something worth doing. If this girl can give a soul to those who have lived without one, if she can create the sense of beauty in people whose eyes have seen world and ugliness, if she can give them of her own richness and joy, then may it be yours. You are not third class, she is worthy of a young adoration, worthy of the adoration of the world. This marriage is quite right. I did not think so at first, but I admit it now. The gods made Sir Vane too young. Without him you would have been incomplete."

"Thanks, Basil," answered Dorian Gray, pressing his hand. "I know that you would understand me. Harry is so cynical he terrifies me. But here is the orchestra. I would be deaf, but it only lasts for about five minutes. Then the curtain rises, and you will see the girl to whom I am going to give as my very own soul. I have given everything I have good in me."

As a matter of fact, however, almost a extraordinary turmoil of

applaud. Sylvia Vane stepped on to the stage. Yes she was certainly lovely to look at—one of the loveliest features Lord Henry thought that he had ever seen. There was something of the lawn in her shy grace and startled eyes. A faint blush like the shadow of a rose in a mirror of silver came to her cheeks as she glanced at the crowd in French evening dress. She stepped back a few paces and her lips seemed to tremble. Basil Hadoward leaped to his feet and began to applaud. Montmorency and as one in a dream Sebastian Gray gazing at her. Lord Henry peered through his glasses murmuring: "Charming, charming."

The scene was the hall of Capulet's house and Romeo in his pilgrim's dress had entered with Mercutio and his other friends. The band was as it was struck up a few bars of music and he began to dance. Through the crowd of ungaily shabbily dressed actors Sylvia Vane moved like a creature from a fairer world. Her body swayed where she danced as a plant sways in the water. The curves of her throat were the curves of a white lily. Her hands seemed to be made of cool ivory.

Yet she was curiously expressionless. She showed no sign of joy when her eyes rested on Romeo. The few words she had to speak:

*Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shows in this;
For saint-like hands should never touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.*

with the brief dialogue that follows were spoken in a thoroughly artificial manner. The scene was exquisite but from the point of view of tone it was absolutely false. It was wrong in colour. It took away all the life from the verse. It made the passion unreal.

Dorian Gray grew pale as he watched her. He was puzzled and anxious. Neither of his friendly late friends was anything to him. She seemed to them to be absolutely incompetent. They were terribly disappointed.

Yet they felt that the true test of any poet is the language scene of the second act. They waited for that. If she failed there, there was nothing in her.

She looked charming as she came out in the new light. That could not be denied. But the staginess of her acting was unbearable and grew worse as she went on. Her gestures became abominably artificial. She over-emphasized everything that she had to say. The beautiful passage—

*I have loved the night—night—in my life;
I've loved a million kisses beneath my cheek
For that which here has heard me for the night.*

was declaimed with the painful precision of a schoolgirl who has been taught to recite by some second-rate professor of elocution. When she glanced over the balcony and came to those wonderful lines—

*Although I joy in thee,
I have many a sigh if thou dost smile,
I'm sick to soul if thou art well,
I'm like the cat which dreads the bell.
For one on my life—lighten—Sweet good night!
This had it—oh summer—summer—month
May please a husband—I—when next we meet—*

she spoke the words as though they conveyed no meaning to her. It was not seriousness. Indeed, so far from being serious, she was absolutely self-contained. It was simply bad art. She was a complete failure.

Even the commonest members of the box and gallery lost their interest in the play. They got restless and began to talk loudly and to yawn. The Jew manager, who was standing at the back of the dress circle, stared and swore with rage. The only person amused was the girl herself.

When the second act was over, there came a storm of boxes, and Lord Henry got up from his chair and put on his hat. "She is quite beautiful," he said, "but she can't act. Let us go."

"I am going to see the play through," answered the lady in a hard bitter voice. "I am awfully sorry that I have made you waste an evening. Harry, I apologize to you both."

"My dear Dorian, I should think Miss Vane would," interrupted Basil. "We will come some other night."

"I wish she were dead," he rejoined. "But she seems to me to be very cynical and cold. She has no imagination. Last night she was a great artist. This evening she is merely a commonplace mediocre actress."

"Don't talk like that about any one you love, Dorian. Love is a more wonderful thing than art."

"They are both simply forms of imitation," remarked Lord Henry.

"But do let us go," said Basil. "You must not stay here any longer. It is not good for one's mind always to see bad acting. Besides, I don't suppose you will want your wife to get so what does it matter if she passes time like a wooden doll? She is very lovely, and if she knows as much about life as she does about acting, she will be a splendid actress some day. There are only two kinds of people who are really happy—the people who know absolutely everything and people who know absolutely nothing. Good heavens, my dear Basil, don't look so tragic! The secret of remaining young is never to have an emotion that is unbecoming. Come to the club with Basil and myself. We will smoke cigarettes and drink to the health of Miss Vane. She is beautiful. What more can you want?"

"Go away, Harry," cried Basil. "I want to be alone. Basil, you must go. Ah, but you see that my heart is breaking! The hot tears came to his eyes. He pretended, and resting on the back of the box, he leaned up against the wall, hiding his face in his hands.

"Let us go, Basil," said Lord Henry with a strange tenderness in his voice, and the two young men passed on together.

A few moments afterwards, he too got up and the curtain rose on the third act. Dorian Gray went back to his seat. He looked pale and pained and bitter. The play dragged on and seemed interminable. Half of the audience went out tramping in heavy boots and laughing. The whole thing was a failure. The last act was played to a most empty bench. The curtain went down on a titter and some groans.

As soon as it was over, Dorian Gray rushed behind the scenes into the greenroom. The girl was standing there alone, with a look of triumph on her face. Her eyes were lit with an exquisite fire. There was a radiance about her. Her parted lips were smiling over some secret of her own.

When he entered, she looked at him, and an expression of contempt came over her. "How badly I acted to-night, Dorian," she cried.

"Hush," he answered, "giving a hint to the audience. Happy? It was

dreadful. Aren't you? You have no idea what it was. You have no idea what I suffered."

He gasped. "Dorian," she answered, "getting over his name with long drawn music in her voice, as though it were sweeter than honey to the red petals of her mouth, "dorian you should have understood. But you understand now, don't you?"

"I understand what," he asked, "angels."

"Why I was so sad to-night. Why you always be bad. Why I shall never act well again."

He struggled to shake her off. "You are ill. I suppose. When you are ill you should not act. You make yourself ridiculous. My friends were asked. I was bored."

She seemed not to listen to him. She was transfigured with joy. An ecstasy of happiness came over her.

"Dorian, Dorian," she cried, "before I knew you, acting was the one reality I knew. It was only in the theatre that I lived. I thought that I was acting. I was Rosalind, the night and Portia, the other. The boys of Beatrice was my joy, and the sorrowful Cordelia were mine also. I believed in everything. The common people who acted with me seemed to me to be gods. The painted women were my world. I knew nothing but shadows, and I thought them real. You came with my secret cause, and you freed my soul from prison. You taught me what really really is. I thought for the first time in my life. I saw through the hollows, the sham, the silliness of the empty pageant in which I had always played. To-night, for the first time, I became conscious that the Roman was hideous and old and painted, that the moonlight in the orchard was false, that the scenery was a gag, and that the words I had to speak were of lead, were not my words, were not what I wanted to say. You had brought me something higher, something of which I was a victim but a conqueror. You had made me understand what a life really is. My love. My love. Promise I charming Prince of life. I have grown sick. I sicken now. You are more to me than an actor, an evener. What have I to do with the puppets of a play? When I came on to-night, I could not understand how it was that everything had gone from me. I thought, but I was going to the world, but I found that I could do nothing. No, then it dawned on my soul what it all meant. The knowledge was exorcised from me. I heard them hissing and I smiled. What could they know of love such as ours. Take me away. Dorian, take me away with you, where we can be quite alone. I hate the stage. I might think it a passion that I do not feel, but I am not nervous one that burns me like fire. Oh, dorian, Dorian, you will understand now what I feel. Even if I could not, it would be the prettiest and best of the play, as at being in love. You have made me see that."

He flung himself down on the sofa and turned away his face. "You have killed my love," he muttered.

She looked a little wonder, and laughed. He made no answer. She came across to him, and with her long fingers took his hair. She knelt down and pressed his hands to her lips. He drew them away, and a shudder ran through him.

Then he leaped up and went to the door. "Yes," he cried, "you have killed my love. You used to act my imagination. Now you do not even stir my curiosity. You no longer produce any effect. I used to have seven, seven, that you were because you had got it and interest, because you realized

the different great portraits gave shape and substance to the shadows of art. You have thrown it all away. You are nothing at all, and My God, how mad I was to love you. What a life I have been. You are nothing to me now. I will never see you again. I will never think of you. I will never mention your name. You don't know what you were to me. Why ever— Oh I can't bear to think of it. I wish I had never and ever upon you. You have spoiled the reputation I made. How can you ever know of me if you say it that you are art. We heard your art, you are nothing. I wish I had made you famous, splendid, magnificent. The world would have worshipped you, and you would have borne my name. What are you now? A third-rate actress with a pretty face.

The girl grew white and trembled. She clenched her hands together and her voice seemed to catch in her throat. You are not serious, Dorian, she murmured. You are joking.

As long I leave that to you. You don't know, he answered bitterly.

She rose from her knees and with a piteous expression of pain in her face came across the room to him. She put her hand upon his arm and looked into his eyes. He thrust her back. Don't touch me, he cried.

A low moan broke from her, and she flung herself at his feet and lay there like a trapped bird. I want Dorian, Dorian, don't leave me, she whispered. I am so sorry I didn't act well. I was thinking of you all the time. But I was— indeed I was— It came so suddenly across me, my love for you. I think I should never have known it if you had not kissed me. If we had not kissed each other, it was me again, my love. Don't go away from me. I couldn't bear it. Oh don't go away from me. My brother.

No, never mind. He didn't mean it. He wasn't jest. But you can't go long so me for tonight. I will work so hard and try to improve. Don't be cruel to me because I love you better than anything in the world. After all it is only once that I have not pleased you. But you are quite right, Dorian. I should have shown more fire as an artist. I was so shy of me, and yet I— oh his help. Oh don't leave me, don't leave me. A flood of passionate sobbing struck her. She crouched on the floor like a wounded thing, and Dorian lay with his weary eyes looked down at her, and his closed lips uttered in exquisite pain. There is always something ridiculous about the emotions of people whom one has ceased to love. Now, Vane seemed to him to be almost a magnificent woman. Her tears and sobs annoyed him.

I am going, he said at last in his agonized voice. I don't wish to be unkind, but I can't see you again. You have disappointed me.

She wept silently and made no answer, but kept nearer. Her hand hastily stretched toward him and appeared to be seeking for him. He turned on his heel and left the room, and a few moments he was out of the theatre.

Where he went to he hardly knew. He remembered wandering through dimly lit streets, past gaunt black shadows of buildings and evil-looking houses. Women with white veils and hunched shoulders had stared after him. Drunkards had been the cursing and chattering of themselves like mad strapping apes. He had seen grotesque children had kicked open doors, and heard shrieks and wailing from gloomy courts.

As the dawn was at breaking, he found himself close to Coventry Garden. The darkness still had flashes with it, and the sky below showed itself to be a perfect gray. Huge carts lined with nodding cabs

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

He came to stand and walking to the window drew up the blind. The bright light illuminated the room and swept the darkness out of the dusky corners where they lay shadowing. But the strange expression that he had looked in the face of the poor creature did not go away. He stood there like a statue. He was staring at the thing that he would have thought would be the mouth of a creature as if he had been looking at a rat or after he had done worse than that.

The second and third groups of variables are also a good source of variables for a study of the effects of the variables on the dependent variable. The first group of variables is the dependent variable. The second group of variables is the independent variable. The third group of variables is the control variable. The fourth group of variables is the interaction variable. The fifth group of variables is the moderator variable. The sixth group of variables is the mediator variable. The seventh group of variables is the outcome variable. The eighth group of variables is the predictor variable. The ninth group of variables is the response variable. The tenth group of variables is the dependent variable. The eleventh group of variables is the independent variable. The twelfth group of variables is the control variable. The thirteenth group of variables is the interaction variable. The fourteenth group of variables is the moderator variable. The fifteenth group of variables is the mediator variable. The sixteenth group of variables is the outcome variable. The seventeenth group of variables is the predictor variable. The eighteenth group of variables is the response variable. The nineteenth group of variables is the dependent variable. The twentieth group of variables is the independent variable. The twenty-first group of variables is the control variable. The twenty-second group of variables is the interaction variable. The twenty-third group of variables is the moderator variable. The twenty-fourth group of variables is the mediator variable. The twenty-fifth group of variables is the outcome variable. The twenty-sixth group of variables is the predictor variable. The twenty-seventh group of variables is the response variable. The twenty-eighth group of variables is the dependent variable. The twenty-ninth group of variables is the independent variable. The thirtieth group of variables is the control variable. The thirty-first group of variables is the interaction variable. The thirty-second group of variables is the moderator variable. The thirty-third group of variables is the mediator variable. The thirty-fourth group of variables is the outcome variable. The thirty-fifth group of variables is the predictor variable. The thirty-sixth group of variables is the response variable. The thirty-seventh group of variables is the dependent variable. The thirty-eighth group of variables is the independent variable. The thirty-ninth group of variables is the control variable. The fortieth group of variables is the interaction variable. The forty-first group of variables is the moderator variable. The forty-second group of variables is the mediator variable. The forty-third group of variables is the outcome variable. The forty-fourth group of variables is the predictor variable. The forty-fifth group of variables is the response variable. The forty-sixth group of variables is the dependent variable. The forty-seventh group of variables is the independent variable. The forty-eighth group of variables is the control variable. The forty-ninth group of variables is the interaction variable. The fiftieth group of variables is the moderator variable. The fifty-first group of variables is the mediator variable. The fifty-second group of variables is the outcome variable. The fifty-third group of variables is the predictor variable. The fifty-fourth group of variables is the response variable. The fifty-fifth group of variables is the dependent variable. The fifty-sixth group of variables is the independent variable. The fifty-seventh group of variables is the control variable. The fifty-eighth group of variables is the interaction variable. The fifty-ninth group of variables is the moderator variable. The sixtieth group of variables is the mediator variable. The sixty-first group of variables is the outcome variable. The sixty-second group of variables is the predictor variable. The sixty-third group of variables is the response variable. The sixty-fourth group of variables is the dependent variable. The sixty-fifth group of variables is the independent variable. The sixty-sixth group of variables is the control variable. The sixty-seventh group of variables is the interaction variable. The sixty-eighth group of variables is the moderator variable. The sixty-ninth group of variables is the mediator variable. The seventieth group of variables is the outcome variable. The seventy-first group of variables is the predictor variable. The seventy-second group of variables is the response variable. The seventy-third group of variables is the dependent variable. The seventy-fourth group of variables is the independent variable. The seventy-fifth group of variables is the control variable. The seventy-sixth group of variables is the interaction variable. The seventy-seventh group of variables is the moderator variable. The seventy-eighth group of variables is the mediator variable. The seventy-ninth group of variables is the outcome variable. The eightieth group of variables is the predictor variable. The eighty-first group of variables is the response variable. The eighty-second group of variables is the dependent variable. The eighty-third group of variables is the independent variable. The eighty-fourth group of variables is the control variable. The eighty-fifth group of variables is the interaction variable. The eighty-sixth group of variables is the moderator variable. The eighty-seventh group of variables is the mediator variable. The eighty-eighth group of variables is the outcome variable. The eighty-ninth group of variables is the predictor variable. The ninetieth group of variables is the response variable. The ninety-first group of variables is the dependent variable. The ninety-second group of variables is the independent variable. The ninety-third group of variables is the control variable. The ninety-fourth group of variables is the interaction variable. The ninety-fifth group of variables is the moderator variable. The ninety-sixth group of variables is the mediator variable. The ninety-seventh group of variables is the outcome variable. The ninety-eighth group of variables is the predictor variable. The ninety-ninth group of variables is the response variable. The hundredth group of variables is the dependent variable.

He rubbed his eyes and came down the post and extended it again, with wings that strange when he takes it, it is a sad

passing and yet there was a feeling that the whole experience had
 a goal. It was not a mere day and his own feeling was honestly
 apparent.

[illegible][illegible]

But the past is. What was he? Was he? I said he was not. I said
at that time only I had thought he was not. I was not sure. I was not
certain. I was not sure. I was not sure. I was not sure. I was not sure.

[illegible][illegible]

He got up from his chair and drew a large screen right in front of the portrait, sheltering as he gazed at it. How happy he had been! He stepped out on to the grass, he drew a deep breath. The fresh morning air seemed to drive away all his more passionate thoughts of Sylvia. A faint echo of his voice came back to him. He repeated her name over and over again. The birds that were singing in the dew-drenched garden seemed to be telling the flowers about her.

CHAPTER EIGHT

It was long past noon when he awoke. His valet had kept several times on tip-toe outside the room to see if he was stirring, and had wondered what made his young master sleep so late. Finally a clock sounded, and Victor came in with a cup of tea and a pile of letters. On a small tray stood Nevers' card, and he drew back the blue satin curtain with which he was shutting his door, that hung in front of the French window.

"Monsieur has been up this morning," he said, smiling.

"What clock is it, Victor?" asked Lord Henry, looking down.

"One hour and a quarter, Monsieur."

How late it was! He sat up, and having sipped some tea, turned over his letters. One of them was from Lord Henry, and had been brought by hand that morning. He hesitated for a moment, and then put it aside. The others he opened at once. They contained the usual collection of daily invitations to dinner, to keys for private views, programmes of charity concerts, and the like that are showered on fashionable young men every morning during the season. There was a rather heavy bill for a chased silver Louis Quinze to set set that he had not yet had the courage to send on to his gardener, who were extremely well-furnished people and did not fear that we live in an age when unnecessary things are out of our necessities, and there were several very interesting notices of forthcoming auctions from Jermyn Street money-lenders, offering to advance any sum of money at a moment's notice and at the most reasonable rate of interest.

After about ten minutes he got up, and throwing on an elaborate dressing gown of silk embroidered with white wool, passed on to the en-suite bathroom. The cold water refreshed him after his long sleep. He seemed to have long forgotten that he had gone through a day's work of having taken part in some strange tragedy, came to him once or twice, but there was the intricacy of a dream about it.

As soon as he was dressed, he went into the library and sat down to a light French breakfast that had been laid out for him in a small round table close to the open window. It was an exquisite day. The warmth seemed laden with spices. A bee flew in and buzzed round the great tragic bowl that lived with sulphur and snow roses about the fire. He felt perfectly happy.

So he left his eye for on the wren that he had placed in front of the portrait, and he started.

"How late for Monsieur!" asked his valet, putting an orange on the table. "I shut the windows?"

Dorian shook his head. "I am not," said he, "interested."

Was it *was* true? Had the portrait really changed? Or had it been simply his own imagination that had made him see a new level where there had been a look of life? Surely a portrait *could* never be altered after. The thing was absurd. It was to serve as a tale to tell Basil some day. I would make him smile.

And yet how vivid was his recollection of the whole thing. First of the morning, and then in the bright dawn he had seen the touch of cruelty toward the wax portrait. He almost dragged his valet leaving the room. He knew that when he was alone he would have to examine the picture. He was afraid of it already. When the three and a half cigarettes had been brought and he had taken the things, he felt a wild desire to be punished even so. As he stood watching when Basil came he called him back. The man stood waiting for his master. Dorian looked at him for a moment. "I am not at home to any one," he said with a sigh. The man bowed and retired.

Then he came from the table, took a cigarette and lit it himself, leaning against the wall, and then, as he was taking the screen, the screen was an old one of gilt Spanish leather, stamped and wrought with a rather faded floral arabesque pattern. He scanned it, always wondering if ever before it had contained the secrets of a man's life.

Should he move it aside a trifle? Why not let it stay here? What was the use of knowing? If the thing was true it was true. If it was not true why trouble about it? But what if by some fate it dealt its horror even other than his speed behind and saw the horrible change? What should he do? Basil Ha-ward came and asked to look at his own picture. Basil would be sure to do that. No, the thing had to be examined *and* at once. Anything would be better than his breathless state of doubt.

He got up and walked out down. At least he would be alone when he looked upon the mask of his shame. Then he drew the screen aside and saw himself as he is now. It was perfectly true. The portrait had altered.

As he often remembered at intervals and always with no small wonder, he found himself at first gazing at the portrait with a feeling of almost morbid interest. That such a change should have taken place was irresistible to him. And yet it was a fact. Was there some magic affinity between the chemical atoms that shaped themselves to form and colour on the canvas and the soul that was within? Could it be that what that soul thought they realized—that what it dreamed they made true? Or was there some more terrible truth? He shuddered and retreated and going back to the couch lay there gazing at the picture in sickened horror.

One thing, however, he felt that it had done for him. It had made him conscious how ugly, how *old*, he had become. Sylvia and it was not too late to make reparation for that. She could not be his wife. His inner and selfish love would surely come higher and render would be transformed into more noble passion, and the portrait that Basil Ha-ward had painted of him would be a good deal better brought to what he might become and his younger brother's age. The fear of Caliban's fate. There were a plenty of terrible things that could be done as well to sleep. But there was a sickness in the degradation. Even there was an ever present sight of the man that brought out the best in him.

There was a knock at the door and then the faint light came in. A pale change came over Dorian Gray's face. He was trying to gather up the scattered

threads of life and to weave them into a pattern. He had his way through the sanguine labyrinth of passion through which he was wandering. He did not know what to do, or what to think. Finally, he went over to the table and wrote a passionate letter to the girl he had loved, imporing her forgiveness and accusing himself of madness. He covered page after page with wild words of sorrow and wilder words of pain. There is a luxury in self-reproach. When we blame ourselves we feel that no one else has a right to blame us. It is the confession, not the piety, that gives us absolution. When Dorian had finished the letter, he felt that he had been forgiven.

Suddenly there came a knock to the door, and he heard Lord Henry's voice outside. "My dear boy, I must see you. Let me in at once. I can't bear your shutting yourself up like this."

He made no answer at first, but remained quite still. The knocking still continued and grew louder. Yes, it was better to let Lord Henry in and to explain to him the new life he was going to lead, to quarrel with him if it became necessary to quarrel, to part if parting was inevitable. He jumped up, drew the screen hastily across the picture, and unlocked the door.

"I am so sorry for it all, Dorian," said Lord Henry as he entered. "But you must not think too much about it."

"Do you mean about Sibyl Vane?" asked the lad.

"Yes, of course," answered Lord Henry, sinking to a chair and now pulling off his velvet gloves. "It is dreadful from one point of view, but it was not your fault. Tell me, did you go behind and see her, after the play was over?"

"Yes."

"I felt sure you had. Did you make a scene with her?"

"I was furious, Harry—perfectly brutal. But it is all right now. I am not sorry for anything that has happened. It has taught me to know myself better."

"Ah, Dorian, I am so glad you take it in that way. I was afraid I would find you plunged in remorse and reating that nice curly hair of yours."

"I have got to laugh at that," said Dorian, shaking his head and smiling.

"I am perfectly happy now. I know what to do. So now it is to begin with. It is not what you told me it was. It is the divinest thing in us. Don't sneer at it, Harry, any more—at least not before me. I want to be good. I can't bear the idea of my soul being hideous."

"A very charming artistic basis for ethics, Dorian. I congratulate you on it. But how are you going to begin?"

"By marrying Sibyl Vane."

"Marrying Sibyl Vane?" cried Lord Henry, standing up and looking at him in perplexed amazement. "But my dear Dorian—"

"Yes, Harry. I know what you are going to say. Something dreadful about marriage. Don't say it. Don't ever say things of that kind to me again. Two days ago I asked Sibyl to marry me. I am not going to break my word to her. She is to be my wife."

"Your wife, Dorian? Didn't you get my letter? I wrote to you this morning, and sent the note down by my own man."

"Your letter?" Oh, yes, I remember. I have not read it yet, Harry. I was afraid there might be something in it that I wouldn't like. You cut life to pieces with your epigrams."

"You know nothing, then."

"What do you mean?"

Lord Henry walked across the room, and sitting down by Dorian Gray took both his hands in his own and held them tight. "Dorian," he said, "my letter about the frightened—was it not you that told Vane it was dead?"

A cry of pain broke from the lad's lips, and he reaped at his feet, trampling his hands away from Lord Henry's grasp. "Dead! She's dead! It is not true! It is a horrible lie! How dare you say it!"

"It is quite true, Dorian," said Lord Henry gravely. "It is in all the morning papers. I wrote down to you to ask you not to see any one till I came. There was to have been an inquest, of course, and you must not be mixed up in it. Things like that make a man fashionable in Paris. If in London people are so prejudiced. Here, one should never make one's acquaintance with a scandal. One should reserve that to give an interest to one's old age. I am sure they don't know your name at the theatre. If they do, it is a tragedy. Did any one see you going round to her room? That is an important point."

Dorian did not answer for a few moments. He was dazed with horror. Finally, he staggered in a voice of pain. "Harry, did you say an inquest? What led you to imagine that? Did she— Oh, Harry, I can't bear it! Be he quick. Tell me everything at once."

"I have made—but it was not an accident," Dorian thought it must be said in that way to be polite. "It seems that as she was leaving the theatre with her mother, about half past twelve or so, she said she had long after something upstairs. They waited some time for her, and she did not come down again. They then naturally found her lying dead on the floor of her dressing-room. She had swallowed something by mistake, some dreadful thing they say at the theatre. I don't know what it was, but it had either poisoned and or was so deadly. I should have said it was poisonous and, as she seems to have died instantaneously."

"Harry, Harry, it is terrible!" cried the lad.

"Yes, it is very tragic, of course, but you must not get so upset. I think up to now I see by the *Standard* that she was seventeen. I should have thought she was a most wonderful beauty. She looked so charming, and seemed so kind, so gentle, so trusting. I don't see how it is to be let this thing get on your nerves. You must come and dine with me, and afterwards we will look at the papers. It is a pity that all the servants were there. You can come to my sister's box. She has got some smart women with her."

"No! I have murdered Mrs. Vane," said Dorian Gray, half to himself, "I started her as she was and I have cut her blue throat with a knife. Yet the roses are not less lovely still at that. The birds sing just as happily in my garden. And to-night I am to dine with you, and then go on to the opera and say somewhere. It is a pose, afterwards. How excellent that is. I can't think of it. If I had read a little more about Harry, I think I would have wept over it. Somehow, now that it has happened actually, and to me, it seems but so wonderful after years. Here is the first passionate love letter I have ever written in my life. Strange that in such passionate love letters should have been addressed to a dead girl. Can they be? I wonder. Those who view people we are the dead. She is dead, she has been known of even by Harry. How I miss her voice. I seem years ago to be here now. She was everything to me. Then came that dreadful night—way it really was last night—when she perished so badly, and my heart almost broke. She expressed a wish to be buried in my garden. But I was so moved, and I

thought her shadow. Suddenly something happened that made me afraid. I can't tell you what it was but it was terrible. I said I was going back to her. I felt I had done wrong. And now she is dead. My God! My God! Harry, what shall I do. You don't know the danger I am in and here is nothing to keep me straight. She won't have done that for me. She had no right to kill herself. It was selfish of her.

My dear Herman, answered Lord Henry, taking a cigarette from his case and producing a gold-tipped matchbox. The only way a woman can ever reform a man is by boring him so completely that he loses a passion or interest in life. If you had married my girl you would have been wretched. Of course you would have treated her kindly. You would always be kind to people about whom one cares nothing. But she would have mooned and put on airs you were absolutely intolerant of her. And when a woman finds that out about her husband, she either becomes dreadfully dowdy or wears very smart business that some other woman's husband has to pay for. I say nothing about the social mistake which would have been absolute, which of course I would not have known, but I assure you that in any case, he whose thing would have been an absolute failure.

I suppose it would, muttered the fact waking up and leaving the room and looking a little pale. But I thought it was my duty. I went to my father that this terrible tragedy had prevented my doing what was right. I remember your saying once that there is a fatalism about great resolutions—that they are always made too late. Mine certainly were.

Good resolutions are useless attempts to interfere with scientific laws. Their origin is pure vanity. Their result is a misery. They give us now and then some of those sublime emotions that have a certain charm for the weak. That is all that can be said for them. They are simply the seas that men draw on a bank where they have no account.

Harry, cried Herman Gray, coming over and sitting down beside him, why is it that I cannot see this tragedy as much as I want to? I don't think I am heartless. Do you?

You have done for many foolish things during the last fortnight to be entitled to give yourself that name. Herman answered Lord Henry with his sweet melancholy smile.

The old friend said that that explanation, Harry, he received—but I am glad you don't think I am heartless. I am nothing of the kind. I know I am not. And yet I must admit that this thing that has happened does not affect me as I should. It seems to me to be simply like a wonderful ending to a wonderful play. It has all the terrible beauty of a Greek tragedy, a tragedy in which I took a great part, of which I have not been wounded.

It is an interesting question, said Lord Henry, who found it extremely pleasant in paying on the lady's contributions again—of extremely interesting question. I fancy that the true explanation is this. I often have seen that he reads tragedies. I think it is a very human habit that for that they hurt us by their crude violence, then absorb our interest, then absorb it without meaning their entire lack of style. They affect us just as vulgarly affects us. They give us a strong impression of street boy's face, and we revolt against that. Sometimes, however, a tragedy that possesses artistic elements of really crosses the way. If these elements of beauty are real, the whole thing will appear as a sense of drama without. So that we find that we are too weak to get the beauty but the sense of the play. Or rather we are both. We watch ourselves and the pure

wonder of the spectacle either as a way in the present, or what what it is as reality happened. Some one has said here: "I have always wished that I had ever had such an experience. It would have made me more with you for the rest of my life." The people who have aided me - there have not been very many, but here have been women - have always assisted in - I go on. Long after I had ceased to aid or harm or they aided me. They have become stout and to be as and when I meet them they give me a lot of trouble. That and I remember it was that. What a part - I go on. And what an actor is in it. A stage actor. I never find it as much by the object of it for one show. Never remember its details. Details are always vulgar."

I must be in the house or my gas leak might kill me.

[illegible]

What is that? That's what he did's even

10. He doesn't know anything about the sexual relations between one person and another, and society has a mass of taboos about it. He reads the truth about sex in the *News*. And he has a very good idea of the women who work there. There is no other girl like her, and he has a very good idea of what she is like when she is alone. He has a very good idea of what she is like when she is alone. They make up the best of the rest of the book. It is a very good romance, passion, and love.

1. May 1967 - June 1967 - July 1967 - August 1967 - September 1967 - October 1967 - November 1967 - December 1967 - January 1968 - February 1968 - March 1968 - April 1968 - May 1968 - June 1968 - July 1968 - August 1968 - September 1968 - October 1968 - November 1968 - December 1968 - January 1969 - February 1969 - March 1969 - April 1969 - May 1969 - June 1969 - July 1969 - August 1969 - September 1969 - October 1969 - November 1969 - December 1969 - January 1970 - February 1970 - March 1970 - April 1970 - May 1970 - June 1970 - July 1970 - August 1970 - September 1970 - October 1970 - November 1970 - December 1970 - January 1971 - February 1971 - March 1971 - April 1971 - May 1971 - June 1971 - July 1971 - August 1971 - September 1971 - October 1971 - November 1971 - December 1971 - January 1972 - February 1972 - March 1972 - April 1972 - May 1972 - June 1972 - July 1972 - August 1972 - September 1972 - October 1972 - November 1972 - December 1972 - January 1973 - February 1973 - March 1973 - April 1973 - May 1973 - June 1973 - July 1973 - August 1973 - September 1973 - October 1973 - November 1973 - December 1973 - January 1974 - February 1974 - March 1974 - April 1974 - May 1974 - June 1974 - July 1974 - August 1974 - September 1974 - October 1974 - November 1974 - December 1974 - January 1975 - February 1975 - March 1975 - April 1975 - May 1975 - June 1975 - July 1975 - August 1975 - September 1975 - October 1975 - November 1975 - December 1975 - January 1976 - February 1976 - March 1976 - April 1976 - May 1976 - June 1976 - July 1976 - August 1976 - September 1976 - October 1976 - November 1976 - December 1976 - January 1977 - February 1977 - March 1977 - April 1977 - May 1977 - June 1977 - July 1977 - August 1977 - September 1977 - October 1977 - November 1977 - December 1977 - January 1978 - February 1978 - March 1978 - April 1978 - May 1978 - June 1978 - July 1978 - August 1978 - September 1978 - October 1978 - November 1978 - December 1978 - January 1979 - February 1979 - March 1979 - April 1979 - May 1979 - June 1979 - July 1979 - August 1979 - September 1979 - October 1979 - November 1979 - December 1979 - January 1980 - February 1980 - March 1980 - April 1980 - May 1980 - June 1980 - July 1980 - August 1980 - September 1980 - October 1980 - November 1980 - December 1980 - January 1981 - February 1981 - March 1981 - April 1981 - May 1981 - June 1981 - July 1981 - August 1981 - September 1981 - October 1981 - November 1981 - December 1981 - January 1982 - February 1982 - March 1982 - April 1982 - May 1982 - June 1982 - July 1982 - August 1982 - September 1982 - October 1982 - November 1982 - December 1982 - January 1983 - February 1983 - March 1983 - April 1983 - May 1983 - June 1983 - July 1983 - August 1983 - September 1983 - October 1983 - November 1983 - December 1983 - January 1984 - February 1984 - March 1984 - April 1984 - May 1984 - June 1984 - July 1984 - August 1984 - September 1984 - October 1984 - November 1984 - December 1984 - January 1985 - February 1985 - March 1985 - April 1985 - May 1985 - June 1985 - July 1985 - August 1985 - September 1985 - October 1985 - November 1985 - December 1985 - January 1986 - February 1986 - March 1986 - April 1986 - May 1986 - June 1986 - July 1986 - August 1986 - September 1986 - October 1986 - November 1986 - December 1986 - January 1987 - February 1987 - March 1987 - April 1987 - May 1987 - June 1987 - July 1987 - August 1987 - September 1987 - October 1987 - November 1987 - December 1987 - January 1988 - February 1988 - March 1988 - April 1988 - May 1988 - June 1988 - July 1988 - August 1988 - September 1988 - October 1988 - November 1988 - December 1988 - January 1989 - February 1989 - March 1989 - April 1989 - May 1989 - June 1989 - July 1989 - August 1989 - September 1989 - October 1989 - November 1989 - December 1989 - January 1990 - February 1990 - March 1990 - April 1990 - May 1990 - June 1990 - July 1990 - August 1990 - September 1990 - October 1990 - November 1990 - December 1990 - January 1991 - February 1991 - March 1991 - April 1991 - May 1991 - June 1991 - July 1991 - August 1991 - September 1991 - October 1991 - November 1991 - December 1991 - January 1992 - February 1992 - March 1992 - April 1992 - May 1992 - June 1992 - July 1992 - August 1992 - September 1992 - October 1992 - November 1992 - December 1992 - January 1993 - February 1993 - March 1993 - April 1993 - May 1993 - June 1993 - July 1993</

I am afraid that women appreciate reality downright less than anything else. They have wonderfully primitive instincts. We have emancipated them, but they remain slaves looking for their masters all the same. They love being dominated. I am sure you were splendid. I have never seen you really and absolutely angry, but I can fancy how delightful you looked. And after all, you said something of the day before yesterday that seemed to me at the time to be merely a word, but that I see now was a wonderful truth, and I think it is the key to everything.

"What was that, Harry?"

You said to me that Selvi Vane represented to you all the heterosexual romance—that she was Desdemona one night, and Ophelia the other—that if she died as Selvi, she came to me as Eugene.

She will never come to life again now, I muttered, he said, burying his face in his hands.

No, she will never come to life. She has played her last part. But you must think of that timely death in the tower, blessing you in you, as a strange, hard fragment from some Jacobean tragedy, as a wonderful scene from Webster, or Ford, or Ford and Tourneur. The girl never really lived, and so she has never really died. To you at least she was always a dream, a phantom that floated through Shakespeare's plays and left them livelier for its presence, a reed through which Shakespeare's music sounded to her and more beautiful. The moment she touched actual life she marred it, and it marred her, and so she passed away. Mouth for Ophelia if you like. Put ashes on your head because Cordelia was strangled. Cry out against Heaven because the daughter of Brutus is killed. But don't waste your tears over Selvi Vane. She was less real than they are.

There was a silence. The evening darkened in the room. Noiselessly, as if with silver feet, the shadows crept in from the garden. The colours faded wearily out of things.

After some time Domant Gray looked up. You have explained me to myself, Harry, he murmured with something of a gasp of relief. I understand at last what you have said, but somehow I was afraid that I should not express it to myself. How was I to know that? But we will not talk again of what has happened. It has been a rather curious experience. That is all. I wonder, if he has written it were for me anything as picturesque.

Life has everything to store for you, Domant. There is nothing that you wish your extraordinary good looks were not beautiful to.

But suppose, Harry, I became haggard and old and wrinkled. What then?"

After her, said Lord Henry, rising gently, then my dear Domant, you would have to fight for your victories. And is there a fight to you? No, you must keep your good looks. We live in a age that makes us of them. He was right, and that the best reason for his being right. We cannot spare you. And now you had better dress and lie down to the night. We are rather late, as it is."

I think I shall see you at the opera, Harry. I feel too tired to eat anything. What is the number of your sister's box?

Twenty-seven. I believe it will be grand. You will see her name on the list. But I am sorry you will come and see.

Ah, I feel oppressed, said Domant, frowning. But I am always obliged to you for what you have said to me. You are certainly my best friend. No one has ever understood me as you have.

We are only at the beginning of our friendship. I have answered Lord Henry's challenge by the hand. I cannot see I shall see you before time thirty. I hope Remondet Fall is going on.

As he passed the post he turned to Donaghy as he reached the bus, and in a few minutes Victor appeared with him and guided him to the bus. He waved in parting for him to go. The day seemed to take an interminable time over everything.

As soon as he had left the radio to the women and then it back. So there was no further change in the picture. It had received the news of Suby's and's death before he had been shot. It was some days of the events of the day he was in the field. The women, too, had married the time of the month had not been appeared at the very moment that the girl had died. He possessed whatever it was. He was not different to any, as I did not have a take organization of what passed within the soul. He wondered and hoped that someday he would see the strange taking place before his very eyes, should being as he hoped it.

Paul says: What a romance it had all been. She had chosen to meet death on the stage. A real death because he had sufficed her and taken her with him. He would she played that death— as women had the custom him, as she died. No, she had died for love of him, and love would always be a sacrifice to him now. She had atoned for every thing, the sacrifice she had made. There he. He would not think any more of what she had made him go through, or that he had been her high in the theatre. When he thought of her, it would be as a wonderful tragic figure set on to be with a stage to show the supreme beauty of love. A wonderful tragic figure. Tears came to his eyes as he remembered her, but she took and was gone from his mind, and she is no longer there. He brushed her away, his hand moved away at the picture.

He felt that the one that had really hurt him was that he had his choice of really being made. Yes, he had decided that for him, he and his own state, a woman about the former youth of the passion, was a woman who and what was a good woman who he wanted to have a love thing. The problem was to find the best friend of his shame that was at

A feeling of peace kept over him as he thought of his journey, that was it after all the fact that he was at home, a few of members of the society he had known, he seemed to know those past years, but now seemed as if he was at home. All of a sudden after meeting he had sat down on the porch, with a feeling of peace, a most pleasant feeling, as it seemed to him a future. Was it to a new room with every member, with the world? Was it to his own a mother's, a good mother, the thing that had been away in a world, now to be shared with him, he was glad that had been, he had been, but getting old the way, a good feeling of peace, the joy of it, the joy of it.

For a moment he thought of saying that the love he sympathized with existed between him and the prisoner might ease it had changed in a word to a prayer perhaps a answer to a prayer it might remain unchanged. And yet who he knew anything of would he would consider the matter of saying always to say he never learned the character of the man what later on he never learned what he had said. Besides was it really under his control that it is best three prayer that had given up the very thing. Must there not be some other reason for it all at thought and exercise is the same upon a living organism might not the exercise be a different upon dead and in

organic things? Nay, without thought or conscious desire, might not things external to ourself vibrate in unison with our moods and passions, atom calling to atom in secret love or strange affinity? But the reason was of no importance. He would never again tempt by a prayer any terrible power. If the picture was to alter, it was to alter. That was all. Why inquire too closely into it?

For there would be a real pleasure in watching it. He would be able to follow his mind into its secret places. This portrait would be to him the most magical of mirrors. As it had revealed to him his own body, so it would reveal to him his own soul. And when winter came upon it, he would still be standing where spring trembles on the verge of summer. When the blood crept from his face, and left behind a pallid mask of chalk with leaden eyes, he would keep the glamour of boyhood. Not one blossom of his loveiness would ever fade. Not one pulse of his life would ever weaken. Like the gods of the Greeks, he would be strong and fleet and joyous. What did it matter what happened to the coloured image on the canvas? He would be safe. That was everything.

He drew the screen back into its former place in front of the picture, smiling as he did so, and passed into his bedroom, where his valet was already waiting for him. An hour later he was at the opera, and Lord Henry was leaning over his chair.

CHAPTER NINE

As he was sitting at breakfast next morning, Basil Hallward was shown into the room.

"I am so glad I have found you, Dorian," he said gravely. "I called last night, and they told me you were at the opera. Of course, I knew that was impossible. But I wish you had left word where you had really gone to. I passed a dreadful evening, half afraid that one tragedy might be followed by another. I think you might have telegraphed for me when you heard of it. First, I read of it quite by chance in a late edition of *The Globe* that I picked up at the club. I came here at once and was miserable at not finding you. I can't tell you how heartbroken I am about the whole thing. I know what you must suffer. But where were you? Did you go down and see the girl's mother? For a moment I thought of following you there. They gave the address in the paper. Somewhere in the Easton Road, isn't it? But I was afraid of intruding upon a sorrow that I could not lighten. Poor woman! What a state she must be in. And her only child, too. What did she say about it all?"

"My dear Basil, how do I know?" murmured Dorian Gray, sipping some pale yellow wine from a delicate, gold-headed bottle of Venetian glass and looking dreadfully bored. "I was at the opera. You should have come on there. I met Lady Gwendolen, Harry's sister, for the first time. We were in her box. She is perfectly charming, and Patti sang divinely. Don't talk about horrid subjects. If one doesn't talk about a thing, it has never happened. It is simply expression, as Harry says, that gives reality to things. I may mention that she was not the woman's only child. There is a son, a charming fellow, I believe. But he is not on the stage. He is a sailor."

or something. And now tell me about yourself and what you are painting."

"You went to the opera," said Halward, speaking very slowly and with a strained touch of pain in his voice. "You went to the opera where Basil Vane was lying dead in some wonderful agony. You can talk to me of other women being charming and of Paris being so divine before the girl you loved has even the quiet of a grave to sleep in. Why, man, there are horrors in store for that little white body of hers."

"Stop, Basil. I won't hear it," cried Dorian, leaping to his feet. "You must not tell me about things. What is to be told me? What is past is past."

"You call yesterday the past?"

"What has the actual lapse of time got to do with it? It is only ~~show~~ people who require years to get rid of an emotion. A man who is master of himself can end a sorrow as easily as he can invent a pleasure. I don't want to be at the mercy of my emotions. I want to use them. I enjoy them and to dominate them."

"Dorian, this is horrible. Something has changed you completely. You look exactly the same wonderful boy who day after day used to come down to my studio to sit for his picture. But you were simple, natural, and affectionate then. You were the most unsuspected creature in the whole world. Now I don't know what has come over you. You talk as if you had no heart, no pity in you. It is as if Harry's sin had been I see that."

The lad rushed up and, going to the window, looked out for a few moments on the green. Then he came in, washed his face. "I owe a great deal to Harry, Basil," he said at last, "more than I owe to you. You only taught me to be vain."

"Well, I am punished for that, Dorian, — or shall be some day."

"I don't know what you mean, Basil," he exclaimed, turning round. "I don't know what you want. What do you want?"

"I want the Dorian Gray I used to paint," said the artist sadly.

"Basil," said the lad, going over to him and putting his hands on his shoulders, "you have come too late. Yesterday, when I heard that Basil Vane had killed herself——"

"Killed herself? Good heavens, where could she be about that?" cried Halward, looking up at him with an expression of horror.

"My dear Basil, surely you don't think it was a vulgar accident. Of course she killed herself."

The older man flared his face in his hands. "How traitor," he muttered, "and a shudder ran through him."

"No," said Dorian Gray, "there is nothing traitor about it. It is one of the great romantic tragedies of the age. As a rule people who act read the most commonplace lives. They are good husbands or faithful wives or something tedious. You know what I mean—middle-class virtue and all that kind of thing. How different Basil was. She lived her finest tragedy. She was always a heroine. The last night she played—the night you saw her—she acted badly because she had known the end too close. When she knew its uncertainty, she died, as I just might have said. She passed again into the sphere of art. There is something of the martyr about her. Her death has all the pathos, the selflessness of martyrdom, as it wasted beauty. But as I was saying, you must not think I have not suffered. It is not had come to yesterday at a party at my mother's, about half past five, perhaps, or a quarter to six—you would have found me in tears. Ever Harry was

[illegible]

The younger brother grew up and a wife was chosen and he and his personality had been brought into the present world. He could not see the need of explaining this move. After a while he knew that he was just a little bit different from the rest of the world. He was not like the others that was good so much to him that was to be.

[illegible]

He had slunk away at last, but as the door passed over his face at the moment of his withdrawal, there was something ghastly in the way that he stared at every thing of the kind. They don't know my name, he answered.

But surely she did?

Delaney Christman said that I am quite sure she never met Ted or anyone. She told me once that they were a rather crude, vulgar pair who I was glad that she couldn't see. Her ex-husband was Bruce Christman. It was pretty clear from my drawing of Ted and Nancy that I had made a mistake. I have some to go on other than the memory of a few kisses and some broken plates and words.

4. we are left with the question of how to raise the

must come and sit to me yourself again. I can't get on without you.

"I can never sit to you again, Basil. It is impossible," he exclaimed, starting back.

The painter stared at him. "My dear boy, what nonsense," he cried. "Do you mean to say you don't like what I did of you? Where is it? Why have you pulled the screen in front of it? Let me look at it. It is the best thing I have ever done. Do take the screen away. Do run. It is simply disgraceful of you at present hiding my work like that. I felt the room looked different as I came in."

"My servant has nothing to do with it, Basil. You don't imagine I let him arrange my room for me. He sets my flowers for me sometimes—that is all. No, I did it myself. The light was too strong on the portrait."

"Too strong? Not very, my dear fellow. It was an admirable place for it. Let me see it." And Howard walked towards the corner of the room.

A cry of terror broke from Dorian Gray's lips, and he rushed between the painter and the screen. "Basil, he said, looking very pale, "you must not look at it. I don't wish you to."

"Not look at my own work? You are not serious. Why shouldn't I look at it?" exclaimed Howard, laughing.

"It is only to look at it, Basil, in my world of honour I will never speak to you again as long as I live. I am quite serious. I don't offer any explanation, and you are not to ask for any. But remember, if you touch that screen, everything is over between us."

Howard was thunderstruck. He looked at Dorian Gray in a polite amazement. He had never seen him like this before. The lad was actually pained with rage. His hands were clenched, and the pupils of his eyes were like disks of blue fire. He was trembling all over.

"Dorian—"

"Don't speak!"

But what is the matter? Of course I won't look at it if you don't want me to," he said, rather coolly, turning on his heel and going over towards the window. "But really, it seems rather absurd that I shouldn't see my own work, especially as I am going to exhibit it in Paris in the autumn. I shall probably have to give it another coat of varnish before that, so I must see it some day, and why not to-day?"

"To exhibit it? You want to exhibit it?" exclaimed Dorian Gray, a strange sense of terror creeping over him. Was the world going to be shown his secret? Were people to gape at the mystery of his life? That was impossible. Something—he did not know what—had to be done at once.

"Yes, I don't suppose you will object to that. Georges Petit is going to collect all my best pictures for a special exhibition in the Rue de Sèze, which will open the first week in October. The portrait will only be away a month. I should think you could easily spare a bit for that time. In fact, you are sure to be out of town. And if you keep it always behind a screen, you can't care much about it."

Dorian Gray passed his hand over his forehead. There were beads of perspiration there. He felt that he was on the brink of a horrible danger.

"You told me a month ago that you would never exhibit it," he cried.

"Why have you changed your mind? You people who go in for being consistent have just as many moods as others have. The only difference is that your moods are rather meaningless. You can't have forgotten that you assured me most solemnly that nothing in the world would induce

that I had no freedom, by that I had put myself behind myself. Then it was that I resolved never to allow the picture to be exhibited. You were a little annoyed, but then you did not realize what that meant to me. Harry, to whom I talked about it, laughed at me. But I did not know that. When the picture was finished and I sat alone with it, I felt that I was right. Well, after a few days the thing felt mysterious. I lay awake, I had got rid of the intolerable fascination of its presence. It seemed to me that I had been foolish in imagining that I had seen anything in it, more than that you were extremely good looking and that I could paint. Even now I cannot help feeling that it is a mistake to think that the passion one feels in creation is ever really shown in the work one creates. Art is always more abstract than we fancy. Form and colour tell us of form and colour—that was all. It often seems to me that art conceals the artist far more completely than it ever reveals him. And so when I got this offer from Paris, I determined to make your portrait the principal thing in my exhibition. It never occurred to me that you would refuse. I see now that you were right. The picture cannot be shown. You must not be angry with me, a man, but what I have to do you. As I said to Harry once, you are made to be worshipped."

Dorian Gray drew a long breath. The colour came back to his cheeks and a smile played about his lips, as the pen was over. He was safe for the time. Yet he could not help feeling a little pity for the painter who had just made this strange confession to him, and wondered if he himself would ever be so dominated by the personality of a friend. Lord Henry had the charm of being very dangerous. But that was all. He was too clever and too cynical to be really to be done. Would there ever be someone who would take him with a strange jealousy? Was that one of the things that he had in store?

It is extraordinary to me, Dorian, said Hayward, that you should have seen this in the portrait. Did you really see it?

I saw something in it, he answered, something that seemed to me very curious."

Well, you don't mind my looking at the thing now.

Dorian shook his head. You must not ask me that, Basil. I could not possibly let you stand in front of that picture.

"You will some day, surely?"

Never.

Well, perhaps you are right. And now good-bye, Dorian. You have been the one person in my life who has really influenced my art. Whatever I have done that is good, I owe to you. Ah, you don't know what it cost me to tell you all that I have told you.

My dear Basil, said Dorian, what have you to do me. Simply that you felt that you admired me too much. That is not even a compliment.

It was not intended as a compliment. It was a confession. Now that I have made it, something seems to have gone out of me. Perhaps one should never put one's worship into words.

It was a very disappointing confession."

Why, what did you expect, Dorian? You don't see anything else in the picture, did you? There was nothing else to see.

No, there was nothing else to see. Why do you ask? But you mustn't talk about worship. It is foolish. You and I are friends, Basil, and we must always remain so.

"You have got Harry," said the painter sadly.

"Oh Harry!" cried he, "I wish a pipe of laughter. Harry spends his days in saying what is incredible. This evening, indeed, goes at it mightily. He just the sort of fellow I would like to read. But still I don't think I would go to Harry if I were in trouble. I would sooner go to you, Basil."

"You will sit to me again?"

"Impossible!

You spoil my life as an artist by refusing. Do you know, I can't come across a new idea this far. Few come across one."

"I can't explain to you, Basil, but I must never sit to you again. There is something fatal about a portrait. I have a life of its own. I will come and have tea with you. That will be just as pleasant."

"Pleasant for you. I am afraid," murmured Hayward regretfully. "And now good-bye. I am sorry you won't let me look at the picture once again. But that can't be helped. I quite understand what you feel about it."

As he left the room, Dorian Gray smiled to himself. Poor Basil. How little he knew of the true reason. And how strange it was that, on the edge of having been forced to reveal his own secret, he had succeeded, almost by chance, in wresting a secret from his friend. How much that strange confession explained to him the painter's absurd fascination with his wild devotion, his extravagant panegyrics, his curious reticences—he understood them all now, and he felt sorry. There seemed to him to be something tragic in a friendship so clouded by romance.

He sighed and touched the bell. The portrait must be hidden away at all costs. He could not run such a risk of discovery again. It had been mad of him to have allowed the thing to remain, even for an hour, in a room to which any of his friends had access.

CHAPTER TEN

When his servant entered, he looked at him steadily and wondered if he had thought of peering behind the screen. The man was quite impassive and waited for his orders. Dorian sat at his cigarette and walked over to the glass and glanced into it. He could see the reflection of Vandy's face perfectly. It was like a placid mask of servility. There was nothing to be afraid of there. Yet he thought it best to be on his guard.

Speaking very slowly, he told him to tell the housekeeper that he wanted to see her, and then, going to the name-maker and asking him to send two of his men round at once. It seemed to him that as the man left the room his eyes wandered in the direction of the screen. Or was that merely his own fancy?

After a few moments, in her black silk dress with the dainty red trimmings on her wrinkled hands, Mrs. Leal bustled into the library. He asked her for the key of the schoolroom.

"The schoolroom, Mr. Dorian?" she exclaimed. "Why, it is full of dust. I must get it arranged and put straight before you go into it. It is not fit for you to see, sir. It is not, indeed."

"I don't want it put straight," Leal. "I only want the key."

We've been here, excited with our work for a long time. Why at last it
 been good for nearly five years, and we're happy to support it.

He was dead, he met a stranger, a girl he had hated, the traces of him—what does not matter, he answered. I only want to see the place—that is all. Give me the key.

And here's the key: all the outwardly going goes here, even I, her boy, with their long, slender hands. There is the key. I have it. He said, "I'm a mother. But you have a key, going, there, see, and you so comfortable here?"²¹

So you're not getting any. I don't see that that's a

She gazed for a few moments and was galled as a servant of fate of the household. He sighed at the corner of a night as she thought best. She left the party with a heart in smiles.

As he passed closest to me, he put the arm of his jacket and necktie over the front of his face to form a large, soft, dark, velvet hood heavily embroidered with gold, a splendid piece of rare sewer-needle-craft, a Venetian work that his grandmother had bought in a convent shop. Being a Jew, he would never wrap his head in a kippah. (I had perhaps guessed this, as a part of the deal.) Now it was to hide something that was a temptation to itself, worse than the corruption I described, something he would breed by himself and yet would never die. What the work was, I do not know. It was to be painted on, or the other way. They would eat its brains and eat away its grace. They would bleed it. I saw it slanting. And yet the thing would stay, for it would be a way alive.

[illegible]

He took up from the web the great purple and gold, and the
copper and bronze, and the brilliant, passed them to him. "Was he
tired on his cat-sawyer duty before I arrived, when his hand was dis-
charged and his back aching? It was a rest and time for him even
and I was rest as they do with me. I was sitting by the express, and
had a rest, that was to be sure, but a long one compared to what he saw in
that minute of rebuke how often was I reproached as a man? I have
had time from sleep and of what a the amount. His own was
looking out at him from the doorway and a long time to get out. And
a man came to look him and he took the time to pass over the picture. As he
put on a knock came to the door. He passed it as his very and returned

"The persons are here, Monsieur."

He said that he had not been asked what time He did not know where the picture was being taken in. There was some thing was at the time and he had been asked to take a picture. Nick was at the

writing table he scribbled a note to Lord Henry, asking him to send him to him something to read and reminding him that they were to meet at eight-fifteen that evening.

Waiting for a servant, he said, "I am going to him—and show the men in here."

In two or three minutes there was another knock, and Mr. Hubbard himself, the celebrated frame-maker of South Audley Street, came in with a somewhat rough-looking young assistant. Mr. Hubbard was a full, red-whiskered, old man, whose admiration for art was considerably tempered by the inveterate impetuosity of most of the artists who dealt with him. As a rule, he never left his shop. He waited for people to come to him. But he always made an exception in favour of Lord Henry Gray. There was something about Lordian that charmed everybody. It was a pleasure even to see him.

"What an idea for you, Mr. Gray," he said, rubbing his fat-freckled hands. "I thought I would do myself the honour of coming round in person. I have just got a beauty of a frame, sir. I took it up at a sale. Old Florence came from Fonthill, I believe. Admirably suited for a religious subject, Mr. Gray."

"I am so sorry you have given yourself the trouble of coming round," Mr. Hubbard began, certainly dropping and looking at the frame, "though I don't go in much at present for religious art—but to-day I only want a picture carried to the top of the house for me. It is rather heavy, so I thought I would ask you to lend me a couple of your men."

"No trouble at all, Mr. Gray. I am delighted to be of any service to you. Which is the work of art, sir?"

This repeated Lordian, moving the screen back. "Can you move it covering and a bit just as it is? I don't want it to get scratched going upstairs."

"There will be no difficulty, sir," said the genial frame-maker, beginning with the aid of his assistant to unhook the picture from the long brass chains by which it was suspended. "And now where shall we carry it to, Mr. Gray?"

"I will show you the way," Mr. Hubbard offered, kindly following. "Or perhaps you had better go on first. I am afraid it is right at the top of the house. We will go up by the front staircase, as it is wider."

He held the door open for them, and they passed out into the hall and began the ascent. The elaborate character of the frame had made the picture extremely bulky, and now and then, in spite of the obsequious protests of Mr. Hubbard, who had the true tradesman's spirit, he kept seeing a gentleman doing anything useful. Lordian put his hand to it so as to help them.

"Something of a load to carry, sir," gasped the little man when they reached the top landing. And he wiped his shiny forehead.

"A rather and a rather heavy," murmured Lordian as he unlocked the door that opened into the room that was to keep for him the curious secret of his life and hide his soul from the eyes of men.

He had not entered the place for more than four years—not, indeed, since he had used it first as a play room when he was a child, and then as a study when he grew somewhat older. It was a large, well-proportioned room which had been specially built by his last aunt, devoted to the use of the little grandson whom he loved for his strange likeness to his mother, and a so-

for other reasons he had also a chamber and dressing-room at a distance. It appeared to Dorian to have but one changed. There was the huge staircase, with its fantastically painted panels and its antiquated gilded iron railings, in which he had so often hidden himself as a boy. There the tall wood-buck case stood, with his dog-eared school-books. On the wall behind it was hanging the same ragged Flemish tapestry where a faded king and queen were playing chess in a garden, while a company of hawtorns stole by carrying hooded birds on their gartered wings. How well he remembered it all! Every moment of his youth had found some back to him as he looked round. He realised, he scarcely perceived, his boyish ideal, it seemed to him, but he felt that it was here the portrait was to be hidden away. How little he had thought in those dead days of all that was in store for him!

But there was no other place in the house so secret from prying eyes as this. He had the key, and no one else could enter it. Beneath its purple pane the face painted on the canvas could grow hexagonal, madden, and unmean. What did it matter? No one could see it. He himself would not see it. Why should he watch the hideous corruption of his work? He kept his youth—that was enough. And besides, might not his nature grow fiercer after all? There was no reason that the future should be without shame. Some day might come across his life, and pity him, and shield him from those sins that seemed to be already stirring in spirit and in flesh—those virtuous unpermitted sins whose very mystery lent them their variety and their charm. Perhaps some day the cruel look would have passed away from the master's sensitive mouth, and he might show to be what Basil Howard's masterpiece

No, that was impossible. Hour by hour, and week by week, the thing upon the canvas was growing old. It might even be hideousness itself, but the hideousness of age was not its own. The cheeks would become hollow, the hair would turn grey, the eyes would creep round the fading eyes and make them horrible. The hair would lose its brightness, the mouth would gape and droop, would be loathsome, gross, as the mouths of old men are. There would be the wrinkles about the cold blue severe mouth, the twisted body that he remembered of the girl and a few who had been so stern to her in his boyhood. The picture had to be concealed. There was no help for it.

Bring it in, Mr. Howard please, he said wearily, carrying the picture. I am sorry I kept you so long. I was thinking of something else.

Away, glad to have a rest, Mr. Gray, answered the frame-maker, who was still gasping for breath. Where shall we put it, sir?

Oh, anywhere there it will do. I don't want to have things of that lean it against the wall. Thanks."

Might one look at the work of art, sir?

Dorian started. It would not interest you, Mr. Howard, he said, keeping his eye on the man. He felt ready to slap your face and drag you to the ground, if he dared to do it. The gorges of hanging had increased, he secreted his life. I shall trouble you any more now. I am much obliged for your kindness in coming to me.

No, no, no, no, Mr. Gray. Ever ready to do anything for you, sir.

And Mr. Howard shuffled down stairs. How weary by the aspect, who glanced back at Dorian with a look of shy wonder in his bright, earnest face. He had never seen any one so that he was.

When he found that their footsteps had died away, Herman unlocked the door and put the key in his pocket. He felt safe now. No one would ever look upon the horrible thing. No eye but his would ever see his shame.

On reaching the library, he found that it was a quarter of one o'clock and that the tea had been already brought up. On a little table of dark polished wood thickly incrustated with lace, a present from Lady Radley, his grandfather's wife, a pretty professional invalid who had spent the preceding winter in Cairo, was lying a note from Lord Henry. Beside it was a book bound in yellow paper. The cover was plain and the edges worn. A copy of the *Litton Edition of The Times* condensed as were placed on the tea-tray. It was evident that Victor had returned. He would tell him if he had met the men in the hat, as they were leaving the house and had whispered to them what they had been doing. He would be sure to know the picture had no doubt missed its tea-tray while he had been doing the tea things. The women had not been set back, and a dark space was visible on the way. Perhaps some night he might find them creeping upstairs and trying to force the door of the room. It was a horrible thought, but a spy in one's house. He had heard of such things who had been kidnapped at Ten o'clock by some servant who had read a letter, or overheard a conversation, or picked up a card with an address, or found beneath a pillow a wilted flower or a shred of crumpled lace.

He sighed, and having poured himself out some tea, opened Lord Henry's note. It was surprising to say that he sent him round the evening paper, and a book that might interest him, and that he would be at the club at eight fifteen. He opened *The Standard* languidly and looked through it. A red pencil mark on the fifth page caught his eye. It drew attention to the following paragraph:

IS POSSIBLE AS A LOSS.—An inquest was held this morning at the Bed Lavern, Hexon Road, by Mr. Dabry, the District Coroner, on the body of Selva Vane, a young actress recently engaged at the Royal Theatre, Holborn. A verdict of death by misadventure was returned. Considerable sympathy was expressed for the mother of the deceased, who was greatly distressed by the giving of her own evidence, and that of Dr. Brown, who had made the post-mortem examination of the deceased.

He frowned at the thing, the paper in turn went across the room and flung the pieces away. How ugly it was. And how horrible the real thing was made thereby. He felt a little annoyed with Lord Henry for having sent him the report. And it was certainly stupid of him to have marked it with red pencil. Victor might have read it. The man knew more than enough English for that.

Perhaps he had read it all, had begun to suspect some thing. And yet what to suspect? What had Dr. Gray told with Selva Vane's death. There was nothing to fear. Herman Gray had not seen her.

His eye fell on the yellow book, but Lord Henry had sent him. What was it, he wondered. He went towards the huge, pear-shaped, red-onyx stand that had always looked to him like the work of some strange Egyptian bees that wrought it, and taking up the volume, long he sat in an arm-chair and began to turn over the leaves. After a few minutes he became absorbed. It was the strangest book that he had ever read. It seemed to him that it exhaled a rare perfume, and that the leaves were

of flutes, the arts of the world were passing in dumb show before him. Things that he had dimly dreamed of were suddenly made real to him. Things of which he had never dreamed were gradually revealed.

It was a novel without a plot and with only one character, being indeed simply a psychological study of a certain young Parisian who spent his life trying to realize in the nineteenth century all the passions and modes of thought that belonged to every century except his own, and to sum up, as it were, in himself the various moods through which the world spirit had ever passed, loving for their mere artificiality those renunciations that men have unwise called virtue, as much as those natural rebellions that wise men still can win. The style in which it was written was that without polished style, vivid and obscure at once, full of argot and of archaisms, of technical expressions and of elaborate paraphrases that characterizes the work of some of the finest artists of the French school of Symbolism. There were no metaphors as monstrous as orchards and as subtle in colour. The life of the senses was described in the terms of mystical philosophy. One hardly knew at times whether one was reading the spiritual ecstasies of a die medievale saint or the morbid confessions of a modern sinner. It was a poisonous book. The heavy odour of incense seemed to cling about its pages and to trouble the brain. The mere cadence of the sentences, the rhythmic motions of their music, so full as it was of complex refrains and movements elaborately repeated, pressed in the mind of the reader as he passed from chapter to chapter, a form of reverse, a mania of dreaming that made him unconscious of the falling day and creeping shadows.

Cloudless and pierced by one solitary star, an opal green sky gleamed through the windows. He read on by its wan light till he could read no more. Then, after his valet had reminded him several times of the lateness of the hour, he got up, and going into the next room, placed the book on the little Etonne table that always stood at his bedside and began to dress for dinner.

It was a most none o'clock before he reached the club, where he found Lord Henry sitting alone in the morning room, looking very much bored.

"I am so sorry, Harry," he cried, "but really it is entirely your fault. That book you sent me so fascinated me that I forgot how the time was going."

"Yes, I thought you would like it," replied Lord Henry, rising from his chair.

"I don't say I liked it, Harry. I said it fascinated me. There is a great difference."

"Ah, you have discovered that," murmured Lord Henry. And they passed into the dining-room.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

For years Dorian Gray could not free himself from the influence of this book. Or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that he never sought to free himself from it. He picked it from Paris no less than some large paper squares of the latest fashion and laid them before him at every opportunity, so that they might eat his vanity, money and the hanging families of a native oval, which he seemed at times to have almost entirely lost sight of. The hero, the whole of young Parisian, in whom the romantic

Yet he was not really reckless at any rate in his relations to society. Once or twice every month during the winter, and on each Wednesday evening while the season lasted, he would throw open to the world his beautiful house and have the most celebrated musicians of the day to charm his guests with the wonders of their art. His little dinners, in the setting of which Lord Henry always assisted him, were noted as much for the careful selection and placing of those invited, as for the exquisite taste shown in the decoration of the table, with its subtle symphonic arrangements of exotic flowers and embroidered, costly and antique plate of gold and silver. Indeed, there were many, especially among the very young men, who saw, or fancied that they saw, in Dorian Gray the true realization of a type of which they had often dreamed in fiction. Of old days, a type that was to combine something of the real nature of the scholar with, at the grace and distinction and perfect manner of a citizen of the world. To them he seemed to be of the company of those whom Dante describes as having sought to make themselves perfect by the worship of beauty. Like Gaunier, he was one for whom the visible world existed.

And certainly to him life itself was the best, the greatest, of the arts, and for it as the other arts seemed to be but a preparatory fashion, by which what is really fantastic becomes for a moment universal, and dandyism, which in its own way is an attempt to assert the absolute modernity of beauty, had of course then fascinated him. His mode of dressing, and his particular styles, had from one to another he affected, had their marked influence on the young expatriates of the Mayfair house and the Marlborough windows, who copied him in everything that he did, and tried to reproduce the accidental charm of his grace, or thought to him only half-serious fopperies.

For while he was but too ready to accept the position that was almost immediately offered to him in his young stage, and found in deed a whole pleasure in the thought that he might really become to be Lord of his own day, what to imperious Norman Roke the author of the *Victorian* once had been, yet in his inmost heart he desired to be something more than a mere *adulescentulus*. To be conscious of the wearing of a jewel, of the knotting of a necktie, of the contour of a cane. He sought to create some new scheme of life that would have its reasoned philosophy and its ordered principles, and that in the spiritualizing of the senses its highest realization.

The worship of the senses was often, and with much justice, been derided, men feeling a natural instinct of terror at real passions and sensations that seem stronger than themselves, and that they are conscious of starting with the less highly organized forms of existence. But it appeared to Dorian Gray that the true nature of the senses had never been understood, and that they had remained savage and all machine, because the world had sought to starve them, not to subsume them, to let them be pain instead of a thing at making them elements of a new spirituality, of which a true instinct for beauty was to be the dominant characteristic. As he looked back upon man making through history, he was haunted by a feeling of loss. So much had been watered down, so much other purpose. There had been many with a repulsive, morbid curiosity of self torture and self denial, whose strength was fear and whose result was a degradation, but there were none, none that had felt the

were caught their colour and satisfied his intellectual curiosity leave them with that curious indifference that is not incompatible with a real ardour of temperament and has indeed according to certain modern psychologists is often a condition of it.

It was rumored of him once that he was about to join the Roman Catholic Church, and certain is the Roman Catholic had always a great attraction for him. The day after the more awful tragedy than all the sacrifices of the antique world stirred him as much by its superb rejection of the existence of the senses as by the primitive simplicity of its elements and the eternal pathos of the human tragedy that brought it into being. He moved to kneel down on the cold marble pavement and watch he peered in his still flowered dramatic shoes and with whose hands moving aside he saw of the tabernacle or raising aloft the jeweled, basket-shaped monstrance with that jeweled water-bat at times one would faint think mistletoe the pane above the bread of angels or indeed in the garments of the Passion of Christ breaking he flew into the choir and sitting his breast for hours, he burning earnestly that the grave lay in their age and wasted bowed into the ashy grave-gate. The very had their whole fascination for him. As he passed out he used to look with wonder at the black confessors and not to see in the dim shadow of one of them and later to men and women whispering through the worn grating the true story of their lives.

But he never fell into the error of attributing his intellectual development by any form of explanation of creed or system, it of mistaking for a house in which to live an out that is but a tabernacle of the new world. A night or for a few hours of a night in which there are no stars and he quon is to travel. Mysticism with its marvellous power of making common things strange to us and he while at nominalism that always seems to accompany it moved him for a season and for a season he returned to the materialistic doctrines of the Darwinian movement in Germany and found a certain pleasure in tracing the thoughts and passions of men a more peaceful center of the brain of some white nerve in he truly dragging in the conception of the absolute dependence of the spirit on certain physical conditions, method of healthy, normal or diseased. Yet as has been said of him before, no theory of life seemed to him to be of any importance compared with life itself. He felt keenly how impossible of how barren an intellectual speculation is when separated from action and experiment. He knew that the senses no less than the soul have their spiritual mysteries to reveal.

And so he would now study perfumes and he secreted them that day care of every heavy white cloud and burning white light from the East. He saw that here was no ground of the mind that had not its counterpart in the sensuous world and set himself to discover these relations wondering what there was in frankincense that made one pensive and in ambergris that stirred one passionately and in pearls that woke the memory of dead lovers and in musk that troubled the brain and in hawthorn that stained the imagination and seeking to trace the rarest psychology of perfumes and to explain the sense of the richness of sweet smelling woods and sweetest perfume never known of at death haunts and of black and fragrant woods of spoken that which is never heard that makes men mad and of doves that are said to be able to expel melancholy from the soul.

[illegible]

141-24-500) and being in the presence of a person with a
knowledge of the identity of the person.

[illegible]

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

How many are in the field now? How long has it been in the field? How many have been in the field? How many have been in the field?

[illegible][illegible]

And in the same year he was elected as a member of the executive committee of the Communist Party of the United States. He was elected to the same position in 1948, 1950, 1952, 1954, 1956, 1958, 1960, 1962, 1964, 1966, 1968, 1970, 1972, 1974, 1976, 1978, 1980, 1982, 1984, 1986, 1988, 1990, 1992, 1994, 1996, 1998, 2000, 2002, 2004, 2006, 2008, 2010, 2012, 2014, 2016, 2018, 2020, 2022, 2024, 2026, 2028, 2030, 2032, 2034, 2036, 2038, 2040, 2042, 2044, 2046, 2048, 2050, 2052, 2054, 2056, 2058, 2060, 2062, 2064, 2066, 2068, 2070, 2072, 2074, 2076, 2078, 2080, 2082, 2084, 2086, 2088, 2090, 2092, 2094, 2096, 2098, 2100, 2102, 2104, 2106, 2108, 2110, 2112, 2114, 2116, 2118, 2120, 2122, 2124, 2126, 2128, 2130, 2132, 2134, 2136, 2138, 2140, 2142, 2144, 2146, 2148, 2150, 2152, 2154, 2156, 2158, 2160, 2162, 2164, 2166, 2168, 2170, 2172, 2174, 2176, 2178, 2180, 2182, 2184, 2186, 2188, 2190, 2192, 2194, 2196, 2198, 2200, 2202, 2204, 2206, 2208, 2210, 2212, 2214, 2216, 2218, 2220, 2222, 2224, 2226, 2228, 2230, 2232, 2234, 2236, 2238, 2240, 2242, 2244, 2246, 2248, 2250, 2252, 2254, 2256, 2258, 2260, 2262, 2264, 2266, 2268, 2270, 2272, 2274, 2276, 2278, 2280, 2282, 2284, 2286, 2288, 2290, 2292, 2294, 2296, 2298, 2300, 2302, 2304, 2306, 2308, 2310, 2312, 2314, 2316, 2318, 2320, 2322, 2324, 2326, 2328, 2330, 2332, 2334, 2336, 2338, 2340, 2342, 2344, 2346, 2348, 2350, 2352, 2354, 2356, 2358, 2360, 2362, 2364, 2366, 2368, 2370, 2372, 2374, 2376, 2378, 2380, 2382, 2384, 2386, 2388, 2390, 2392, 2394, 2396, 2398, 2400, 2402, 2404, 2406, 2408, 2410, 2412, 2414, 2416, 2418, 2420, 2422, 2424, 2426, 2428, 2430, 2432, 2434, 2436, 2438, 2440, 2442, 2444, 2446, 2448, 2450, 2452, 2454, 2456, 2458, 2460, 2462, 2464, 2466, 2468, 2470, 2472, 2474, 2476, 2478, 2480, 2482, 2484, 2486, 2488, 2490, 2492, 2494, 2496, 2498, 2500, 2502, 2504, 2506, 2508, 2510, 2512, 2514, 2516, 2518, 2520, 2522, 2524, 2526, 2528, 2530, 2532, 2534, 2536, 2538, 2540, 2542, 2544, 2546, 2548, 2550, 2552, 2554, 2556, 2558, 2560, 2562, 2564, 2566, 2568, 2570, 2572, 2574, 2576, 2578, 2580, 2582, 2584, 2586, 2588, 2590, 2592, 2594, 2596, 2598, 2600, 2602, 2604, 2606, 2608, 2610, 2612, 2614, 2616, 2618, 2620, 2622, 2624, 2626, 2628, 2630, 2632, 2634, 2636, 2638, 2640, 2642, 2644, 2646, 2648, 2650, 2652, 2654, 2656, 2658, 2660, 2662, 2664, 2666, 2668, 2670, 2672, 2674, 2676, 2678, 2680, 2682, 2684, 2686, 2688, 2690, 2692, 2694, 2696, 2698, 2700, 2702, 2704, 2706, 2708, 2710, 2712, 2714, 2716, 2718, 2720, 2722, 2724, 2726, 2728, 2730, 2732, 2734, 2736, 2738, 2740, 2742, 2744, 2746, 2748, 2750, 2752, 2754, 2756, 2758, 2760, 2762, 2764, 2766, 2768, 2770, 2772, 2774, 2776, 2778, 2780, 2782, 2784, 2786, 2788, 2790, 2792, 2794, 2796, 2798, 2800, 2802, 2804, 2806, 2808, 2810, 2812, 2814, 2816, 2818, 2820, 2822, 2824, 2826, 2828, 2830, 2832, 2834, 2836, 2838, 2840, 2842, 2844, 2846, 2848, 2850, 2852, 2854, 2856, 2858, 2860, 2862, 2864, 2866, 2868, 2870, 2872, 2874, 2876, 2878, 2880, 2882, 2884, 2886, 2888, 2890, 2892, 2894, 2896, 2898, 2900, 2902, 2904, 2906, 2908, 2910, 2912, 2914, 2916, 2918, 2920, 2922, 2924, 2926, 2928, 2930, 2932, 2934, 2936, 2938, 2940, 2942, 2944, 2946, 2948, 2950, 2952, 2954, 2956, 2958, 2960, 2962, 2964, 2966, 2968, 2970, 2972, 2974, 2976, 2978, 2980, 2982, 2984, 2986, 2988, 2990, 2992, 2994, 2996, 2998, 3000, 3002, 3004, 3006, 3008, 3010, 3012, 3014, 3016, 3018, 3020, 3022, 3024, 3026, 3028, 3030, 3032, 3034, 3036, 3038, 3040, 3042, 3044, 3046, 3048, 3050, 3052, 3054, 3056, 3058, 3060, 3062, 3064, 3066, 3068, 3070, 3072, 3074, 3076, 3078, 3080, 3082, 3084, 3086, 3088, 3090, 3092, 3094, 3096, 3098, 3100, 3102, 3104, 3106, 3108, 3110, 3112, 3114, 3116, 3118, 3120, 3122, 3124, 3126, 3128, 3130, 3132, 3134, 3136, 3138, 3140, 3142, 3144, 3146, 3148, 3150, 3152, 3154, 3156, 3158, 3160, 3162, 3164, 3166, 3168, 3170, 3172, 3174, 3176, 3178, 3180, 3182, 3184, 3186, 3188, 3190, 3192, 3194, 3196, 3198, 3200, 3202, 3204, 3206, 3208, 3210, 3212, 3214, 3216, 3218, 3220, 3222, 3224, 3226, 3228, 3230, 3232, 3234, 3236, 3238, 3240, 3242, 3244, 3246, 3248, 3250, 3252, 3254, 3256, 3258, 3260, 3262, 3264, 3266, 3268, 3270, 3272, 3274, 3276, 3278, 3280, 3282, 3284, 3286, 3288, 3290, 3292, 3294, 3296, 3298, 3300,

at the k -th step the order is reduced to k and a new workload is assigned to the N nodes and all N sub-problems are solved with the k -th order and (square) sub-work with the given nodes and the k -th order is used as a new sub-work.

[illegible]

But there was a reason for this. The reason was that he was a very young man and he was very poor. He had no money and he had no friends. He was alone in the world and he was very lonely. He was very sad and he was very unhappy. He was very tired and he was very weak. He was very old and he was very frail. He was very sick and he was very dying. He was very close to death and he was very near the end of his life. He was very old and he was very frail. He was very sick and he was very dying. He was very close to death and he was very near the end of his life.

After a few years he went to a new school being a little girl and did
 gave him a few books that he had that he was a little girl and did
 as the one who was a little girl at a school where they had the same thing
 after a few years he went to a new school being a little girl and did

which he painted his life and was so afraid that if it might be stolen some one might gain access to the portrait by one of the elaborate bars that he had caused to be placed upon the door.

He was quite conscious that this would tell them nothing. It was true that the portrait was preserved under a bar of iron exactly like the rest of the tapestry marked against its use; but what could they learn from that? He was laughing at a man who tried to take it from him. He had not painted it. What was it to him how true and full of shame it looked? Even if he told them, would they believe it?

Yet he was afraid. Sometimes when he was down at his great house in New Hampshire, entertaining the fashionable young men of his own rank who were his chief companions and assisting his country by the wanton luxury and gorgeous expenditure of his money, if, suddenly, he would suddenly leave his guests and rush back to town to see that his door had not been tampered with and that the picture was still there. What if it should be stolen? The mere thought made him cold with horror. Surely the world would know his secret then. Perhaps the world already suspected it.

But when he entertained many there were not a few who distrusted him. He was very nearly blackballed at a West End club of which his birth and social position had enabled him to become a member, and it was said that on the occasion when he was brought by a friend to it, he was kicking round of the clubhouse the Duke of Berwick and another gentleman got up in a marked manner and went out. Numerous stories became current about him after he had passed his twenty-fifth year. It was rumored that he had been seen drawing with foreign sailors in a rowing boat the distant island of Whimsy Chapel, and that he consorted with thieves and gamblers and knew the mysteries of their trade. His extraordinary absences became notorious, and when he used to reappear again in society they would whisper to each other in whispers of passion with a sneer or look at him with cold searching eyes, as though they were determined to discover his secret.

Of such it sometimes and attempted sights he, of course, took no notice, and in the opinion of most people his frank and noble manner, his charming boyish smile, and the true grace of that wonderful youth that seemed never to leave him, were in themselves a sufficient answer to the calumnies, but so they retorted their that were circulated about him. It was remarked, however, that some of those who had been most intimate with him appeared after a time to shun him. Women who had wildly adored him, and for his sake had braved all social routine and set conventional defiance, were seen to grow pale with shame or to avoid Dolores Gray entered the room.

Yet these whispered scandals only increased in the eyes of many his strange and dangerous charm. His great wealth was a certain element of security. Society civilized society, at least, is never very ready to believe anything to the detriment of those who are both rich and fascinating. It feels its novelty that manners are of more importance than morality, and in its opinion the highest respectability is of much less value than the possession of a good deal. And after all, it is a very poor consolation to be told that the man who has given one a bad dinner or poor wine is reprehensible in his private life. Even the cardinal virtues cannot atone for bad conduct entirely, as Lord Henry's remark to Lord Elinor had shown in the scene—and there is possibly a great deal more to be said for his view. For he

[illegible][illegible]

their deaths as by means of cancer. They were next to find out where they had been when he went.

Yet one had arrested in their life as much as in the past and nearer perhaps to the actual test person. Many of them, and certainly with an abundance of which one was more abundant, some of them were to see when it appeared. It was clear that the type of life was there, the result of his own life but as he had not been able to attain it as his imagination had created it for him and had never been able to find it. He felt that he had known him as a person and that the figures that had passed across the stage of his work and made him so thoughtful and so full of wisdom. It seemed to him that it was his own life that they had lived his own.

[illegible][illegible]

whose torpid veins the blood of three lads was infused by a Jewish doctor Sigmundo Masatesta—the lover of Isotta and the lord of Rimini whose effigy was burned at Rome as the enemy of God and man—who strangled Poyssena with a napkin—and gave poison to Ginevra d'Este in a cup of emerald—and in honour of a shameful passion built a pagan church for Christian worship—Charles VI—who had so wisely adored his brother's wife that a leper had warned him of the insanity that was coming on him—and who, when his brain had sickened and grown strange, could only be soothed by Saracen cards painted with the images of love and death and madness—and in his trimmed ermine and jeweled cap and acanthus-le curtain—Grifonetto Baglioni—who saw Astorre with his bride—and Simonetto with his page—and whose comeliness was such that, as he lay dying in the velvet piazza of Perugia, those who had hated him could not choose but weep—and Atalanta, who had cursed him, blessed him.

There was a horrible fascination in them all. He saw them at night and they troubled his imagination in the day. The Renaissance knew of strange manners of poisoning—poisoning by a helmet and a lighted torch, by an embroidered glove and a jeweled fan, by a gilded pomander and by an amber chain. Dorian Gray had been poisoned by a box. There were moments when he looked on evil simply as a mode through which he could realize his conception of the beautiful.

CHAPTER TWELVE

It was on the ninth of November, the eve of his own thirty-eighth birthday, as he often remembered afterwards.

He was walking home about eleven o'clock from Lord Henry's, where he had been dining, and was wrapped in heavy furs, as the night was cold and foggy. At the corner of Grosvenor Square and South Audley Street, a man passed him in the mist, walking very fast and with the collar of his grey ulster turned up. He had a bag in his hand. Dorian recognized him. It was Basil Hallward. A strange sense of fear, for which he could not account, came over him. He made no sign of recognition and went on quickly in the direction of his own house.

But Hallward had seen him. Dorian heard him first stopping on the pavement and then hurrying after him. In a few moments, his hand was on his arm.

"Dorian! What an extraordinary piece of luck! I have been waiting for you in your library ever since nine o'clock. Finally I took pity on your tired servant and I told him to go to bed, as he let me out. I am off to Paris by the midnight train, and I particularly wanted to see you before I left. I thought it was you, or rather your fur coat, as you passed me. But I wasn't quite sure. Didn't you recognize me?"

In this fog, my dear Basil? Why, I can't even recognize Grosvenor Square. I believe my house is somewhere about here, but I don't feel at all certain about it. I am sorry you are going away, as I have not seen you for ages. But I suppose you will be back soon."

No, I am going to be out of England for six months. I intend to take a studio in Paris and shut myself up till I have finished a great picture. I have

in my head. However, I wasn't about myself I wanted to talk. Here we are at your door. Let me come in for a moment. I have some thing to say to you."

"I shall be harmed. But wait your time as usual," said Lord Gray languidly as he passed up the steps and opened the door with his watch key.

The lamp-light struggled out through the fog, and Harward looked at his watch. "I have heard of time," he answered. "The lamp is burning for twelve fifteen, and it is only just eleven. In fact I was on my way—the right to knock for you when I met you. You see I shall not have any more about baggage, as I have sent down my heavy things. As I have with me only this bag, and I can easily get to Victoria in twenty minutes."

Lord Gray looked at him and smiled. "What a way for a fashionable reporter to travel! A load on one bag and a porter to come in out of the fog to get to the house. And mind you, for talk about anything serious. Nothing is serious now a days. At least nothing should be."

Harward shook his head as he entered, and followed Lord Gray to the library. There was a bright wood fire blazing in the large open hearth. The lamps were lit, and the open door showed a bright case with some silver boxes, a water and a glass of gas, and a table with a very elegant table.

"You see your servant made me quite a home here," Lord Gray said. "He gave me everything I wanted, including your best good-tipped gamblers. He is a most hospitable creature. I like him. I better get at the first thing you used to have. What has become of the first thing you used to have?"

Lord Gray shrugged his shoulders. "I believe he married," said Lord Gray. "I have established her. I have a very English dresser and a very fashionable jewel there too. I hear I see very few of her. I don't like it. But oh, you know, he was not at all a bad servant. I never liked him, but I had nothing to complain about. One of the things that are quite a rarity. He was really very devoted to me and seemed quite sorry when he went away. Have another brandy and soda. Or would you like hook and snuff? I always take hook and snuff myself. There is a table to be found in the next room."

"Thanks, I won't have anything more," said the painter, taking his cap and coat off and throwing them on the bag that he had placed in the corner. "And now my dear fellow, I want to speak very seriously about town and that. You make it so much more difficult. I am sure."

"What was it about?" cried Lord Gray, his pet name was "Frogging himself down on the sofa." "I hope it is not about myself. I am tired of myself tonight. I should like to be some one else."

"It is about yourself," answered Harward. "I have given you some, and I must say to you, I shall not keep you, but anything."

Lord Gray sighed and took a cigarette. "But an hour," he murmured.

"It is not a little, as it is of Lord Gray, at all, I venture. For your own sake that I am speaking. I think it is a thing that you should know, but the most dreadful things are being said against you in London."

"I don't want to know anything about them. I have watched a number of people but I shall not say anything about myself. I am interested in the charm of novelty."

"They must interest you," Lord Gray said. "Every gentleman is interested in his good name. You don't want people to talk of you as something else and

[illegible][illegible]

native land of the hypocrite."

That's the idea, that is not the reason I gave it to
 enough I know and I guess it was that way that is the reason why I
 want you to be free. You have not been free. You have not been free of a
 man by the effect he has over his horses. You see I have a horse of
 humaneness of gentleness of purity. You have not been with a man as for
 pleasure. They have gone down to the depths. You are not there. Yes
 you are there here and yet you are not as you are not a man. And
 there is more to it. I know you are. This is the reason why I want
 that freedom of the horse other than the horse that is not a horse
 a by-word¹¹

"Take care, Basil. You go too far."

[illegible]

turning almost white from fear.

Yes, a simple trial has been given at the University of Cambridge to see whether it is possible to get the right answer. It is a simple trial, but it is a trial.

[illegible]

There was no address of ~~the~~ events would be tried. He sat, just
by hand, spire he got out of the way of the door. That is, the

joy at the thought that some one else was to share his secret and that the man who had painted the portrait that was the origin of all his shame was to be burdened for the rest of his life with the hideous memory of what he had done.

Yes, he continued, coming closer to him and looking steadfastly into his stern eyes. "I shall show you my soul. You shall see the thing that you fancy only God can see."

Halward started back. "This is blasphemy, Dorian," he cried. "You must not say things like that. They are horrible, and they don't mean anything."

"You think so?" He laughed again.

"I know so. As for what I said to you to-night, I said it for your own good. You know I have been always a staunch friend to you."

"Don't touch me. Finish what you have to say."

A twisted flash of pain shot across the painter's face. He paused for a moment, and a wild feeling of pity came over him. After all, what right had he to pry into the life of Dorian Gray? If he had done a tithe of what was rumoured about him, how much he must have suffered. Then he straightened himself up, and walked over to the fire-place, and stood there, looking at the burning logs with their frostlike ashes and their throbbing cores of flame.

"I am waiting, Basil," said the young man in a hard clear voice.

He turned round. "What I have to say to you," he cried, "you must give me some answer to these horrible charges that are made against you. If you tell me that they are absolutely untrue from beginning to end, I shall believe you. Deny them, Dorian, deny them. Can't you see what I am going through? My God, don't tell me that you are bad and corrupt and shameful!"

Dorian Gray smiled. There was a curl of contempt in his lips. "Come upstairs, Basil," he said quietly. "I keep a diary of my life from day to day, and it never leaves the room in which it is written. I shall show it to you if you come with me."

"I shall come with you, Dorian, if you wish it. I see I have missed my train. That makes no matter. I can go to-morrow. But don't ask me to read anything to-night. All I want is a plain answer to my question."

"That shall be given to you upstairs. I could not give it here. You will not have to read long."

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

He passed out of the room and began to ascend. Basil followed, following close behind. They walked slowly, as when it is raining very at night. The lamp cast faint, tasteless shadows on the wall and staircase. A strong wind made some of the windows rattle.

When they reached the top landing, Dorian set the lamp down on the flue, and taking out the key turned it in the lock. "Your sister, knowing Basil?" he asked in a low voice.

"Yes."

"I am delighted," he answered, smiling. Then he added, somewhat

harshly. You are the one man in the world who is gentle enough to know everything about me. You have had more to do with my life than you think—and taking up the lamp, he opened the door and went in. A red current of air passed here, and he gazed up for a moment at a flame of murky orange. He whispered: "Stand the door behind you," he whispered, as he moved the lamp on the table.

That was it, glanced round the room with a puzzled expression. The room looked as if it had not been used in ten years. A faded French tapestry, a curtained picture, an old Italian vase, a large armchair, a desk, a case, that was a hat it seemed to contain besides a chair and a table. A woman Gray was lighting a pipe. The woman that was standing by the mantel-shelf, he saw that the whole place was covered with dust and that the carpet was full holes. A mouse ran scuffling behind him as he went. There was a damp odour of mildew.

"Now you think that I am very good who sees the sun, Bas. I draw that curtain back, and you will see mine."

The voice that spoke was cool and cruel. You are mad, Dorian, or playing a part—mystified Harry was thinking.

You won't. Then I must do myself—and the young man—and he tore the curtain from its rail and flung it on the ground.

An examination of horror broke from the carter's lips as he saw in the dim light the hideous face in the car was gazing at him. There was something in its expression that fared him with a gasp and beating hand heaving it was but an ugly woman's face that he was looking at. The horror whatever it was had not yet entirely spoiled that marvellous beauty. There was still something of the thrilling and the marvellous in the woman's mouth. The woman's eyes had kept something of the vivacity of their fire, the hot knives had not yet quite entirely passed away from the test now and then passed that. Yes, it was but an abused, but who had done it. He seemed to recognize his own handiwork, and the frame was his own design. The idea was most strongly to be feared. He seized the signed notice and held it to the picture. In the left-hand corner was his own name, traced in long letters of bright yellow.

It was some ten paces to the right of the same. He had never done that. Still it was his own picture. He knew it, and he felt as if his blood had changed in a moment from fire to sickness. He took his picture. What did it mean. Why had it done that. He turned and looked at the man Gray with the eyes of a sick man. His mouth twitched and his parched tongue seemed to ache to articulate. He pressed his hand across his forehead. It was dark with cold, icy sweat.

The young rat was eating grains as the pig ate the potatoes. It was that strange expression that one sees on the faces of those who are absorbed in a play when watching a rat attack a thing. There was a fiercest sorrow in the expression. There was simply the aspect of the spectacle with perhaps a kernel of triumph mixed in. He had taken the bait and it was the struggle of the eating that was

What for this year? He told me that at least this was new to him and curious in his ears.

Years ago, when I was a young boy, I had a crushing fear of my father. I was terrified of him, and I was sure that he would punish me if I did anything wrong. But as I grew older, I realized that my father was not as scary as I thought he was. He was a loving and caring man who always supported me. I learned that I should not be afraid of my father, but I should respect him and listen to his advice. I should also learn to love and care for him just as he cared for me.

me the wonder of beauty. In a mad moment, but even now, I don't know whether I regret it not. I made a wish, perhaps you would call it a prayer.

"I remember it. Oh, how well I remember it. Not the thing is impossible. The woman is dead. Mr. Jew has got in other canvases. The paints I used had some wretched miserable poison in them. I tell you the thing is impossible."

"Ah, what is impossible?" murmured the young man, going over to the window and leaning his forehead against the cold, frost-stained glass.

"You told me you had destroyed it."

"I was wrong. It has destroyed me."

"I don't believe it is my picture."

"Can't you see your ideal in it?" said Dr. Gray bitterly.

"My ideal, as you call it . . ."

"As you called it."

"There was nothing evil in it, nothing shameful. You were to me as high an ideal as I shall never meet again. This is the face of a sinner."

"It is the face of my soul."

"Christ, what a thing I must have worshipped! It has the eyes of a devil!"

"Each of us has heaven and hell in him, Basil," cried Dr. Gray with a wild gesture of despair.

Halward turned again to the portrait and gazed at it. "My God! If it is true, he excels me—and this is what you have done with your art, why you must be worse even than those who took against you, for they said he—"

He held the light up again to the canvas and examined it. The surface seemed to be quite undisturbed and as he had felt it. It was it on within, apparently, that the foulness and horror had come. Through some strange quickening of inner life the leprous stains were slowly eating the thing away. The rotting of a corpse in a watery grave was not so fearful.

His hand shook, and the candle fell from its socket on the floor and lay there spitting. He placed his foot on it and put it out, when he flung himself into the rickety chair that was standing by the table and buried his face in his hands.

"Good God, Dorian, what a lesson! What an awful lesson! There was no answer, but he could hear the young man sobbing at the window."

"Pray, Dr. Gray, pray," he murmured. "What is that one was taught to say in one's childhood? Lead us not into temptation. Forgive our sins. Wash away our iniquities. Let us say that together. The prayer of your pride has been answered. The prayer of your repentance will be answered as well. I worshipped you too much. I am punished for it. You worshipped yourself too much. We are both punished."

Dorian Gray turned slowly around and looked at him with tear-dimmed eyes. "It is too late, Basil," he faltered.

"It is never too late, Dorian. Let us kneel down and try if we cannot remember a prayer. Is there a verse somewhere? Though your sin be as scarlet, yet I will make them as white as snow."

"Those words mean nothing to me now."

"Hush! Don't say that. You have done enough evil in your life. My God! Don't you see that accursed thing staring at us?"

Dorian Gray gazed at the picture, and his low, far-distant, reverberating, if hateful, to Basil Halward, came over him as though it had been suggested to him by the image on the canvas, whispering to him that by

those glistening lips. The mad passion of a hunter had mastered within him, and he had killed the man who was scarce farther than the door from that in his whole life he had ever reached. At last! He gazed wildly around. Something glittered on the top of the partition chest that faced him. His eye lit on it. He knew what it was. It was a knife that he had brought up some days before to cut a piece of cloth, and of long intent to take away with him. He moved slowly towards it, passing the ward as he did so. As soon as he got behind him, he seized it and turned round. Howard sat stiff in his chair as if he was going to rise. But she had thrust the knife into the great velvet bag behind the chair, crushing the man's head down on the table and stabbing again and again.

There was a stifled groan and the horrible sound of some one choking with blood. Three times the outstretched arm shot up, convulsively waving grotesque, still-fingered hands to heaven. He stabbed him twice more, but the man did not move. Something began to choke in his throat. He waited for a moment, still pressing the head down. Then he threw the knife on the table, and listened.

He could hear nothing but the drip, drip, drip, of blood on the carpet. He opened the door and went out on the landing. The house was almost too quiet. No one was about. For a few seconds he stood, leaning over the banistrade and peering down into the black settling well in darkness. Then he took out the key and returned, the room locking to him as he did so.

The thing was so, sealed as the chair, straying over the table with bowed head, and then jerked back, and not to take a step. Had not been for the red-tagged hat in the neck and the stoned back piece that was slowly waltzing on the table, one would have said that Howard was asleep.

How quickly it had all been done! He felt strangely calm and waking over to the window, opened it and stepped out on the balcony. The wind had blown the fog away, and the sky was like a host of tiny pearls that started with a straw. Golden eyes, the clock tower and saw the policeman going by, roundly and bustling. The long seat of his lantern on the doors of the street houses. The crimson spots of a plowing harrow gleamed at the corner and then vanished. A woman in a fluttering shawl was creeping down by the railing, clogging as she went. Now and then she stopped and peered back. Then she began to sing a loud, sweet song. The policeman crossed over and said something to her. She started away, laughing. A titter-blast swept across the square. The gulls' wings tickered and beat the air, and the leafless trees shook their black, thin branches to and fro. He shivered and went back, closing the window behind him.

Having reached the door behind the key and the general. He did not even glance at the great velvet bag. He felt that he secured it, the whole thing was not to realize the situation. The friend who had painted the full portrait, which at his misery had been done, had gone, and that was enough.

Then he remembered the fact that it was a rat, it was a piece of cloth which was a thing made of different pieces with a new piece. It was a shed steel and started with a new piece. He kept it tight, he raised it, his servant, and quietly went to be asked. He hesitated for a moment, then he turned back and took it from the table. He could not help seeing

the dead thing. How still it was. How horribly white the long hands looked. It was like a dreadful wax image.

Having locked the door behind him, he crept quietly down stairs. The workwork leaked at it seemed to cry out as the pain. He stopped several times and waited. Not everything was still. It was merely the sound of his own footsteps.

When he reached the library, he saw the bag and coat in the corner. They must be hidden away somewhere. He unlocked a secret press that was in the wainscoting, a press in which he kept his own various disguises, and put them into it. He could easily burn them afterwards. Then he placed out his watch. It was twenty minutes to two.

He sat down and began to think. Every year, every month, a most men were strangled in England for what he had done. There had been a madness of murder in the air. Some red star had come too close to the earth. And yet, what evidence was there against him. Basil Hatward had left the house at eleven. No one had seen him come in again. Most of the servants were at the by Royal. His valet had gone to bed. Paris. Yes. It was to Paris that Basil had gone, and by the midnight train, as he had intended. With his cautious reserved habits, it would be months before any suspicion would be roused. Months. Everything could be destroyed long before then.

A sudden thought struck him. He put on his fur coat and hat and went out into the hall. There he paused, hearing the slow heavy tread of the policeman on the pavement outside and seeing the flash of the lanterns reflected in the window. He waited and held his breath.

After a few moments he drew back, he laughed and slipped out, shutting the door very gently behind him. Then he began ringing the bell. In about five minutes his valet appeared, half-dressed and looking very drowsy.

"I am sorry to have had to wake you up, Frank," he said, stepping in, "but I had forgotten my latch key. What time is it?"

"Ten minutes past two, sir," answered the man, looking at the clock and bunking.

"Ten minutes past two. How horribly late. You must wake me at nine to-morrow. I have some work to do."

"All right, sir."

"Did any one call this evening?"

"Mr. Hatward, sir. He stayed here till eleven, and then he went away to catch his train."

"Oh. I am sorry I didn't see him. Did he leave any message?"

"No, sir, except that he would write to you from Paris if he did not find you at the club."

"That will do, Frank. Don't forget to call me at nine to-morrow."

"No, sir."

The man shambled down the passage in his slippers.

Detmar Gray threw his hat and coat upon the table and passed into the library. For a quarter of an hour he walked up and down the room, biting his lip and thinking. Then he took down the *Blue Book* from one of the shelves and began to turn over the leaves. Alan Campbell, 12 Bedford Street, Mayfair. Yes, that was the man he wanted.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

At nine o'clock the next morning his servant came in with a cup of chocolate on a tray and opened the shutters. The man was sleeping—the pencil was lying in his right side with one hand clenched beneath his cheek. He looked like a boy who had been tired out with play or study.

The man had touched him twice on the shoulder before he woke, and as he opened his eyes a faint smile passed across his lips, as though he had been lost in some delightful dream. Yet he had not dreamed at all. His night had been troubled by any images of dramatic or of pain. But youth smiles without any reason. It is one of its chiefest charms.

He turned round, and leaning upon his elbow began to sip his chocolate. The mellow November sun came streaming into the room. The sky was bright, and there was a general warmth in the air. It was almost like a morning in May.

Gradually the events of the preceding night crept with silent blood-stained feet into his brain and re-instructed themselves there with terrible distinctness. He winced at the memory of what he had suffered, and for a moment the same sick as feeling of loathing for Basil Hayward that had made him wish as he sat in the chair, after he had turned to him, and he grew cold with passion—the dead man was still sitting there, but at last in the sunlight now. How horrible that was. Such horrors things were but in the darkness, not for the day.

He felt that if he brooded on what he had gone through he would surely go mad. There were men whose lives and so was more in the memory than in the doing of their strange triumphs that gratified the pride more than the passions and gave the intense, a drunken sense of joy greater than any joy they bring or could ever bring to the senses. But this was not one of them. It was a thing to be driven out of the mind to be drugged with poppies to be strangled lest it might strangle one itself.

When the hat had struck, he passed his hand across his forehead and then got up hastily and dressed himself with even more than his usual care, giving a good deal of attention to the close of his necktie and waistcoat and changing his rings more than once. He spent a long time also over breakfast, tasting the various fishes, taking of his valet about some new series that he was thinking of getting made for the servants as New Year's gift, and going through his correspondence. At some of the letters he stopped. There one reminded him that he had read several times over and then tore up with a slight look of annoyance in his face. That was a thing—a woman's memory—as Lord Henry had once said.

After he had drunk his cup of black coffee, he washed his face slowly with a towel, motioned to his servant to wait, and going over to the table sat down and wrote two letters. One he put in his pocket, the other he handed to the valet.

"Take this round to Mr. Herford Street, Francis, and tell Mr. Campbell is out of town, get his address."

As soon as he was alone he lit a cigarette and began sketching upon a piece of paper, drawing first flowers and bits of architecture and then human faces. Suddenly he remarked that every face that he drew seemed to have a fantastic likeness to Basil Hallward. He frowned and getting up, went over to the book-case and took out a volume at hazard. He was determined that he would not think about what had happened until it became absolutely necessary that he should do so.

When he had stretched himself on the sofa he looked at the title-page of the book. It was Gautier's *Émaux et Cambrés* (Charpentier's Japanese-paper edition, with the Jacquemart etching). The binding was of emerald-green leather with a design of gilt trellis work and dotted pomegranates. It had been given to him by Adrian Singleton. As he turned over the pages, his eye fell on the poem about the hand of Lacenaire—the cold yellow hand *du supplice encore mal lavé*—with its brown red hairs and its *doigts de jaune*. He glanced at his own white taper fingers, shuddering slightly in spite of himself, and passed on till he came to those lovely stanzas upon Venice:

*Sur une gamme chromatique,
Le sein de perles ruisselant,
La Vénus de l'Adriatique
Sort de l'eau son corps rose et blanc.*

*Les dômes sur l'azur des ondes
Suivent la phrase au pur contour,
Seussent-ils des gorges romues
Que soulève un soupir d'amour*

*L'equif aborde et me dépose
Jetant son amour au puits,
Devant une façade rose,
Sur le marbre d'un escalier*

How exquisite they were! As one read them, one seemed to be floating down the green water-ways of the pink and pearl city seated in a black gondola with silver prow and trailing curtains. The mere lines looked to him like those straight lines of turquoise-blue that follow one as one pushes out to the Lido. The sudden flashes of colour reminded him of the gleam of the opal and-iris throated birds that flutter round the tall, honeycombed Campanile, or stalk with such stately grace through the dim, dust-stained arcades. Leaning back with half-closed eyes, he kept saying over and over to himself:

*Devant une façade rose,
Sur le marbre d'un escalier*

The whole of Venice was in those two lines. He remembered the autumn that he had passed there, and a wonderful love that had stirred him to mad delightful follies. There was romance in every place. But Venice like Oxford had kept the background for romance, and to the true roman it background was everything, or almost everything. Basil had been with him part of the time, and had gone wild over a turreted Poor Bast. What a horrible way for a man to die!

He sighed and took up the volume again and tried to forget. He read of the swallows that fly in and out of the sky at Seville where he had sat counting them at her ready as the turbaned men than smoke their long tasselled pipes and a kiss given to each other. He read of the Cretan in the Place de la Concorde that weeps tears of gold. He turned to the sunset exile and longs to be back by the hot, burn-covered Nile where there are Sphinxes and rose-red oases and white scarves with gilded claws and crocodiles with small beetle eyes that crawl over the green wearning mud. He began to brood over those verses which drawing music from his stunted marble torso of hat without statue that for her compares to a contrabassoon the monster Acromant that couches in the prophetic room of the Louvre. Recalling a time the book fell from his hand. He grew nervous and a horrible blind terror came over him. What if Aunt Campbell should be out of England. Days would elapse before he could come back. Perhaps he might refuse to come. What could he do then. Every moment was of vital importance.

They had been great friends over five years before almost inseparable indeed. Then the intimacy had come suddenly to an end. When they met in society now it was only Dorcas Gray who smiled. Aunt Campbell never did.

He was an extremely clever young man though he had no real appreciation of the visible arts and whatever little sense of the beauty of poetry he possessed he had gained entirely from Dorcas. His dominant intellectual passion was for science. As Cambridge he has spent a great deal of his time working in the laboratory and had taken a gold medal in the Natural Science Tripos of his year. Indeed he was still devoted to the study of chemistry and had a laboratory of his own in which he used to spend hours of his days long evenings he attended the symposiums which had set her heart on his standing for Parliament and had a vague idea that a chemist was a person who made up prescriptions. He was an excellent musician, however, at work and played both the violin and the piano better than most amateurs. In fact it was mainly that his taste for music and Dorcas Gray together made and that intellectual attraction that Dorcas seemed to be able to exercise whenever he wished and indeed exercised without being conscious of it. They had met at Ebury Berkshire the night that Robinson passed there and after that used to be always seen together at the opera and wherever good music was going on. For eighteen months then it was said Campbell was always either at New Bond Street Grosvenor Square. To him as to many others Dorcas Gray was the type of everything that is most refined and fascinating in life. Whether or not a quiet had taken place between them no one ever knew. But ladies people remarked that they water spoke when they met and that Campbell seemed always to go away early from any party at which Dorcas Gray was present. He had of a good time was strange and anchovy at times appeared a most foolish and hearing music and would never himself play going as however when he was called upon that he was so absorbed in science that he had not the leisure which to practice. And this was certainly true. Every day he seemed to become more interested in biology and his name appeared once or twice in some of the scientific reviews in connection with certain curious experiments.

That was the man which Dorcas was waiting for. Every second he kept gazing at the clock. As he minutes went by he became horribly agitated

At last he got up and began to pace up and down the room, looking like a beautiful caged thing. He took long stealthy strides. His hands were curiously cold.

The suspense became unbearable. Time seemed to him to be crawling with feet of lead, while he by monstrous winds was being swept towards the jagged edge of some black cleft of precipice. He knew what was waiting for him there, saw it indeed, and shuddering crushed with dank hands his burning lids as though he would have robbed the very brain of sight and driven the eyeballs back into their cave. It was useless. The brain had its own food, in which it battened, and the imagination, made grotesque by terror, twisted and distorted as a living thing by pain, danced like some foul puppet on a stand and grinned through moving masks. Then suddenly time stopped for him. Yes, that bird, slow breathing thing, crawled no more, and horrible thoughts, time being dead, raced nimbly on in front, and dragged a hideous future from its grave, and showed it to him. He stared at it. His very horror made him stone.

At last the door opened and his servant entered. He turned glazed eyes upon him.

"Mr. Campbell, sir," said the man.

A sigh of relief broke from his parched lips, and the colour came back to his cheeks.

Ask him to come in at once, Francis. He felt that he was himself again. His mood of cowardice had passed away.

The man bowed and retired. In a few moments, Alan Campbell walked in, looking very stern and rather pale, his palor being intensified by his coal-black hair and dark eyebrows.

"Alan, this is kind of you. I thank you for coming."

"I had intended never to enter your house again, Gray. But you said it was a matter of life and death. His voice was hard and cold. He spoke with slow deliberation. There was a look of contempt in the steady searching gaze that he turned on Dorian. He kept his hands in the pockets of his Astrakhan coat, and seemed not to have noticed the gesture with which he had been greeted.

"Yes, it is a matter of life and death, Alan, and to more than one person. Sit down."

Campbell took a chair by the table, and Dorian sat opposite to him. The two men's eyes met. In Dorian's there was infinite pity. He knew that what he was going to do was dreadful.

After a strained moment of silence, he leaned across and said, very quietly, but watching the effect of each word upon the face of him he had sent for: "Alan, in a locked room at the top of this house, a room to which nobody but myself has access, a dead man is seated at a table. He has been dead ten hours now. Don't stir, and don't look at me like that. Who the man is, why he died, how he died, are matters that do not concern you. What you have to do is this——"

"Stop, Gray. I don't want to know anything further. Whether what you have told me is true or not true doesn't concern me. I entirely decline to be mixed up in your life. Keep your horrible secrets to yourself. They don't interest me any more."

"Alan, they will have to interest you. This one will have to interest you. I am awfully sorry for you, Alan. But I can't help myself. You are the one man who is able to save me. I am forced to bring you into the matter. I

have no option. And you are silent. You know what a beauty and thought of that kind. You have made experiments. What you have got out of it is exactly the thing that you started to destroy it with. But not a word of it will be told. Nobody saw this person come into the house. In deed, at the present moment he is supposed to be in Paris. He will not be missed for months. When he is missed, there must be no trace of him found here. You, Alan, you must change him, and everything that belongs to him, into a handful of ashes that I may scatter in the air.

"You are mad, Dorian."

"Ah! I was waiting for you to tell me, Dorian."

"You are mad. He is you—mad—imagine that I would raise a finger to help you mad to make this monstrous suggestion. I will have nothing to do with this matter, whatever it is. Do you think I am going to permit my reputation for you? What if it is to me what devils work you are up to."

"It was suicide, Alan."

"I am glad of that. But who drove him to it? You, I should fancy."

"Do you still refuse to do this for me?"

"Of course I refuse. I will have absolutely nothing to do with it. I don't care what shame comes on you. You deserve it all. I should not be sorry to see you disgraced, publicly disgraced. How dare you ask me, a gentleman in the world, to mix myself up in this horror. I should have thought you knew more about people's characters. Your friend Lord Henry Wotton can't have taught you much about psychology, whatever else he has taught you. Nothing will induce me to stir a step to help you. You have come to the wrong man. Go to some of your friends. Don't come to me."

"Alan, I was murder. I killed him. You don't know what he had made me suffer. Whatever my life is, he had more to do with the making of the making of it than poor Harry had. He may not have intended it, the result was the same."

"Murder! Good God, Dorian, is that what you have come to? I should not inform upon you. It is not my business. Besides, without my stirring in the matter, you are certain to be arrested. Nobody ever commits a crime without doing something stupid. But I will have nothing to do with it."

"You must have something to do with it. Wait wait a moment, listen to me. Only listen, Alan. All I ask of you is to perform a certain scientific experiment. You go to hospitals and dead houses, and the horrors that you do there do not affect you. In some hideous dissecting room or feld laboratory you find this man lying on a leaden table with red gutters scooped out and for the blood to flow through, you would simply look upon him as an admirable subject. You would not cry a hair. You would not be sure that you were doing anything wrong. On the contrary, you would probably feel that you were benefiting the human race, or increasing the sum of knowledge in the world, or grasping intellectual serenity, or something of that kind. What I want you to do is merely what you have often done before. Indeed, to destroy a body must be far less horrible than what you are accustomed to work at. And remember, it is the only piece of evidence against me. It is uncovered, I am lost, and I am sure to be discovered, unless you help me."

"I have no desire to help you. You forget that I am single and indifferent to the whole thing. It has nothing to do with me."

"Alan, I entreat you. I think of the position I am in. Just before you came I almost fasted with terror. You may know terror yourself some

day. No, don't think of that. Look at the matter purely from the scientific point of view. You don't inquire where the dead things on which you experiment come from. Don't inquire now. I have told you too much as it is. But I beg of you to do this. We were friendly once. Alan.

"Don't speak about those days. Dorian—they are dead."

"The dead I get sometimes. The man upstairs will not go away. He is sitting at the table with bowed head and outstretched arms. A an. A an. If you don't come to my assistance, I am ruined. Why, they will hang me. A an. Don't you understand. They will hang me for what I have done."

"There is no good in prolonging this scene. I absolutely refuse to do anything in the matter. It is useless of you to ask me."

"You refuse?"

"Yes."

"I entreat you, Alan."

"It is useless."

The same look of pity came into Dorian Gray's eyes. Then he stretched out his hand, took a piece of paper, and wrote something on it. He read it over twice. He did it carefully, and pushed it across the table. Having done this, he got up and went over to the window.

Campbell looked at him in surprise, and then took up the paper, and opened it. As he read it, his face became ghastly pale and he fell back in his chair. A horrible sense of sickness came over him. He felt as if his heart was beating itself to death in some empty hollow.

After two or three minutes of terrible silence, Dorian turned round and came and stood behind him, putting his hand upon his shoulder.

"I am so sorry for you, Alan," he muttered, "but you leave me no alternative. I have a letter written already. Here it is. You see the address. If you don't help me, I must send it. If you don't help me, I will send it. You know what the result will be. But you are going to help me. It is impossible for you to refuse now. I tried to spare you. You will do me the justice to admit that. You were stern, harsh, offensive. You treated me as no man has ever dared to treat me—no living man, at any rate. I bore it all. Now it is for me to dictate terms."

Campbell buried his face in his hands, and a shudder passed through him.

"Yes, it is my turn to dictate terms. A an. You know what they are. The thing is quite simple. Come, don't work yourself into this fever. The thing has to be done. Face it, and do it."

A groan broke from Campbell's lips, and he shivered all over. The ticking of the clock on the mantelpiece seemed to him to be dividing time into separate atoms of agony, each of which was too terrible to be borne. He felt as if an iron ring was being slowly tightened round his forehead, as if the disgrace with which he was threatened had already come upon him. The hand upon his shoulder weighed like a hand of lead. It was intolerable. It seemed to crush him.

"Come, Alan, you must decide at once."

"I cannot do it," he said, mechanically, as though words could alter things.

"You must. You have no choice. Don't delay."

He hesitated a moment. "Is there a fire in the room upstairs?"

"Yes, there is a gas fire with ashes in it."

"I shall have to go home and get some things from the laboratory."

"No, Alan, you must not leave the house. Write out on a sheet of

note-paper what you want and my servant will take a cab and bring the things back to you."

Campbell crawled a few paces, bowed them, and addressed an envelope to his assistant, who took the note up and read it carefully. Then he rang the bell and gave it to his servant with orders to return as soon as possible and to bring the things with him.

As the hand door shut Campbell started nervously, and having got up from the chair went over to the chimney piece. He was shivering with a kind of ague. For nearly twenty minutes neither of the men spoke. A fly buzzed noisily about the room, and the ticking of the clock was like the beat of a hammer.

As the chime struck one Campbell turned round and looking at Domán Gray saw that his eyes were filled with tears. There was something in the purity and refinement of that sad face that seemed to entice him. "You are infinitely a more lovely creature," he murmured.

"Hush! Alan! You have saved my life," said Domán.

"Your life? Good heavens! what a tale that is! You have gone from corruption to corruption, and now you have eliminated it—come! In doing what I am going to do—what you force me to do—it is not of your life that I am thinking."

"Ah! Alan!" murmured Domán with a sigh. "I wish you had a thousandth part of the pity for me that I have for you." He turned away as he spoke and stood looking out at the garden. Campbell made no answer.

After about ten minutes a knock came to be done, and the servant entered carrying a large mahogany chest of drawers with a long row of steel and platinum wire and, so rather, and very shoddy in its aspect.

"Shall I leave the things here, sir?" he asked Campbell.

"Yes," said Domán. "And I am afraid Francis told I have another errand for you. What is the name of the man at Richmond who supplies Selby with orchids?"

"Harden, sir."

"Yes—Harden. You must go down to Richmond at once, see Harden personally, and tell him to send me as many of his white-clostered orchids as he has as few white ones as possible. In fact, I don't want any white ones. I have a lovely day. Francis and Richmond is a very pretty place, otherwise I wouldn't bother you about it."

"No trouble, sir. At what time shall I be back?"

Domán looked at Campbell. "How long will your experiment take, Alan?" he said in a calm and even voice. The presence of another person in the room seemed to give him extraordinary courage.

Campbell frowned and bit his lip. "It will take about five hours," he answered.

"I will be time enough, then, if you are back at half-past seven. Francis Gray will leave his long coat for dressing. You can have the evening to yourself. I am not doing at home, and I shall not wait you."

"Thank you, sir," said the man leaving the room.

Now Alan took a moment to look at the chest which he had just taken it for you. You took the other things. He spoke rapidly and in an authoritative manner. Campbell felt dominated by him, and they left the room together.

When they reached the top landing Domán took out the key and turned up the lock. Then he stopped, and a troubled look came into his

eyes. He shuddered. "I don't think I can go in, Alan," he murmured.

"It is nothing to me. I don't require you," said Campbell coldly.

Dorian had opened the door. As he did so, he saw the face of his portrait leering in the sunlight. On the floor in front of it, he turned, a man was lying. He remembered that the night before he had forgotten, for the first time in his life, to hide the fatal canvas, and was about to rush forward when he drew back with a shudder.

What was that unspeakable red dew that gleamed wet and glistening on one of the hands, as though the canvas had sweated blood? How horrible it was — more horrible, it seemed to him for the moment, than the silent thing that he knew was stretched across the table, the thing whose grotesque misshapen shadow on the spotted carpet showed him that it had not stirred, but was still there, as he had left it.

He heaved a deep breath, opened the door a little wider, and with half-closed eyes and averted head, walked quickly in, determined that he would not look even once upon the dead man. Then stooping down, and taking up the gold and purple hanging, he flung it right over the picture.

There he stopped, feeling afraid to turn round, and his eyes fixed themselves on the intricacies of the pattern before him. He heard Campbell bringing in the heavy chest, and the trunks, and the other things that he had requested for his dreadful work. He began to wonder if he and Basil Halward had ever met, and, if so, what they had thought of each other.

"Leave me now," said a stern voice behind him.

He turned and hurried out, just conscious that the dead man had been thrust back into the chair, and that Campbell was gazing into a gasping yellow face. As he was going downstairs, he heard the key being turned in the lock.

It was long after seven when Campbell came back into the library. He was pale, but absolutely calm. "I have done what you asked me to do," he muttered. "And now, good-bye. Let us never see each other again."

"You have saved me from ruin, Alan. I cannot forget that," said Dorian simply.

As soon as Campbell had left, he went upstairs. There was a horrible smell of nitric acid in the room. But the thing that had been sitting at the table was gone.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

That evening, at eight-thirty, exquisitely dressed and wearing a large button-hole of Parma violets, Dorian Gray was ushered in to Lady Narborough's drawing room by bowing servants. His forehead was throbbing with maddened nerves, and he felt wildly excited, but his manner as he bent over his hostess's hand was as easy and graceful as ever. Perhaps one never seems so much at one's ease as when one has to play a part. Certainly no one looking at Dorian Gray that night could have believed that he had passed through a tragedy as horrible as any tragedy of our age. Those finely shaped fingers could never have clutched a knife for sin, nor those smiling lips have cried out on God and goodness. He himself could not help wondering at the calm of his demeanour, and for a moment felt

See the letter for a more detailed description of the

[illegible]

Chen was an extremely tax evader and she was so ill that she was extremely glad she had not met me - especially I know my dear child had taken that as a love with you - she would say and then my heart - I over the time that I had taken at all with her date that you were not thought of at all then. As it was not business we were not meeting and he then was so very quiet but I thought he would that I never had ever a relation with anybody. It never that was a Nat. Intellig. fact. He was dead - I was not going and there is no pleasure in taking it a husband who never was anything.

Her guests are exciting were rather different. The fact was as she expected to attract her old & very shady father-in-law, her married daughters had come up quite willing to stay with her, and make a new one had actually brought their families with her. It was the most joyful of her life that she witnessed. Of course I was with them every summer after I came from Hong Kong and they at all would take me to stay first at sometimes and besides a treat's wake them up. You don't know what a struggle they had to be in to get into a hotel. It is so they go, pray, as a se for business. But they go to bed, as a se as they have seen the hotel. There has not been a word of the thought of a hotel since the time of Queen Elizabeth and consequently the old-fashioned hotel. You would not next year of them. You don't go by the old-fashioned

[illegible]

He was a tight-wad, he had some family Southern money, but he had a strong gut instinct that a good thing was going to come out of a person to see him and that I was his shot. Henry's mother, he said, I went to it to let this country of mine have a better person, faithfully not to disappoint me.

I was sure it was not that Harry was in there and when he found
opened and he heard his own name a voice saying "Harry is not
in there" at once he closed the door.

But at dinner he could not eat anything. Plate after plate went away untasted. Lady Narborough kept scolding him for what she called "an insidiously poor appetite," which she invented for the occasion specially for you, and now and then Lord Henry looked across at him, wondering at his stentorian and abstracted manner. From time to time the butler filled his glass with champagne. He drank eagerly, and his thirst seemed to increase.

"Dorian," said Lord Henry at last, as the *chaud froid* was being handed round, "what is the matter with you to-night? You are quite out of sorts."

"I believe he is in love," cried Lady Narborough, "and that he is afraid to tell me for fear I should be jealous. He is quite right. I certainly should."

"Dear Lady Narborough," murmured Dorian, smiling, "I have not been in love for a whole week—not in fact, since Madame de Ferro left town."

"How you men can fall in love with that woman!" exclaimed the old lady. "I really cannot understand it."

"It is simply because she remembers you when you were a little girl," Lady Narborough said Lord Henry. "She is the link between us and your short frocks."

"She does not remember my short frocks at all," said Lord Henry. "But I remember her very well at Vienna thirty years ago, and how *décolletée* she was then."

"She is still *décolletée*," he answered, taking an iverie in his long fingers, "and when she is in a very smart gown she looks like an *édition de luxe* of a bad French novel. She is really wonderful, and full of surprises. Her capacity for family affection is extraordinary. When her third husband died, her hair turned quite gold from grief."

"How can you, Harry?" cried Dorian.

"It is a most romantic explanation," laughed the hostess. "But her third husband, Lord Henry, you don't mean to say Ferro is the fourth?"

"Certainly, Lady Narborough."

"I don't believe a word of it."

"Well, ask Mr. Gray. He is one of her most intimate friends."

"Is it true, Mr. Gray?"

"She assures me so," Lady Narborough said Dorian. "I asked her whether, like Marguerite de Navarre, she had then hearts embanned and hanging at her girdle. She told me she didn't, because none of them had had any hearts at all."

"Four husbands! Upon my word that is *trou de veur*."

"*Trou d'audace*," I tell her," said Dorian.

"Oh, she is audacious enough for anything, my dear. And what is Ferro like? I don't know him."

"The handsomest, very beautiful women belong to the criminal classes," said Lord Henry, sipping his wine.

"Lady Narborough hit him with her fan," Lord Henry. "I am not at all surprised that the world says that you are extremely wicked."

"But what world says that?" asked Lord Henry, elevating his eye brows. "It can only be the next world. This world and I are on excellent terms."

"Every body I know says you are very wicked," cried the old lady, shaking her head.

"Lord Henry looked serious for some moments. "It is perfectly monstrous," he said at last. "the way people go about nowadays saying things against one behind one's back that are absolutely and entirely true."

"Isn't he incorrigible?" cried Dorian, leaning forward in his chair.

"I hope so," said his hostess, laughing. "But really, if you all worship Madam de Hervey in this ridiculous way, I shall have to marry again so as to be in the fashion."

"You will never marry again, Lady Narborough," broke in Lord Henry. "You were far too happy. When a woman marries again, it is because she detested her first husband. When a man marries again, it is because he adored his first wife. Women try their luck; men risk theirs."

"Narborough wasn't perfect," cried the old lady.

"If he had been, you would not have loved him, my dear lady," was the rejoinder. "Women love us for our defects. If we have enough of them, they will forgive us everything, even our intellects. You will never ask me to dinner again after saying this. I am afraid, Lady Narborough, but it is quite true."

"Of course it is true, Lord Henry. If we women did not love you for your defects, where would you all be? Not one of you would ever be married. You would be a set of unfortunate bachelors. Not however, that that would alter you much. Nowadays all the married men live like bachelors, and all the bachelors like married men."

"*Fin de siècle*," murmured Lord Henry.

"*Fin du globe*," answered his hostess.

"I wish I were *fin du globe*," said Dorian with a sigh. "Life is a great disappointment."

"Ah, my dear," cried Lady Narborough, putting on her gloves, "don't tell me that you have exhausted life. When a man says that one knows that life has exhausted him, Lord Henry is very wicked, and I sometimes wish that I had been—but you are made to be good—you look so good. I must find you a nice wife. Lord Henry, don't you think that Mr. Gray should get married?"

"I am always telling him so," Lady Narborough said Lord Henry with a bow.

"Well, we must look out for a suitable match for him. I shall go through Debrett carefully to-night and draw out a list of all the eligible young ladies."

"With their ages, Lady Narborough?" asked Dorian.

"Of course, with their ages, sight-vedited. But nothing must be done in a hurry. I want it to be what *The Morning Post* calls a suitable alliance, and I want you both to be happy."

"What nonsense people talk about happy marriages!" exclaimed Lord Henry. "A man can be happy with any woman, as long as he does not love her."

"Ah! what a cynic you are!" cried the old lady, pushing back her chair and nodding to Lady Ruxton. "You must come and dine with me soon again. You are really an admirable tonic, much better than what Sir Andrew prescribes for me. You must tell me what people you would like to meet, though. I want it to be a delightful gathering."

"I like men who have a future and women who have a past," he answered. "Or do you think that would make it a petticoat party?"

"I fear so," she said, laughing, as she stood up. "A thousand pardons, my dear Lady Ruxton," she added. "I didn't see you hadn't finished your cigarette."

"Never mind, Lady Narborough. I smoke a great deal too much. I am going to limit myself for the future."

"Pray don't, Lady Roxton," said Lord Henry. "Moderation is a fatal thing. Enough is as bad as a meal. More than enough is as good as a feast."

Lady Roxton glanced at him curiously. "You must come and explain that to me some afternoon, Lord Henry. It sounds a fascinating theory," she murmured, as she swept out of the room.

"Now mind you don't stay too long over your posies and wanda," cried Lady Narborough from the door. "If you do, we are sure to squabble upstairs."

The men laughed, and Mr. Chapman got up solemnly from the end of the table and came up to the top. Dorian Gray changed his seat and went and sat by Lord Henry. Mr. Chapman began to talk in a loud voice about the situation in the House of Commons. He guffawed at his adversaries. The word *extremist*—word full of terror to the British mind—reappeared from time to time between his explosions. An adjective prefix served as an ornamental oratory. He boasted the Union Jack in the pinnacles of thought. The inherent stupidity of the race—sound English common sense he now as termed it—was slow to be the proper bulwark for society.

A smile curved Lord Henry's lips, and he turned round and asked at Dorian.

"Are you better, my dear fellow?" he asked. "You seemed rather out of sorts at dinner."

"I am quite well, Harry. I am tired. That is all."

"You were charming last night. The little duchess is quite devoted to you. She tells me she is going down to Selby."

"She has promised to come on the twentieth."

"Is Monmouth to be there, too?"

"Oh, yes, Harry."

"He excites me dreadfully," said Lord Henry, as much as he jokes her. "She is very clever, too clever for a woman. She lacks the indefinable charm of weakness. It is the feet of clay that make the gold of the image precious. Her feet are very pretty, but they are not feet of clay. White porcelain feet, if you like. They have been through the fire, and what fire does not destroy it hardens. She has had experiences."

"How long has she been married?" asked Dorian.

"An eternity," she tells me. I believe, according to the peerage, it is ten years, but ten years with Monmouth must have been like eternity with time thrown in. Who else is coming?"

"Oh, the Woughbys, Lord Kingley and his wife, our hostess Gertrude Constantine, the usual set. I have asked Lord Grottrian."

"Like him," said Lord Henry. "A great many people don't, but I find him charming. He atones for being occasionally somewhat overdressed by being always at all times over-educated. He is a very modern type."

"I don't know if he will be able to come, Harry. He may have to go to Monte Carlo with his father."

"Ah! what a nuisance people's people are. Try and make him come. By the way, Dorian, you ran off very early last night. You left before eleven. What did you do afterwards? Did you go straight home?"

Dorian glanced at him hurriedly at this word.

"No, Harry," he said at last. "I did not get home till nearly three."

"Did you go to the club?"

"Yes," he answered, then he bit his lip. "No. I don't mean that. I went to

gave the job I asked about. I forget what I said. "How inquisitive you are, Harry. You always want to know what one has been doing. I always want to forget what I have been doing. I came to that last past two. If you wish to know the exact time I had left my watch key at home, and my servant had to bring me in. If you want any sort of positive evidence on the subject, you can ask him."

Lord Henry shrugged his shoulders. "My dear fellow, as I have let us go up to the drawing room. So, Henry, thank you. Mr. Chatterbox. Something has happened to you, I don't. Tell me what it is. You are not yourself to-night."

Don't mind me. Mary's late return and a drop per Tex. she found and see you tomorrow at next in. Make my excuses. Lady Southampton. I shall go, Mary. I shall go home. I shall go home.

Although I mean I dare say I shall see you to be there at tea time. The duchess is coming."

I want to be there. Harry, he said leaving the room. As he drove back to his own home, he was conscious that the sense of terror he thought he had struggled to let slip back to him. It was Henry's usual questioning that made him lose his nerves for the moment, and he wanted his nerve still. Things that were dangerously far from destroyed. He winced. He hated the idea of even punishing him.

Yet it had to be done. He realized that, and when he had heard he'd won his liberty, he opened the secret passage which he had found. He slipped a coat and bag. A huge fire was burning. He placed himself in it. The smell of the roasting clothes and burning matter was horrible. It took half three quarters of an hour to roast everything. At the end he felt faint and sick, and having got some Arabian pistachio powder, upon a fragment he had of his food, and rubbed it with a musk-scented vinegar.

[illegible]

He hesitated for some moments with a strange expression on his face, then, shivering though he was, he stepped forward and unlocked the door. He took his key from the lock and unlocked the door. He stepped into the room and went into his bedroom.

As night was striking loose boxes up the back a black
 tray dressed out on a and with a mother was, and a mother was

crept quietly out of his house. In Bond Street he found a hansom with a good horse. He hailed it and in a low voice gave the driver an address.

The man shook his head. "It is too far for me," he muttered.

"Here is a sovereign for you," said Dorian. "You shall have another if you drive fast."

"All right, sir," answered the man. "You will be there in an hour," and after his fare had got in he turned his horse round and drove rapidly towards the river.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

A cold rain began to fall, and the blurred street lamps looked ghastly in the dripping mist. The public houses were just closing, and drinkers and women were clustering in broken groups round their doors. From some of the bars came the sound of hoarse laughter. In others drunken brawls and screams.

Driving back in the hansom, with his hat pinned over his forehead, Dorian Gray watched with anxious eyes the world of shame of the great city, and now and then he repeated to himself the words that Lord Henry had said to him on the first day they had met. "To cure the soul by means of the senses, and the senses by means of the soul." Yes, that was the secret. He had often tried it, and would try it again now. There were opium dens where one could buy oblivion, dens of horror where the memories of old sins could be destroyed by the madness of sins that were new.

The moon hung low in the sky like a yellow waxen lantern. From time to time a huge massy cloud stretched a long arm across and hid it. The gas-lamps grew fewer, and the streets more narrow and gloomy. Once the man lost his way and had to drive back half a mile. A stream rose from the horse as it splashed up the puddles. The streets round the hansom were clogged with grey-flannel mist.

"To cure the soul by means of the senses, and the senses by means of the soul." How the words rang in his ears. How it certainly was sick to death. Was it true that the senses could cure it? Innocent blood had been spilt. What could atone for that? Ah, for that, there was no atonement, but though forgiveness was impossible, forgetfulness was possible still, and he was determined to forget to start the thing out of his life. It was one would crush the adulter that had stung him. Indeed, what right had Basil to have spoken to him as he had done? Who had made him a judge over others? He had said things that were deadly to others, and he endured.

On and on plodded the hansom, going slower, it seemed to him, at each step. He thrust up the trap and called to the man to drive faster. The hideous hunger for opium began to gnaw at him. His throat dried and his delicate hands twitched nervously together. He clucked at the horse madly with his stick. The driver laughed and whipped. He laughed in answer, and the man was silent.

The way seemed interminable, and the streets like the black web of some sprawling spider. The memories became insupportable, and as the mist thickened, he felt afraid.

Then they passed by lonesome brickfields. The fog was lighter here, and he could see the strange, bone-shaped kims with their orange, fat like tongues of fire. A dog barked as they went by, and far away in the darkness some wandering sea gull screamed. The horse snuffed in a rut, then swerved aside and broke into a gallop.

After some time they left the clay road and entered again over rough paved streets. Most of the windows were dark, but now and then fantastic shadows were silhouetted against some lantern light. He watched them curiously. They moved like monstrous mannequins and made gestures like ase-lings. He hated them. A dis-trage was in his heart. As they turned a corner, a woman veiled something at him from an open door, and two men ran after the hansom for about a hundred yards. The driver beat at them with his whip.

It was said that passion makes one think in a circle. Certainly with hideous iteration the buten-pool Dor and clay shaped and reshaped those subtle words that dealt with soul and sense. For he had found in them the true expression as it were of his mind, and sustained by respect as approval, passions that without such justification would still have dominated his temper. From yet to feel of his brain, rept he one thought, and he would desire to live most terrible of all man's appetites, quakened into some each trembling nerve and fibre. I guess that had once been hated of to him because it made things real, became fear, which now for that very reason I guess was the one reality. These coarse raw, he horrible den, the crude violence of disordered life, the very vicious of thief and outlaw were more vivid in their nature actually of expression than the ghoulish shapes of art, the dreamy shadows of song. They were what he needed for forgetfulness. In three days he would be free.

Suddenly the man flew up with a jerk at the fog, it a dark one, but the low roofs and jagged chimney stacks of the houses rose the black mass of ships. Wreaths of white mist curling like ghostly sails to the yards.

Somewhere about here, he said at last, he asked his way through the trap.

Dorian waited and preted round. This will do, he answered, and having given that hasty and given the driver the extra fare he had promised for him, he walked quickly in the direction of the quay. Here and there a lantern glamed at the stern of some large merchantman, a rough shock and spluttered in the puddles. A red gate came from across a wide road, a steamer that was sailing. The stony pavement looked like a wet blackintosh.

He hurried on towards the left, glancing back now and then to see if he was being followed. In about seven or eight minutes he reached a small, shabby house that was wedged in between two gaunt factories. In one of the top windows stood a lamp. He stopped and gave a peep in knock.

After a time, the he heard steps in the passage and the door being unhooked. The door opened quietly, and he went in without saying a word to the man who had opened the door that sat in the shadow as he passed. At the end of the hall a gaily dressed green, with thin waist and shock of the gaily with which had followed him out on the street. He dragged it aside and entered a long room which looked as if it had once been a third rate dancing school. Some hanging gas jets, the kind of disordered in the sky, brown in the way that faded them, were ranged round the walls. Greasy reflected light of blue light had been making a very

disks of light. The floor was covered with ochre-coloured sawdust trampled here and there into mud and stained with dark rings of spilled liquor. Some Malays were crouching by a little charcoal stove, playing with bone counters and showing their white teeth as they chattered. In one corner, with his head buried in his arms, a sat or sprawled over a table, and by the lawdny painted bar that ran across one complete side stood two haggard women, mocking an old man who was brushing the sleeves of his coat with an expression of disgust. He thinks he's got red ants on him," laughed one of them as Dorian passed by. The man looked at her in terror and began to whimper.

At the end of the room there was a little staircase leading to a darkened chamber. As Dorian hurried up its three rickety steps, the heavy odour of opium met him. He heaved a deep breath, and his nostrils quivered with pleasure. When he entered, a young man with smooth yellow hair, who was bending over a lamp lighting a long thin pipe, looked up at him and nodded in a hesitating manner.

"You here, Adrian?" muttered Dorian.

"Where else should I be?" he answered listlessly. "None of the chaps will speak to me now."

"I thought you had left England."

"Darlington is not going to do anything. My brother paid the bill at last. George doesn't speak to me either. I don't care," he added with a sigh. "As long as one has this stuff, one doesn't want friends. I think I have had too many friends."

Dorian winced and looked round at the grotesque things that lay in such fantastic postures on the ragged mattresses. The twisted limbs, the gaping mouths, the staring austere eyes fascinated him. He knew in what strange heavens they were suffering, and what dark helix were teaching them the secret of some new joy. They were better off than he was. He was prisoned in thought. Memory, like a horrible malady, was eating his soul away. From time to time he seemed to see the eyes of Basil Harward looking at him. Yet he felt he could not stay. The presence of Adrian Singleton troubled him. He wanted to be where no one would know who he was. He wanted to escape from himself.

"I am going on to the other place," he said after a pause.

"On the wharf?"

"Yes."

"That mad cat is sure to be there. They won't have her in this place now."

Dorian shrugged his shoulders. "I am sick of women who love me. Women who hate me are much more interesting. Besides, the stuff is better."

"Much the same."

"Take it better. Come and have something to drink. I must have something."

"I don't want anything," murmured the young man.

"Never mind."

Adrian Singleton rose up wearily and followed Dorian to the bar. A half-caste, in a ragged turban and a shabby uniform, grinned a hideous greeting as he thrust a bottle of brandy and two tin mugs in front of them. The women sidled up and began to chatter. Dorian turned his back on them and said something in a low voice to Adrian Singleton.

A crooked smile like a Malay crease, writhed across the face of one of the women. We are very proud to-night," she sneered.

"For God's sake don't talk to me," cried Dorian, stamping his foot on the ground. "What do you want? Money? Here it is. Don't ever talk to me again."

Two red sparks flashed for a moment in the woman's sudden eyes, then flickered out and left them dull and glazed. She tossed her head and raked the coins off the counter with greedy fingers. Her companion watched her enviously.

"It's no use," sighed Adrian Sanger. "I don't care to go back. What does it matter? I am quite happy here."

"You will write to me if you want anything, won't you?" said Dorian after a pause.

"Perhaps."

"Good night, then."

"Good night," answered the young man, passing up the steps and wiping his parched mouth with a handkerchief.

Dorian walked to the door with a look of pain on his face. As he drew the curtain aside, a hideous laugh broke from the parted lips of the woman who had taken his money. "There goes the devil's bargain," she hiccupped, in a hoarse voice.

"Curse you," he answered, "don't call me that."

"She snapped her fingers. "Prince Charming is what you like to be called, isn't it?" she yelled after him.

The drowsy sailor leaped to his feet as she spoke, and looked wildly round. The sound of the shutting of the hall door fell on his ear. He rushed out as if in pursuit.

Dorian Gray hurried along the quay through the drizzling rain. His meeting with Adrian Sanger had strangely moved him, and he wondered if the rumour that young Gale was ready to be laid at his door, as Basil Halward had said to him with such infantile insult. He brushed up, and for a few seconds his eyes grew sad. Yet, after a little, what did it matter to him? One's days were too brief to take the burden of another's errors on one's shoulders. Each man used his own life and paid his own price for living it. The only pity was one had to pay so often for a single fault. One had to pay over and over again, indeed. In her dealings with man, destiny never closed her accounts.

There are moments, psychologists tell us, when the passion for sin—or for what the world calls sin—so dominates a nature that every fibre of the body, as every cell of the brain, seems to be in sympathy with that impulse. Men and women at such moments lose the freedom of their will. They move to their terrible end as automata move. Choice is taken from them, and conscience is either killed, or if it lives at all, lives but to give rebellion its laceration and disobedience its charm. For all sins, as the organs weary, not of tormenting us, are sins of disobedience. When that high spirit, that morning star of evil, fell from heaven, it was as a rebel that he fell.

Calboux concentrated on evil, with stained mind and soul hungry for rebellion. Dorian Gray hastened on, quickening his step as he went, but as he darted aside into a dim alleyway, that had served him often as a short-cut to the wretched place where he was going, he felt himself suddenly seized from behind, and before he had time to defend himself, he was

thrust back against the wall with a brutal hand round his throat.

He struggled madly for life, and by a terrific effort he wrenched the tightening fingers away. In a second he heard the click of a revolver, and saw the gleam of a polished barrel pointing straight at his head, and the dark form of a short, thick-set man facing him.

"What do you want?" he gasped.

"Keep quiet," said the man. "If you stir, I shoot you."

"You are mad. What have I done to you?"

"You wrecked the life of my sister," was the answer, "and my sister was my sister. She loved her life. I know it. Her death was at your door. I swore I would kill you in return. For years I have sought you. I had no clue to trace. The two people who could have described you were dead. I knew nothing of you but the pet name she used to call you. I heard it to-night by chance. Make your peace with God, for to-night you are going to die."

Dorian Gray grew sick with fear. "I never knew her," he stammered. "I never heard of her. You are mad."

"You had better confess your sin, for as sure as I am James Vane, you are going to die." There was a horrible moment. Dorian did not know what to say or do. Down on your knees, growled the man. "I give you one minute to make your peace, no more. I go on board to-night for India, and I must do my worst first. One minute. That's all."

Dorian's arms fell to his side. Paralyzed with terror, he did not know what to do. Suddenly a wild hope flashed across his brain. "Stop," he cried. "How long ago is it since your sister died? Quick, tell me."

"Eighteen years," said the man. "Why do you ask me? What do years matter?"

"Eighteen years," laughed Dorian Gray, with a touch of triumph in his voice. "Eighteen years. Set me under the lamp and look at my face."

James Vane hesitated for a moment, not understanding what was meant. Then he seized Dorian Gray and dragged him from the doorway.

Dim and wavering gas was the wind blowing, but it served to show him the hideous error, as it seemed to him, which he had taken, for the face of the man he had sought to kill had as the bloom of boyhood, at the untainted purity of youth. He seemed like more than a child of twenty summers, hardly older, if older indeed, at all, than his sister had been when they had parted so many years ago. It was obvious, but this was not the man who had destroyed her life.

He loosened his hold and reeled back. "My God, my God," he cried, "and I would have murdered you!"

Dorian Gray drew a long breath. "You have been on the brink of committing a terrible crime, my man," he said, looking at him steadily.

"Let this be a warning to you not to take vengeance into your own hands."

"Forgive me, sir," muttered James Vane. "I was deceived. A chance word I heard in that damned den set me on the wrong track."

"You had better go home and put that pistol away, or you may get into trouble," said Dorian, turning on his heel and going slowly down the street.

James Vane stood on the pavement in horror. He was trembling from head to foot. After a little while a black shadow that had been creeping along the dripping wall moved forward to the light and came close to him, with steady footsteps. He felt a hand laid on his arm and looked round

with a start. It was one of the women who had been drinking at the bar.

"Why didn't you kill him?" she hissed out, putting her haggard face quite close to his. "I knew you were following him when you rushed out from Daly's. You fool! You should have killed him. He has lots of money, and he's as bad as bad."

"He is not the man I am looking for," he answered, "and I want no man's money. I want a man's life. The man whose life I want must be nearly forty now. This one is little more than a boy. Thank God, I have not got his blood upon my hands."

The woman gave a bitter laugh. "Little more than a boy," she sneered. "Why, man, it's nigh on eighteen years since Prince Charming made me what I am."

"You lie," cried James Vane.

She raised her hand up to heaven. "Before God I am telling the truth," she cried.

"Before God?"

"Strike me dumb if it ain't so. He is the worst one that comes here. They say he has sold himself to the devil for a pretty face. It's nigh on eighteen years since I met him. He hasn't changed much since then. I have, though," she added, with a sickly leer.

"You swear this?"

"I swear it," came a hoarse echo from her flat mouth. "But don't give me away to him," she whined. "I am afraid of him. Let me have some money for my night's lodging."

He broke from her with an oath and rushed to the corner of the street, but Dorian Gray had disappeared. When he looked back, the woman had vanished also.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

A week later Dorian Gray was sitting in the conservatory at Beby Royal, talking to the pretty Duchess of Mormouth, who with her husband, a jaded-looking man of sixty, was amongst his guests. It was tea-time, and the mellow light of the huge lace-covered lamp that stood on the table lit up the delicate china and hammered silver of the service, at which the duchess was presiding. Her white hands were moving daintily among the cups, and her full red lips were smiling at something that Dorian had whispered to her. Lord Henry was lying back in a silk-draped wicker chair, looking at them. On a peach-coloured divan sat Lady Narborough, pretending to listen to the duke's description of the last Brazilian beetle that he had added to his collection. Three young men in elaborate smoking-suits were handing tea-cakes to some of the women. The house-party consisted of twelve people, and there were more expected to arrive on the next day.

"What are you two talking about?" said Lord Henry, strolling over to the table and putting his cup down. "I hope Dorian has told you about my plan for rechristening everything. Gladys! It is a delightful idea."

"But I don't want to be rechristened, Harry," rejoined the duchess, looking up at him with her wonted eyes. "I am quite satisfied with my

own name, and I am sure Mr. Gray should be satisfied with his."

"My dear Gladys, I would not alter either name, in the world. They are both perfect. I was thinking here of flowers. Yesterday I cut an orchid for my button-hole. It was a marvellous spotted thing, as effective as the seven deadly sins. In a thoughtless moment I asked one of the gardeners what it was called. He told me it was a fine specimen of *Robinsoniana*, or something dreadful of that kind. It is a sad truth, but we have lost the faculty of giving lovely names to things. Names are everything. I never quarrel with actors. My one quarrel is with words. That is the reason I hate vulgar realism in literature. The man who could call a spade a spade should be compelled to use one. It is the only thing he is fit for."

"Then what should we call you, Harry?" she asked.

"His name is Prince Paradisa," said John.

"I recognize him in a flash," exclaimed the duchess.

"I won't hear of it," laughed Lord Henry, sinking into a chair. "From a label there's no escape." "I refuse the title."

"Royalties may not abdicate," tel, as a warning from pretty lips.

"You wish me to defend my throne, then?"

"Yes."

"I give the truths of to-morrow."

"I prefer the mistakes of to-day," she answered.

"You disarm me, Gladys," he cried, catching the wisdom of her mood.

"Of your shield, Harry, not of your spear."

"I never hit against beauty," he said, with a wave of his hand.

"That is your error, Harry, believe me. You value beauty far too much."

"How can you say that? I admit that I think that it is better to be beautiful than to be good. But, on the other hand, no one is more ready than I am to acknowledge that it is better to be good than to be ugly."

"Ugliness is one of the seven deadly sins, then?" cried the duchess. "What becomes of your smile about the orchid?"

"Ugliness is one of the seven deadly virtues, Gladys. You, as a good Tory, must not underrate them. Beer, the Brixie, and the seven deadly virtues have made our England what she is."

"You don't like your country, then?" she asked.

"I live in it."

"That you may censure it the better."

"Would you have me take the verdict of Europe on it?" he inquired.

"What do they say of us?"

"That Lafatthe has emigrated to England and opened a shop."

"Is that yours, Harry?"

"I give it to you."

"I could not use it. It is too true."

"You need not be afraid. Our countrymen never recognize a description."

"They are practical."

"They are more cunning than practical. When they make up their ledger, they balance stupidity by wealth, and vice by hypocrisy."

"Still, we have done great things."

"Great things have been thrust on us, Gladys."

"We have carried their burden."

"Only as far as the Stock Exchange."

"She shook her head. "I believe in the race," she cried.

"It represents the survival of the pushing."

"It has development."

"Decay fascinates me more."

"What of art?" she asked.

"It is a malady."

"Love?"

"An illusion."

"Religion?"

"The fashionable substitute for belief."

"You are a sceptic."

"Never. Scepticism is the beginning of faith."

"What are you?"

"To define is to limit."

"Give me a clue."

"Threads snap. You would lose your way in the labyrinth."

"You bewilder me. Let us talk of some one else."

"Our host is a delightful topic. Years ago he was christened Prince Charming."

"Ah, don't remind me of that," cried Dorian Gray.

"Our host is rather horrid this evening," answered the duchess, colouring. "I believe he thinks that Monmouth married me on purely scientific principles as the best specimen he could find of a modern butterfly."

"Well, I hope he won't stick pins into you," Duchess laughed Dorian.

"Oh, my maid does that already," Mr. Gray, when she is annoyed with me."

"And what does she get annoyed with you about," Duchess.

"For the most trivial things, Mr. Gray. I assure you. Usually because I come in at ten minutes to nine and tell her that I must be dressed by half past eight."

"How unreasonable of her! You should give her warning."

"I daren't, Mr. Gray. Why she invents hats for me. You remember the one I wore at Lady Hunslope's garden-party. You don't, but it's true of you to pretend that you do. Well, she made it out of nothing. All good hats are made out of nothing."

"Like all good reputations, Gladys," interrupted Lord Henry. "Every effect that one produces gives one an enemy. To be popular one must be a mediocrity."

"Not with women," said the duchess, shaking her head. "and women rule the world. I assure you we can't bear mediocrities. We women, as some one says, love with our ears, just as you men love with your eyes, if you ever love at all."

"It seems to me that we never do anything else," murmured Dorian.

"Ah, then you never really love, Mr. Gray," answered the duchess with mock sadness.

"My dear Gladys," cried Lord Henry. "How can you say that? Romance lives by repetition, and repetition converts an appetite into an art. Besides, each time that one loves is the only time one has ever loved. Difference of object does not alter singleness of passion. It merely intensifies it. We can have in life but one great experience at best, and the secret of life is to reproduce that experience as often as possible."

"Even when one has been wounded by it," Harry asked the duchess after a pause.

"Especially when one has been wounded by it," answered Lord Henry.

The duchess turned and looked at Dorian Gray with a curious expression in her eyes. "What do you say to that, Mr. Gray?" she inquired.

Dorian hesitated for a moment. Then he threw his head back and laughed. "I always agree with Harry, Duchess."

"Even when he is wrong?"

"Harry is never wrong, Duchess."

And does his philosophy make you happy?"

I have never searched for happiness. Who wants happiness? I have searched for pleasure.

"And found it, Mr. Gray?"

"Often, Too often."

The duchess sighed. "I am searching for peace," she said, "and if I don't go and dress, I shall have none this evening."

Let me get you some orchids, Duchess," cried Dorian, starting to his feet and walking down the conservatory.

"You are flirting disgracefully with him," said Lord Henry to his cousin.

"You had better take care. He is very fascinating."

"If he were not, there would be no battle."

"Greek meets Greek, then?"

"I am on the side of the Trojans. They fought for a woman."

"They were defeated."

"There are worse things than capture," she answered.

"You gallop with a loose rein."

"Pace gives life," was the *reposte*.

"I shall write it in my diary to-night."

"What?"

"That a burnt child loves the fire."

"I am not even singed. My wings are untouched."

"You use them for everything, except flight."

"Courage has passed from men to women. It is a new experience for us."

"You have a rival."

"Who?"

He laughed. Lady Narborough, he whispered, "She perfectly adores him."

"You fill me with apprehension. The appeal to antiquity is fatal to us who are romanticists."

"Romanticists. You have all the methods of science."

"Men have educated us."

"But not explained you."

"Describe us as a sex," was her challenge.

"Sphinxes without secrets."

She looked at him, smiling. "How long Mr. Gray is," she said, "let us go and help him. I have not yet told him the colour of my frock."

"Ah! you must suit your frock to his flowers, Gladys."

"That would be a premature surrender."

"Romantic art begins with its climax."

"I must keep an opportunity for retreat."

"In the Parthian manner?"

"They found safety in the desert. I could not do that."

"Women are not always allowed a choice," he answered, but hardly had

he finished the sentence before from the far end of the conservatory came a stifled groan, followed by the dull sound of a heavy fall. Everybody started up. The duchess stood motionless in horror. And with fear in his eyes Lord Henry rushed through the flapping palms to find Dr. Gray lying face downwards on the steel floor in a deathlike swoon.

He was carried at once into the blue drawing room and laid upon one of the sofas. After a short time he came to himself and looked round with a dazed expression.

"What has happened?" he asked. "Oh, I remember. Am I safe here, Harry?" he began to tremble.

"My dear Doctor," answered Lord Henry, "you merely fainted. That was all. You must have overtaxed yourself. You had better sit up and come down to dinner. I will take your place."

"No, I will come down," he said, struggling to his feet. "I would rather come down. I must not be alone."

He went to his room and dressed. There was a wild recklessness of gaiety in his manner as he sat at table, but now and then a thrill of terror ran through him when he remembered that, pressed against the window of the conservatory like a white handkerchief, he had seen the face of James Vane watching him.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

The next day he did not leave the house, and indeed spent most of the time in his own room, sick with a wild terror of dying, and yet not daring to lie in bed. The consciousness of being hunted, snared, tracked down, had begun to dominate him. If the tapestry did but tremble in the wind, he shook. The dead leaves that were blown against the leaded panes seemed to him like his own wasted resolutions and wild regrets. When he closed his eyes, he saw again the sailor's face peering through the mist-stained glass, and horror seemed once more to lay its hand upon his heart.

But perhaps it had been only his fancy that had called vengeance out of the night, and set the hideous shapes of punishment before him. Actually it was chaos, but there was something terribly logical in the imagination. It was the imagination that set terror to dog the feet of sin. It was the imagination that made each crime bear its misshapen brand. In the common world of fact the wicked were not punished, nor the good rewarded. Success was given to the strong, failure thrust upon the weak. That was all. Besides, had any stranger been prowling round the house, he would have been seen by the servants or the keepers. Had any foot marks been found on the flower-beds, the gardeners would have reported it. Yes, it had been merely fancy. Why Vane's brother had not come back to kill him. He had sailed away in his ship to find ruin in some winter sea. From him, at any rate, he was safe. Why the man did not know who he was, could Lord Henry not know who he was. The mask of youth had saved him.

And yet, if it had been mere imagination, how terrible it was, to think that conscience could raise such tearful phantasms, and give them visible form, and make them move before one! What sorrowful twilight to his best day, and

night shadows of his crime were to peer at him from silent corners to mock him from secret places, to whisper to him as he sat at the table, to wake him with icy fingers as he lay asleep. As the thought crept through his brain, he grew pale with terror, and the air seemed to him to have become suddenly colder. Oh, in what a world of madness he had lived his brief life! How ghastly the mere memory of the scene! He saw it all again. Each hideous detail came back to him with added horror. Out of the black cave of time, terrible and swathed in waters, rose the image of his sin. When Lord Henry came that evening, he found him crying as one whose heart will break.

It was not on the third day that he ventured to go out. There was something in the clear, pure, serene air of that winter morning that seemed to bring him back his youthfulness and his ardour of life. But it was not merely the physical conditions of environment that had caused the change. His own nature had rebelled against the excess of anguish that had sought to maim and mar the perfection of its form. With violence and force wrought temperaments it is always so. Their strong passions must either break or bend. They either stay the man, or, themselves die. Strains, sorrows, and shadows live in him. The loves and sorrows that are great are destroyed by their own perpetuity. Besides, he had convinced himself that he had been the victim of a terrible stroke, imagination, and looked back now on his life with something of pity and not a little of contempt.

After breakfast he walked with the duchess for an hour in the garden and then drove across the park to the shooting party. The crisp frost lay like satin upon the grass. The sky was an inverted cup of blue metal. A faint mist of ice bordered the lake, and reed growths were white.

At the corner of the park would be a right sight of Sir Geoffrey Fossington, the duchess's brother, jerking two special cartridges out of his gun. He put the ball from the cart, and having found he got none to take, he made home, made his way towards the guest-house through the withered bracken and rough undergrowth.

Have you had good sport, Geoffrey? he asked.

Not very good, sir, sir. I think most of the birds have gone to the open. I dare say it will be better after the 11th, when we get a new ground.

Dorian strode along by his side. The keen aromatic air, the brown and red lights that glimmered in the wood, the hoarse cries of the beaters ringing out from time to time, and the sharp snaps of the guns, but followed, fascinated him and filled him with a sense of delighted freedom. He was torn apart by the carelessness of happiness, by the high indifference of joy.

Suddenly from a simple bush of dog-roses came two very early birds, and of them, with black-type feathers erect and long hinder wings waving forward, started a hare. It leaped for a thicket of ashers. Sir Geoffrey put his gun to his shoulder, but there was some lag in the aim, a grace of movement that strangely charmed Dorian Gray as the bird went at once. Don't shoot it, Geoffrey, I entreat you.

What nonsense! Dorian laughed his companion, and as the hare bounded into the thicket, he fired. There were two, but he heard the cry of a hare in pain, which, a heartless, he thought, thing was, which, was worse.

Good heavens! I have hit a hare, cry, Dorian. What an ass the man was to get it from me, he said. No, shooting the hare, he said.

out at the top of his voice. "A man a-hunt!"

The head-keeper came running up with a stick in his hand.

"Where sir? Where is he?" he shouted. At the same time the firing ceased along the line.

"Here," answered Sir Geoffrey, angrily, hurrying towards the thicker. "Why on earth don't you keep your men back? Spoiled my shooting for the day."

Dorian watched them as they plunged into the alder-camp, brushing the thin swinging branches aside. In a few moments they emerged, dragging a body after them into the sunlight. He turned away in horror. It seemed to him that misfortune followed wherever he went. He heard Sir Geoffrey ask if the man was really dead, and the affirmative answer of the keeper. The word seemed to him to have become suddenly alive with faces. There was the tramping of myriad feet and the low buzz of voices. A great copper-breasted pheasant came beating through the boughs overhead.

After a few moments—that were to him in his petrified state like endless hours of pain—he felt a hand laid on his shoulder. He started and looked round.

"Dorian," said Lord Henry, "I had better tell them that the shooting is stopped for to-day. It would not look well to go on."

"I wish it were stopped for ever, Harry," he answered, "never. The whole thing is hideous and cruel. Is the man—"

He could not finish the sentence.

"I am afraid so," rejoined Lord Henry. "He got the whole charge of shot in his chest. He must have died almost instantaneously. Come, let us go home."

They walked side by side in the direction of the avenue for nearly fifty yards without speaking. Then Dorian looked at Lord Henry and said, with a heavy sigh, "It is a bad omen, Harry, a very bad omen."

"What is?" asked Lord Henry. "On this account, I suppose. My dear fellow, it can be helped. It was the man's own fault. Why did he get in front of the gun? Besides, it is nothing to us. It is rather awkward for Geoffrey, of course. It does not do to pepper beauty. It makes people think that one is a wild shot. As for Geoffrey, what he should say is very simple. But there is no use talking about the matter."

Dorian shook his head. "It is a bad omen, Harry. I feel as if something horrible were going to happen to some of us, to myself perhaps," he added, passing his hand over his eyes with a gesture of pain.

The other man laughed. "The only horrible thing in the world is *nothing*, Dorian. That is the one sin for which there is no forgiveness. But we are not asked to suffer from it, unless these fellows keep hattering about this thing at dinner. I must inform them that the subject will be taboed. As for omens, there is no such thing as an omen. Destiny does not send a herald. She is too wise or too cruel for that. Besides, what earthly mal can happen to you, Dorian? You have everything in the world that a man can want. There is no one who would not be pleased to change places with you."

"There is no one with whom I would not change places, Harry. Do not laugh like that. I am telling you the truth. The wretched peasant who has watched a better life than I am, I have no terror of death. I would rather die than that terrible life. I am miserable as you seem to be—in the season

air around me. Good heavens! don't you see a man moving behind the trees there, watching me, waiting for me?"

Lord Henry looked in the direction in which the trembling gloved hand was pointing. Yes, he said smiling, "I see the gardener waiting for you. I suppose he wants to ask you what flowers you wish to have on the table to-night. How absurd & nervous you are, my dear fellow. You must come and see my doctor when we get back to town."

Dorian heaved a sigh of relief as he saw the gardener approaching. The man touched his hat, glanced for a moment at Lord Henry in a hesitating manner, and then produced a letter, which he handed to his master. Her Grace told me to wait for an answer, he murmured.

Dorian put the letter into his pocket. Tell her Grace that I am coming in, he said coldly. The man turned round and went rapidly in the direction of the house.

How fond women are of doing dangerous things! laughed Lord Henry. It is one of the qualities in them that I admire most. A woman will flirt with anybody in the world as long as other people are looking on.

"How fond you are of saying dangerous things, Harry. In the present instance, you are quite astray. I like the duchess very much, but I don't love her."

And the duchess loves you very much, but she likes you less, so you are excellently matched."

You are talking scandal, Harry, and there is never any basis for scandal."

The basis of every scandal is an immoral certainty, said Lord Henry, lighting a cigarette.

You would sacrifice anybody, Harry, for the sake of an epigram."

The world goes to the altar of its own accord, was the answer.

I wish I could love, cried Dorian Gray with a deep note of pathos in his voice. But I seem to have lost the passion and forgotten the desire. I am too much concentrated on myself. My own personality has become a burden to me. I want to escape, to go away, to forget. It was silly of me to come down here at all. I think I shall send a wire to Harvey to have the yacht got ready. On a yacht one is safe.

Safe from what, Dorian? You are in some trouble. Why not tell me what it is? You know I would help you.

I can't tell you, Harry, he answered sadly. And I dare say it is only a fancy of mine. This unfortunate accident has upset me. I have a horrible presentiment that something of the kind may happen to me.

"What nonsense!"

I hope it is, but I can't help feeling it. Ah, here is the duchess, looking like Artemis in a tatarian made gown. You see we have come back, Duchess.

I have heard all about it, Mr. Gray, she answered. Poor Geoffrey is terribly upset. And it seems that you asked him not to shoot the hare. How curious.

Yes, it was very curious. I don't know what made me say it. Some whim, I suppose. It looked the love test of little, wise things. But I am sorry they told you about the man. It is a hideous subject.

It is an annoying subject, broke in Lord Henry. It has no psychological value at all. Now, if Geoffrey had done the thing on purpose, how interesting he would be! I should like to know some one who had committed a real murder."

"How horrid of you, Harry!" cried the duchess. "Isn't it, Mr. Gray? Harry, Mr. Gray is ill again. He is going to faint."

Dorian drew himself up with an effort and smiled. "It is nothing, Duchess," he murmured, "my nerves are dreadfully out of order. That is all. I am afraid I walked too far this morning. I didn't hear what Harry said. Was it very bad? You must tell me some other time. I think I must go and lie down. You will excuse me, won't you?"

They had reached the great flight of steps that led from the conservatory on to the terrace. As the glass door closed behind Dorian, Lord Henry turned and looked at the duchess with his slumberous eyes. "Are you very much in love with him?" he asked.

She did not answer for some time, but stood gazing at the landscape. "I wish I knew," she said at last.

He shook his head. "Knowledge would be fatal. It is the uncertainty that charms one. A mist makes things wonderful."

"One may lose one's way."

All ways end at the same point, my dear Gladys."

"What is that?"

"Disillusion."

"It was my *début* in life," she sighed.

"It came to you crowned."

"I am tired of strawberry leaves."

"They become you."

"Only in public."

"You would miss them," said Lord Henry.

"I will not part with a petal."

"Monmouth has ears."

"Old age is dull of hearing."

"Has he never been jealous?"

"I wish he had been."

He glanced about as if in search of something. "What are you looking for?" she inquired.

"The button from your foil," he answered. "You have dropped it."

She laughed. "I have sullied the mask."

"It makes your eyes lovelier," was his reply.

She laughed again. Her teeth showed like white seeds in a scarlet fruit.

Upstairs, in his own room, Dorian Gray was lying on a sofa, with terror in every quivering fibre of his body. Life had suddenly become too hideous a burden for him to bear. The dreadful death of the unlucky beater, shot in the thicket like a wild animal, had seemed to him to prefigure death for himself also. He had nearly swooned at what Lord Henry had said in a chance mood of cynical jesting.

At five o'clock he rang his bell for his servant and gave him orders to pack his things for the night-express to town, and to have the brougham at the door by eight-thirty. He was determined not to sleep another night at Selby Royal. It was an ill-omened place. Death walked there in the sunlight. The grass of the forest had been spotted with blood.

Then he wrote a note to Lord Henry, telling him that he was going up to town to consult his doctor and asking him to entertain his guests in his absence. As he was putting it into the envelope, a knock came to the door, and his valet informed him that the head-keeper wished to see him. He frowned and bit his lip. "Send him in," he muttered, after some moments' hesitation.

As soon as the man entered, Dorian pulled his cheque-book out of a drawer and spread it out before him.

"I suppose you have come about the unfortunate accident of this morning, Thornton?" he said, taking up a pen.

"Yes, sir," answered the gamekeeper.

"Was the poor fellow married? Had he any people dependent on him?" asked Dorian, looking bored. "If so, I should not like them to be left in want, and will send them any sum of money you may think necessary."

"We don't know who he is, sir. That is what I took the liberty of coming to you about."

"Don't know who he is?" said Dorian, listlessly. "What do you mean? Wasn't he one of your men?"

"No, sir. Never saw him before. Seems like a sailor, sir."

The pen dropped from Dorian Gray's hand, and he felt as if his heart had suddenly stopped beating. A sailor? he cried out. Did you say a sailor?

"Yes, sir. He looks as if he had been a sort of sailor, tattooed on both arms, and that kind of thing."

"Was there anything found on him?" said Dorian, leaning forward and looking at the man with startled eyes. "Anything that would tell his name?"

"Some money, sir—not much, and a six-shooter. There was no name of any kind. A decent-looking man, sir, but rough like. A sort of sailor we think."

Dorian started to his feet. A terrible hope fluttered past him. He caught at it madly. "Where is the body?" he exclaimed. "Quick! I must see it at once."

"It is in an empty stable in the Home Farm, sir. The folk don't like to have that sort of thing in their houses. They say a corpse brings bad luck."

"The Home Farm? Go there at once and meet me. Leave one of the grooms to bring my horse round. No. Never mind. I'll go to the stables myself. It will save time."

In less than a quarter of an hour, Dorian Gray was galloping down the long avenue as hard as he could go. The trees seemed to sweep past him in spectral procession, and wild shadows to fling themselves across his path. Once the mare swerved at a white gate-post and nearly threw him. He lashed her across the neck with his crop. She cleft the dusky air like an arrow. The stones flew from her hoofs.

At last he reached the Home Farm. Two men were waiting in the yard. He leaped from the saddle and threw the reins to one of them. In the darkest stable a light was glimmering. Something seemed to tell him that the body was there, and he hurried to the door and put his hand upon the latch.

There he paused for a moment, fearing that he was on the brink of a discovery that would either make or mar his life. Then he raised the door open and entered.

On a heap of sackings in the far corner was lying the dead body of a man dressed in a coarse shirt and a pair of blue trousers. A spotted handkerchief had been placed over the face. A coarse candle stuck in a bottle sputtered beside it.

Dorian Gray shuddered. He felt that his could not be the hand to take the handkerchief away, and a low whistle called the farm servant to come to him.

"Take that thing off the face. I wish to see it," he said, clutching at the door-post for support.

When the farm servant had done so, he stepped forward. A cry of joy broke from his lips. The man who had been stolen in the thicket was James Vane.

He stood there for some minutes looking at the dead body. As he rode home, his eyes were full of tears, for he knew he was safe.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

"There is no use your telling me that you are going to be good," cried Lord Henry, dipping his white fingers into a red cup of port, now filled with rose-water. "You are quite perfect. Pity for a change."

Dorian Gray shook his head. "No, Harry. I have done too many dreadful things in my life. I am not going to do any more. I began my good actions yesterday."

"Where were you yesterday?"

"In the country, Harry. I was staying at a little inn by myself."

"My dear boy," said Lord Henry, smiling, "a study can be good in the country. There are no temptations here. That is the reason why people who've retired to town are so absolutely civilized. Civilization, you know, means an easy thing to attain to. There are only two ways by which man can reach it. One is by being educated, the other by being corrupted. Our people have no opportunity of being either, so they stagnate."

"Society and corruption," echoed Dorian. "I have known something of both. It seems terrible to me now that they should ever be so indistinguishable. For I have a new ideal, Harry. I am going to alter. I think I have altered."

"You have not yet told me what your good action was. Did it, you say, you had done more than one," asked his companion, as he speared into his plate a little crimson pyramid of seeded strawberries and, through a perforated, shell-shaped spoon, showed white sugar upon them.

"I can tell you, Harry. It is not a story I can tell to any one else. I spared somebody. It would save, but you can understand what I mean. She was quite beautiful, and wonderfully like Sibyl Vane. I think it was that which first attracted me to her. You remember Sibyl, don't you? How long ago that seems! Well, Harry, was not one of our own class, of course. She was simply a girl in a village. But I really loved her. I am quite sure that I loved her. And during how wonderful a May that we have been having, I used to run down and see her twice or three times a week. Yesterday she met me in a row of hard. The apple blossoms kept tumbling down on her hair, and she was laughing. We were to have gone away together this morning at dawn. Suddenly I determined to leave her as far from me as I had ever left her."

"I should think the novelty of the situation must have given you a thrill of extraordinary pleasure," interrupted Lord Henry. "But I can tell you, my dear boy, you gave her good advice and broke her heart. That was the beginning of your reformation."

"Harry, you are horrible. You mustn't say these dreadful things. Her heart is not broken. Of course it is not, and that is all that matters. But there is no disgrace upon her. She can live like Perdita in her garden of mirt and marigold."

And weep over a fair brass funeral—said Lord Henry, laughing, as he leaned back in his chair. My dear Dorian, you have the most curiously bewitchingly Jewish look. I ought to have been ready to consent to wed with any one of her own rank. I suppose she will be married some day to a rough, stony or a grunting ploughman. Well, be that. I have given her you, and taxed you with each her to despise her husband, and she will be watched from a moral point of view. I cannot say that I do not wish of your great remuneration. Even as a beginning it is poor. Besides, how do you know that Henry isn't cheating at the present moment in some mathematical problem with novel-writer eyes round her like the Cyclops?

I can't hear this, Harry. You think at everything as if there were the most serious tragedies. I am sorry I told you now. I don't care what you say to me. I know I was right in acting as I did. Poor Henry. As I rode past the farm this morning, I saw her white face at the window, like a specter. I said to me, Don't let me ask about it any more, and I don't try to persuade me that the first good action I have done for years, the first little bit of self-sacrifice I have ever known, is really a self-sacrifice. I want to be better. I am going to be better. Tell me something about yourself. What is going on in your own life? I have not been to the club for days.

The people are very disconcerting poor Basil's acceptance.

I should have thought they had got tired of that by this time, said Dorian, pouring himself out some wine and blowing his nose.

My dear boy, they have only been talking about it for six weeks, and the British public are really not easy to tire. The mere fact of having more than one topic every three months. They have been very fortunate lately, however. They have had my own divorce case, and Alan Campbell's will. Now they have got the mysterious disappearance of an artist. Some and Yardstick insists that the man in the grey, over whom I left for Paris by the midnight train of the ninth of November was not Basil, and the French police declare that Basil never arrived in Paris at all. I suppose it is all a bit of a straight-tug, but I am sure that he has been seen in San Francisco. It is an odd thing, but every one who does not peep's said to be seen at San Francisco. It may be a delightful novelty and possess all the attractions of the next world."

What do you think has happened to Basil? asked Dorian, holding up his Burgundy against the light and wondering how it was that he could discuss the matter so calmly.

I have not the slightest idea. If Basil chooses to hide himself, it is his business, I think. If he is dead, I don't want to think about him. Death is the only thing that ever terrifies me. I hate it.

Why? said the younger man, wearily.

Because, said Lord Henry, passing beneath his eyebrows the gleam of an open *romantic* book, "I am an ascetic every day nowadays except that. Death and vulgaris are the only two facts of the universe that terrify me. I hate them both. I hate them both. Let us have our coffee. The man with whom my wife ran away played Chopin exquisitely. Poor Victoria. I was very fond of her. The house is rather nice, wouldn't you say? Of course married people are a bit of a bad habit. But then one regrets, he now even does it. I wish to have a bad habit. Perhaps one regrets them the most. They are such an essential part of one's personality."

Dorian said nothing, but rose from the table and passing into the next room, sat down to the piano and struck a few stray notes. He was and

back ivory of the keys. After the coffee had been brought in he stopped and looking over at Lord Henry said: "Harry did you ever want to know that Basil was murdered?"

Lord Henry yawned. Basil was very popular and always wore a Waterbury watch. Why should he have been murdered? He was not clever enough to have enemies. Of course he had a wonderful genius for painting. But a man can paint like Velasquez and yet be as dull as possible. Basil was really rather dull. He only interested me once, and that was when he told me years ago that he had a wild accusation for you and that you were the dominant motive of his art.

"I was very fond of Basil," said Doran with a note of sadness in his voice. "But don't people say that he was murdered?"

"Oh worse of the papers," he does not seem to me to be at all prudent. I know there are deadly poisons in Paris, but Basil was not the sort of man to have gone to them. He had no enemies. It was his chief terror.

"What would you say, Harry?" I told you that I had murdered Basil," said the younger man. He watched him intently after he had spoken.

"I would say my dear fellow that you were posing for a character that doesn't suit you. A lifetime's gain is always a gain to you. I won't tell you, Doran, to commit a murder. I am sorry if I hurt your vanity by saying so, but I assure you it is true. Time belongs everywhere to the lower orders. I don't blame them in the smallest degree. I don't fancy that crime was to them what art is to us, simply a method of procuring extraordinary sensations."

"A method of procuring sensations. Do you think then that a man who has once committed a murder could possibly do the same thing again? Don't tell me that."

"Oh, anything becomes a pleasure if one does it often," cried Lord Henry, laughing. "That is one of the most important secrets of life. I should fancy, however, that a murder is always a mistake. One should never do anything that one cannot talk about after dinner. But for as plays our poor Basil. I wish I could believe that he had come to such a really romantic end as you suggest, but I can't. I dare say he is still the slave of an omnibus and that the conductor hooked up the scandal. Yes, I should fancy that was how it came. I am very glad to know on his back under those two green waters, with the heavy bags floating over him and long weeds catching his hair. Do you know, I don't think he would have done much more good work. During the last ten years his painting has gone on very much."

Doran heaved a sigh, and Lord Henry strode across the room and began to stroke the head of a white Java parrot, a large grey young aged bird with pink crest and tail, that was hanging in a cage upon a high pedestal. As his pointed fingers touched it it dropped the white scarlet crinkled idiosyncratic black glasslike eyes and began to sway backwards and forwards.

"Yes," he continued, tutting to himself and laughing at the dark hole out of his pocket. His painting had quite gone off. It seemed as if he had lost something. It had lost an idea. When you are, he ceased, a great Frenchman, he craves to be a great artist. What was it, said Alice, you suppose he would say? I suppose he never forgave you. I should have thought he would have. By the way, what has become of that wonderful portrait he did of you? I don't think I have ever seen it since he finished it. Oh, I remember you

telling me years ago that you had sent it down to Selby, and that it had got mislaid or stolen on the way. You never got it back. What a pity. It was really a masterpiece. I remember I wanted to buy it. I wish I had now. It belonged to Basil's best period. Since then, his work was that curious mixture of bad painting and good intentions that always excuses a man to be called a representative British artist. Did you advertise for it? You should.

"I forget," said Dorian. "I suppose I did. But I never really liked it. I am sorry I sat for it. The memory of the thing is hateful to me. Why do you talk of it? It used to remind me of those curious lines in some play—*Hamlet*, I think—how do they run?—

*Like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart.*

Yes, that is what it was like."

Lord Henry laughed. "If a man treats life artistically, his brain is his heart," he answered, sinking into an arm-chair.

Dorian Gray shook his head and struck some soft chords on the piano. "Like the painting of a sorrow," he repeated, "a face without a heart."

The older man lay back and looked at him with half-closed eyes. "By the way, Dorian," he said after a pause, "what does it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose—how does the quotation run?—his own soul?"

The music ceased, and Dorian Gray started and stared at his friend. "Why do you ask me that, Harry?"

"My dear fellow," said Lord Henry, elevating his eyebrows in surprise. "I asked you because I thought you might be able to give me an answer. That is all. I was going through the park last Sunday, and close by the Marble Arch there stood a little crowd of shabby-looking people, listening to some vagrant street preacher. As I passed by, I heard the man, leaning out that question to his audience. It struck me as being rather dramatic. London is very rich in curious effects of that kind. A wet Sunday, an uncouth Christian in a mackintosh, a ring of sickly white faces under a broken roof of dripping umbrellas, and a wonderful phrase flung into the air by shrill, hysterical lips—it was really very good in its way, quite a suggestion. I thought of telling the prophet that art had a soul, but that man had not. I am afraid, however, he would not have understood me."

"Don't, Harry. The soul is a terrible reality. It can be bought and sold and bartered away. It can be poisoned or made perfect. There is a soul in each one of us. I know it."

"Do you feel quite sure of that, Dorian?"

"Quite sure."

"Ah, then it must be an illusion. The things one feels absolutely certain about are never true. That is the fatality of faith, and the lesson of romance. How grave you are. Don't be so serious. What have you or I to do with the superstitions of our age? No, we have given up our belief in the soul. Play me something. Play me a nocturne. Dorian, as I say you play, tell me, in a low voice, how you have kept your youth. You must have some secret. I am only ten years older than you are, and I am wrinkled, and worn, and yet so. You are really wonderful, Dorian. You have never looked more charming than you do to-night. You remind me of the day I saw you first. You were rather cheeky, very shy, and absolutely extra-

[illegible]

"I am not the same, Harry."

[illegible]

4. In 1997, the first year of the study, the mean age of the participants was 41.5 years (SD = 10.5), and the mean age of the children was 10.5 years (SD = 1.5). The mean age of the children in the second year of the study was 11.5 years (SD = 1.5).

Yes, we have been exposed. He put me on the same thing as he has
he same to Harry. And you know that the extra money he gets
the Year 10. Knows every thing about the Year 10. And he is not
we can't be in the Year 10. And he is not.

Why have you stopped praying? Don't you think a little for the new year again? Think of all great things you need and all things in the days at. Now it is time for you to do it better and I say...

she will come closer to the earth. You won't. I shall go to the club then. It has been a charming evening, and we must end it charmingly. There is some one at White's who wants immensely to know you, young Lord Foe-e, Bournemouth's eldest son. He has already copied your neckties, and has begged me to introduce him to you. He is quite delightful, and rather reminds me of you."

"I hope not," said Dorian with a sad look in his eyes. "But I am tired to-night. Harry, I shall not go to the club. It is nearly eleven, and I want to go to bed early."

"Do stay. You have never played so well as to-night. There was something in your touch that was wonderful. It had more expression than I had ever heard from it before."

"It is because I am going to be good," he answered smiling. "I am a little changed already."

"You cannot change to me," Dorian said. "Good night, Harry. You and I will always be friends."

"Yet you poisoned me with a book, once. I shall not forgive that," Harry promised me that you will never lend that book to any one. It does harm."

"My dear boy, you are really beginning to moralize. You will soon be going about like the converted, and the teetotalist warning people against all the sins of which you have grown tired. You are much too delighted to do that. Besides, it is no use. You and I are what we are, and will be what we will be. As for being poisoned by a book, there is no such thing as that. Art has no influence upon action. It only stimulates the desire to act. It is superbly sterile. The books that the world calls immoral are books that show the world its own shame. That is all. But we won't discuss literature. Come round to-morrow. I am going to ride at eleven. We might go together, and I will take you to lunch afterwards with Lady Brackshaw. She is a charming woman, and wants to consult you about some tapestries she is thinking of buying. Mr. Jekyll came. Or shall we lunch with our little duchess? She says she never sees you now. Perhaps you are tired of Gladys. I thought you would be. Her clever tongue gets on one's nerves. Well, in any case, be here at eleven."

"Must I really come, Harry?"

"Certainly. The park is quite lovely now. I don't think there have been such lilacs since the year I met you."

"Very well, I shall be here at eleven," said Dorian. "Good night, Harry." As he reached the door, he hesitated for a moment, as if he had something more to say. Then he sighed and went out.

CHAPTER TWENTY

It was a lovely night so warm that he threw his coat over his arm and did not even put his silk scarf round his throat. As he strolled home, smoking his cigarette, two young men in evening dress passed him. He heard one of them whisper to the other, "That is Dorian Gray." He remembered how pleased he used to be when he was pointed out or stared at or talked about. He was tired of hearing his own name now. Half the charm of the

[illegible]

A few days later, a woman named Mrs. J. H. Smith, a housewife, told me that she had seen the black cat in the garden of her house, and that she had seen it in the garden of her house, and that she had seen it in the garden of her house.

As he thought of Henry Merriam, he regretted now that he had not at the time asked him to go to England. Now it was too late, so he would as well had not. Perhaps that is the answer. He would rather have experienced a slight, a disappointment, in the face of Henry, than to have a ready going away. He would go and look.

[illegible][illegible]

He was a doctor, was it? I got to know him. Was he always the
 doctor by his job? Was he a doctor at all? Never. There was this
 one time when he was against the people, that was when
 he was a doctor. We had he kept it wrong, that it had given him

pleasure to watch him hanging and growing green. Of late he had felt no such pleasure. It had kept him awake at night. When he had been away, he had been filled with terror lest other eyes should look upon it. It had brought melancholy across his passions. Its mere memory had marred many moments of joy. It had been like conscience to him. Yes, it had been conscience. He would destroy it.

He looked round and saw the knife that had stabbed Basil. He bowed. He had cleaned it many times, but there was no stain left upon it. It was bright and glistening. As it had killed the painter, so it would kill the painter's work, and at that had meant it would kill the past, and when that was dead, he would be free. It would kill this monstrous violation, and without its hideous warnings, he would be at peace. He seized the thing and stabbed the picture with it.

There was a cry heard, and a crash. The cry was a terrible one in its agony, that the frightened servants were and crept out of their rooms. Two gentlemen who were passing in the square below stopped and looked up at the great house. They walked on till they met a policeman and brought him back. The man rang the bell several times, but there was no answer. Except for a light in one of the top windows, the house was all dark. After a time, he went away and stood in a adjoining passage and waited.

"Whose house is that, Constable?" asked the elder of the two gentlemen.

"Mr. Dorian Gray's, sir," answered the policeman.

They looked at each other, as they walked away, and sneered. One of them was Sir Henry Ashton's uncle.

Inside, in the servant part of the house, the half-wild domestics were talking in low whispers to each other. Old Mrs. Leat was crying and wringing her hands. Francis was as pale as death.

After about a quarter of an hour, he got the coachman and one of the footmen and crept upstairs. They knocked, but there was no reply. They called out. Everything was still. Finally, after vainly trying to force the door, they got on the roof and dropped down over the balcony. The windows yielded easily, their bolts were not.

When they entered, they found hanging upon the wall a splendid portrait of their master as they had last seen him, in all the wonder of his exquisites in hand, beauty. Lying in the floor was a dead man, in evening dress with a knife in his heart. He was withered, wrinkled, and loathsome of visage. It was so different that they had examined the rings, but they recognized who it was.

DRACULA

Bram Stoker

To
My Dear Friend
HOMMY BFG

CHAPTER ONE

JONATHAN HARKER'S JOURNAL *Kept in shorthand*

3 May *Batru*. Left Munich at 8.35 p.m. on 1st May, arriving at Vienna early next morning, should have arrived at 6.40, but train was an hour late. Buda Pesth seems a wonderful place from the glimpse which I got of it from the train and the little I could walk through the streets. I feared to go very far from the station, as we arrived late and would start as near the correct time as possible. The impression I had was that we were leaving the West and entering the East, the most western of splendid bridges over the Danube, which is here, of noble width and depth took us among the traditions of Turkish rule.

We left in pretty good time, and came after midnight to Kassa enough. Here I stopped for the night at the Hotel Royale. I had for dinner, or rather supper, a chicken, so I ate up some wine with red pepper, which was very good but thirsty. *Mine* get recipe for *Mina*. I asked for water, and he said it was called 'paprika hendi', and that, as it was a national dish, I should be able to get it anywhere along the Carpathians. I found my smattering of German very useful here. Indeed, I don't know how I should be able to get on without it.

Having had some time at my disposal, when in London, I had visited the British Museum, and made search among the books and maps in the library regarding Transylvania. It had struck me that some foreknowledge of the country could hardly fail to have some importance in dealing with a nobleman of that country. I find that the *Oestrus*, he named is in the extreme east of the country, just on the borders of three states, Transylvania, Moldavia and Bukovina, in the midst of the Carpathian mountains, one of the widest and least known portions of Europe. I was not able to light on any map or work giving the exact locality of the Castle Dracula, as there are no maps of this country as yet to compare with our own Ordnance Survey maps, but I found that *Bistritz*, the post town named by Count Dracula, is a fairly well-known place. I shall enter here some of my notes, as they may refresh my memory when I take over my travels with *Mina*.

In the population of Transylvania there are four distinct nationalities, Saxons in the South, and mixed with them the Wallachs, who are the descendants of the Dacians, Magyars in the West, and Szekelys in the East.

and North Landing among the natives as a very large Indian village. At the same time, however, the Magistrate observed the country is the poorest in the colony, and the houses built by the natives are known to possess the most dangerous and unhealthy of the European type, and it were therefore a serious and dangerous enterprise to build any new houses here very necessary. Now I must ask the Council about them.

[illegible]

A day long we went to the lake and saw many things which was
beauty of every kind. Sometimes we saw some very old trees of
sleep to such as we see in other seas sometimes we saw some
seas which were full of the water of the sea and the water of the
beauty of great things. I saw a lot of water and the water of the
sleep. He was on the edge of a very deep. At every season there were
of the sea sometimes with a lot of water and the water of the
not like the water at home. I saw a lot of water and the water of the
Carrizosa with those waters and the water of the sea and the water of the
but there were very few of them. The water of the sea, yet the water of the
was not near them but they were very much and the water of the sea had
a lot of water of the sea and the water of the sea and the water of the
beauty of the sea and the water of the sea and the water of the sea and the water of the sea
in a house but it was very much and the water of the sea and the water of the sea
I guess we saw were the No. 1. The water of the sea and the water of the sea and the water of the sea
with their big and the water of the sea and the water of the sea and the water of the sea
short and sometimes they were very much and the water of the sea and the water of the sea
over with the water of the sea and the water of the sea and the water of the sea and the water of the sea
into them and the water of the sea and the water of the sea and the water of the sea and the water of the sea
They are very much and the water of the sea and the water of the sea and the water of the sea and the water of the sea
be set down at the water of the sea and the water of the sea and the water of the sea and the water of the sea
however. I am told very much and the water of the sea and the water of the sea and the water of the sea and the water of the sea
assertion

It was on the back side of a plateau we got. Back of what is a very interesting old place. Being a place where the Japanese lost the Hong Kong Pass leads from it that Back of it has had a very interesting experience and it certainly shows marks of it. Fifty years ago a serious drought took place which made the people have to live on water and grass. At the very beginning of the seven years it was that it was a siege of three weeks and that is why you see the common use of water for people being assisted by famine and disease.

Q Now that we had the evidence, the letter, know there was a

I found to my great delight to be thoroughly and fastened for of course I wanted to see and to enjoy all the ways of the country. I was evidently expected for when I got near the door I faced a cheery looking elderly woman in the usual peasant dress—white undergarment with long double apron front and back of colored stuff fitting a most too tight for modesty. When I came close she bowed and said: "The Herr Englishman?" Yes, I said. "Jonathan Harker." She smiled and gave some message to an elderly man in white shirt sleeves who had followed her to the door. He went but turned and retained with a letter.

"MY FRIEND:

Welcome to the Carpathians. I am anxiously expecting you. Sleep well to-night. A third to-morrow the diligence will start for Bukovina, a place in it is kept for you. At the Borgo Pass my carriage will await you and will bring you to me. I trust that your journey from London has been a happy one and that you will enjoy your stay in my beautiful land."

"Your friend
"DRACULA."

4 May. I found that my landlord had got a letter from the Count direct right in time to secure the best place on the coach for me, but on making inquiries as to details he seemed somewhat reticent and pretended that he could not understand my German. This could not be true because up to then he had understood it perfectly at least he answered my questions exactly as if he did. He and his wife, the old lady who had received me, looked at each other in a frightened wild way. He mumbled out that he knew they had been sent in a letter and that was all he knew. When I asked him if he knew Count Dracula and could tell me anything of his castle, both he and his wife crossed themselves and saying that they knew nothing at all simply refused to speak further. It was so near the time of starting that I had no time to ask anyone else for it was all very mysterious and not by any means comforting.

Just before I was leaving them, Hilda came up to my room and said in a very hysterical way:

"Must you go? Oh! young Herr, must you go?" She was in such an excited state, but she seemed to have lost her grasp of what German she knew and mixed it all up with some other language which I did not know at all. I was not able to know her by asking many questions. When I told her that I must go at once and that I was engaged in important business, she asked again:

"Do you know what day it is?" I answered that it was the fourth of May. She shook her head as she said again:

"Oh yes, I know that. I know that but do you know what day it is?" On my saying that I did not know, and she went on:

"It is the eve of St. George's Day. Do you not know that to-night when the cock crows midnight, all the evil things in the world will have full sway? Do you know where you are going and what you are going for?" She was in such evident distress that I tried to comfort her, but without effect. Finally she went down on her knees and implored me not to go at least to wait a day or two before starting. It was a very pathetic scene but I did not feel comforted. However, the time was passing so he did me and I could

allow nothing to interfere with it. I threatened to tie her name her up and said as givers as I could that I hated her, but my loss was imperative and that I must go. She kissed me and tried her eyes and taking a crucifix from her neck offered it to me. I did not know what to do. But as an English Christian I have been taught to regard such things as of no true measure of salvation, and yet it seemed so. I gave it to her as a goodly meaning to wear and in such a state of mind. She saw I suppose the doubt in my face. For she put the rosary round my neck and said: "For your mother's sake" and went out of the room. I am writing up this part of the diary when I am waiting for the coach which is of course late, and the cruel waste? I do not know, but I am not feeling nearly as easy in my mind as usual. If I should should ever reach Meina before I die it will be my good bye. Here comes the coach.

5 May. *The Cruise*. The grey of the morning has passed and the sun is high over the town horizon which seems jagged whether with trees or hills. I know not for it is so late in the day. The air is very warm, not sleepy, and as I am not to be cured, I awake naturally I write very sleepily. There are many odd things to put down as I see who reads them may take that I dined on wet white rice. But to be put down my dinner exactly. I dined on what they called "rotter steak" bits of lamb or mutton and beef seasoned with red pepper and string on sticks and roasted over the fire in the simple style of the Londoner's meat. The wine was London Mediasch which produces a sweet sting on the tongue which is however not disagreeable. I had only a couple of glasses of this and nothing else.

When I got on the coach the driver had not taken his seat and I saw him talking with the carter. They were evidently talking of me. For every now and then they looked at me and some of the people who were sitting on the bench outside the door which they call a "hatter" meaning "word beater" came and joined and then spoke to me. Most of them pityingly. I could hear a lot of words often repeated "queer words" for there were many nationalities in the crowd so I quietly got my pocket dictionary from my bag and looked them out. I must say there were not cheering to me. For amongst them were Ching, "hatter" (poker) and "streg" (a word with "stuck" and "stuck" both of which mean the same thing, but is either wet or wet or vampire. (Now I must ask the Count about these superstitions.)

When we started the crowd could then find out what had by this time swelled to a considerable size. A male the sign of the cross and pointed two fingers towards me. With some difficulty I got a fellow passenger to tell me what they meant. He would not answer at first but on seeing that I was English he explained that it was a charm to guard against the evil eye. This was not very pleasant to me, as standing for an unknown space to meet an unknown man, but every one seemed well. I hearted a little sorrowful and very sympathetic that I could not but be touched. I shall never forget the last glimpse which I had of the courtyard and its row of picturesque figures, and crossing themselves as they would in the wide archway with its background of light foliage and a row of orange trees in green and clustered in the centre of the yard. Then our driver whose wide men drawers covered the whole front of the box seat, got up, they sat then, stacked his bag up over his foot and the horses which ran

abreast and we set off on our journey.

I soon lost sight and recollection of ghastly fears if the beauty of the scene as we drove along, although had I known the language or rather languages which my fellow-passengers were speaking I might not have been able to throw them off so easily. Before us lay a green sloping land full of forests and woods, with here and there steep firs crowned with clumps of trees or with farm-houses, the black gull-end to the road. There was everywhere a bewitching grassed fruit-sown apple-plum-pear-cherry, and as we drove by I could see the green grass under the trees spangled with the fallen petals. In and out amongst these green hills of what they call here the *Mure Land* ran the road, bowing itself as it swept round the grassy curve or was shut out by the straggling ends of pine-woods, which here and there ran down the fissures like tongues of flame. The road was rugged, but still we seemed to fly over it with a feverish haste. I could not understand then what the haste meant, but the driver was evidently bent on losing no time in reaching Borgo Pass. I was told that this road was in former times excellent, but that it had not yet been put in order after the winter snows. In this respect it is different from the general run of roads in the Carpathians, but it is an old tradition that they are not to be kept in too good order. Of course the Hospitallars would not repair them, lest the Turk should think that they were preparing to bring his strong troops and to master the war which was always ready at loading-point.

Beyond the green sweeping hills of the *Mure Land* rose mighty steep-sided forest up to the lofty steep sides of the Carpathians themselves. Right and left of us they towered, with the afternoon sun falling far upon them and bringing out all the golden-colours of their trunks, orange, deep red and purple in the shadows of the peaks, green at foot where grass and rock mingled, and an endless perspective of jagged rock and pointed crags. These were themselves very high in the distance, where the snowy peaks rose gradually. Here and here seemed to glow, as if by magic, through which, as they began to sink, we saw now and again the white gleams of falling water. One of my companions touched my arm as we swept round the base of a low and slender, the only snow-covered peak of a mountain which seemed, as we went along our serpentine way, to be right before us.—

Jack, later, zek! Later, zek! and he tossed his head feverishly.

As we went on our endless way, and the sun sank lower and lower behind us, the shadows of the evening began to creep round us. This was emphasized by the fact that the snowy mountains up which the sunset shone seemed to glow out with a delicate rose-pink. Here and there we passed Czechs and Slovaks, all in picturesque attire, but I noticed that goulash was particularly prevalent. By the roadside were many crosses, and as we swept by my companions crossed themselves. Here and here was a peasant man, it was said, keeping watch a stone-thrower who did not ever turn round as we approached, but crept by in the soft shadows of the evens, to have neither eye nor ray for the outer world. There were many things new to me, for instance, bay ticks in the trees, and here and here very beautiful masses of weeping birch, their white stems shining like silver through the delicate green of the leaves. Now and again we passed a water wagon, the most picturesque cart, with its long stake, its velvet-covered wheels and its long, arched roof of birch. On the water-car to

he seated over a group of homes coming past us the Czecks with their white and he braves with their cowards sheepskin he also carrying large baskets their long staves with axe attached. As the evening fell it began to get very cold and he grew lighter and seemed to merge into the dark mist over the golden of the trees oak forest and pine though in the valleys which ran deep between the spurs of the hills as we ascended through the Pass the dark trees stood out here and there against the background of late evening snow. Sometimes at the road ways although the pine woods had appeared in the darkness. The evening down pour as great masses of greyness which here and there fastened the trees paid and a peculiarly weird and womanly effect which carried on the thoughts and great fatness engendered out of the evening when the falling sunset threw its strange red and the glow like clouds which among the hills at a far seem to swirl peacefully through the valleys. Sometimes the hills were white, that despite the darkness have the horses could not go now. I wished to get down and walk up here as we do at home but the driver would not hear of it. No, he said, you must not walk here the dogs are too fierce. And then he added with what he evidently meant for grim purpose, for he looked round to catch the approving smile of the rest, and you may have enough to do with matters but if you go to sleep. The only stop he would make was a moment's pause to light his lamps.

When it grew dark here seemed to be some excitement amongst the passengers and they kept whispering to one another the while as though saying to themselves, speed. He asked the horses to move off with his long whip and with his cues of encouragement urged them on to further exertions. Then through the darkness I could see a sort of path of grey light ahead. It was as though there were a lot of the trees. The excitement of the passengers grew greater, their eyes each towards the great leather springs and wave in a boat bound on a stormy sea. I had to hold on as the road grew more level and we appeared to be going. Then the mountains seemed to come nearer to us, each side and to turn down just as we were entering in the Buge Pass. One or two several of the passengers uttered the gas which they give when they work with an earnestness which was almost deadly. These were exactly what I had said and I had said was given to some good faith with a good word and a blessing and that strange noise. I had thought never met with which I had seen before. He then at Buzitz the valley of the river and he guarded against the river. Then as we flew along the driver leaned forward and each side of the passengers, taking advantage of his coach pressed eagerly into the darkness. It was evident to some thing very interesting was before his passengers expected but I heard each passenger, now and then, as they were asked to come. The stage coachmen kept on at once as before and last when he was in the Pass getting on to the eastern side. There were dark clouds over head and in the air the heavy pressure sense of the fog. I seemed as though he was taking a long way and two or three miles and that now we had got to the bottom of the valley. I was now just looking at the river valley which was dark and the fog was thick and misty. I was not to see the river and was being driven across it. It was dark, the only light was the setting sun and the glow of the

which the steam from our hard-driven horses rose in a white cloud. We could see now the sandy road lying white before us, but there was on it no sign of a vehicle. The passengers threw back with a sigh of gladness which seemed to mock my own disappointment. I was already thinking what I had best do when the driver, looking at his watch, said to the others something which I could not hear; it was spoken so quietly and in so low a tone I thought it was. An hour less than he time. Then turning to me he said in German worse than my own —

There is no carriage here. The Herr is not expected after all. He will now come on to Bukovina, and return to-morrow or the next day, better the next day. Whilst he was speaking the horses began to neigh and snort and plunge wildly so that the driver had to hold them up. Then amongst a chorus of screams from the peasants and a universal crossing of themselves, a caiche with four horses drove up behind us, overtook us, and drew up beside the coach. I could see from the flash of our lamps, as the rays fell on them, that the horses were coal-black and splendid animals. They were driven by a tall man with a long brown beard and a great black hat which seemed to hide his face from us. I could only see the gleam of a pair of very bright eyes which seemed red in the lamp-light as he turned to us. He said to the driver

You are early to-night, my friend. The man stammered in reply —

The English Herr was in a hurry — to which the stranger replied —

That is why, I suppose, you wished him to go on to Bukovina. You cannot deceive me, my friend. I know too much, and my horses are swift. As he spoke he snorted, and the lamp-light fell on a hard-looking mouth with very red lips and sharp looking teeth, as white as ivory. One of my companions whispered to another the line from Burger's *Lernore* —

"Denn die Todten reiten schnell!" —
 ("For the dead travel fast.")

The strange driver evidently heard the words. For he looked up with a gleaming smile. The passenger turned his face away, at the same time putting out his two fingers and, crossing himself, gave me the Herr's luggage, said the driver, and with exceeding alacrity my bags were handed out and put in the caiche. Then I descended from the side of the coach, as the caiche was close alongside, the driver he put me with a hand which caught my arm in a grip of steel, his strength must have been prodigious. Without a word he shook his reins, the horses turned, and we swept into the darkness of the Pass. As I looked back I saw the steam from the horses of the coach, in the light of the lamps, and projected against it the figures of my late companions, crouching themselves. Then the driver cracked his whip and called to his horses, and off they swept on their way to Bukovina. As they sank into the darkness I felt a strange chill, and a foreboding feeling came over me, and a shiver was thrown over my shoulders, and a rug across my knees, and the driver said in excellent German —

The night is cold, my Herr, and my master the Count bade me take care of you. There is a flask of ~~was was~~ the purest brandy of the country, and let me help the seat. (You should remember it. I did not take any, but it was a ~~memory~~ to know it was here at the same. I felt a fine strange, and not at all frightened. I think had there been any other a

five I should have taken it instead of prosecuting that unknown night journey. The carriage went at a hard pace straight along, then we made a complete turn and went along another straight road. It seemed to me that we were simply going over and over the same ground again, and so I took note of some vague point and found by this means I would have liked to have asked the driver what this at all meant, but I really feared to do so, for I thought that passing as I was any protest would have had no effect in case there had been an intention to delay. By and by, however, as I was curious to know how time was passing, I struck a match and by its flame looked at my watch. It was with in a few minutes of midnight. This gave me a sort of shock, for I found the general superstition about midnight was increased by my recent experiences. I waited with a sick feeling of suspense.

Then a dog began to howl somewhere in a farm-house far down the road—a long agonised wailing, as if from fear. The sound was taken up by another dog, and then another and another, till borne on the wind which now whirled whist through the Pass, a wild howling began, which seemed to come from all over the country as far as the imagination could grasp it though he grown of the night. At the first howl the horses began to strain and rear, but the driver spoke to them soothingly, and they quieted down, but shivered and sweated as though after a start away from sudden light. Then far off in the distance from the mountains on each side of us began a sound, and a shattering howling, that of wolves, which affected both the horses and myself in the same way, but I was enabled to rattle from the cause, he and I, in what they treated again and plunged madly so that the driver had to use all his great strength to keep them from tearing. In a few minutes, however, this own raving subsided to the sound, and the horses so far became quiet that the driver was able to lower them and to start before them. He patted and soothed them, and whispered something in their ears, as I have heard of the American Indians, and with exact happy effect, for I could see, as he addressed his language, that a calm came again though they still trembled. The driver again took his seat, and shaking his reins, started off at a great pace. This time, after going to the far side of the Pass, he suddenly turned down a narrow road, way which ran sharply to the right.

Now we were hemmed in with trees which in places stretched right over the roadway, so we passed as though at a close, and again great towering rocks guarded us both on either side. Though we were in the dark, we could hear the rising wind, or it howled and whistled through the rocks, and the branches of the trees, rushed together as we were along. It grew colder and colder, and the powdery snow began to fall, so that soon we were all around us were covered with a white blanket. The keen wind stung around the howling of the dogs though it grew fainter as we went onward. The howling of the wolves sounded nearer and nearer, as though they were closing round us on every side. I grew dreadfully afraid, and the horses shared my fear. The driver, however, was not in the least disturbed. He kept turning his head to left and right, but he could not see anything through the darkness.

Suddenly, as we came out into I saw a faint flickering blue flame. The driver saw it at the same moment, he at once checked the horses, and stopping in the ground disappeared into the darkness. I did not know

what I do, he knew as he knew if he wishes grow, what, not what I
wondered the driver sat on, appeared again, and without a word took
his seat, and we resumed our journey. I think I must have fallen asleep,
and kept dreaming of the trouble that it seemed as he repeated endlessly,
and now looking back it is like a sort of anti-climax. Since the figure
appeared to me at the road, that even in the darkness around as I could
watch, he drives a moment. He went rapidly to where the blue flame
grows, it must have been very late, but it did not seem to be near the
place at which it was, and gathering a few stones together, he made some
device. There there appeared a strange quivering, when he stood
between me and the flame he did not see it, but I did see its ghostly
flicker as the same. This startled me, but as he turned was only motion-
less. I took it that his eyes detected me staring through the darkness.
Then I saw neither were no blue flames, and we sped onward through
the gloom, with the howling of the wind around it as though lies were
following in a moving circle.

At last there after a time when the driver went further ahead than he had yet gone and leaving his attendance he himself began to stir. He was now harnessing and mounting and starting with might. I could not see any more for it for the howling of the wolves had ceased altogether. But as then the moon was high enough to look south its appearance behind the jagged teeth of the jagged pine and rock and valley I saw at once that a lot of wolves were where I was and were getting nearer with long strides and a shaggy pace. They were a hundred more than ever before. I saw some of which head them than even when they howled. For now I felt a sort of paralysis of fear. It is only when a man feels he will face a wolf with his eyes that he can make out the head of the wolf.

As I came out the waves began to throw us though he thought he might have had some protective effect on them. The waves were just about and ceased and we had been very well with even that I could in a way pass it as we see that the coming of the storm had passed them in every side and they had just come to rest with out a break in the water at the time. The light seemed to me that out of a danger was to try to break out though he was and was and was at present. I thought as he at the side of the anchor hoping by the noise was the waves that that side was a good one. A danger of reaching the land. He was at the shore. I know not but I heard his voice as he said a voice of a woman's voice and a voice of a man's voice. The sound was that of the sea. As he saw it his long arms as though he was a giant were a great value. He was to back and back further. But there a heavy mass passed across the face of the wind so that we were again in the darkness.

[illegible]

CHAPTER TWO

1985年12月15日

3 May. I must have been asleep for a while as I had not been awake I must have taken the opportunity with a rest as we passed by the gun in the water. I found it to be a new size and as several birds were within of it, very great interest was perhaps, seen. I hope that it was a bird. I have not yet been able to see it by daylight.

When the car stopped, he drove up and went a few feet but that did assist him to get a good hold on the car for progress strength. His hand actually seemed like a meat saw that could have crushed metal he had taken. Then he took out my trap and placed him in the ground beside me as I stood over a jagged hole in the mud and with large foot marks and set a powerful snare trap of massive steel I could see even in the darkness. He came slowly across the cave but the three caught him and I went by the light of a lantern. As I went, he drove up and again to his seat and when he took the lantern, it started to move and trap at the same place as he went to the dark openings.

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

quivering shad-ows as if thickened by the weight of the pent-up. The old man motioned me in with his right hand, but with a very expressive gesture saying in excellent English, but with a strange intonation—

Wen me to my house I met freely at his own way. He made no motion of stopping to meet me, but stood like a statue, as though his gesture of welcome had fixed him into stone. The instant, however, that I had stepped over the threshold, he moved himself very forward, and looking well what I gave said to me with a strength which made me wonder a effect which was not lessened by the fact that it seemed as if cut as we move like the hand of a dead than a living man. Again he said—

Wen me to my house I met freely to safety and leave something of the happiness you bring. The strength of the handshake was so much and that which I had noticed in the driver whose face I had not seen, that for a moment I doubted if were not the same person to whom I was speaking, with the same, I said in interrogative.

Come, Dracula. He bowed in a courtly way as he replied.

I told Dracula and Paul my welcome. Mr. Harker to my house. Come on the night that is, and you may need to eat and rest. As he was speaking, he put the arm of a bracket on the wall, and stepping out took my bag, for he had carried it in before I could protest, but I protested, but he insisted—

Now, you are my guest. It is late, and my people are not available. Let me see how you can be moved. He insisted on carrying my trunk and my passage, and he took a great white dog and another great passage, in whose stone four out steps, at a gray. At the end of the house, upon a heavy door, and I seemed to see within a woman, in whose face was spread a vapor, and in whose mighty breath a great fire of life. I felt very nervous. I turned and I feared.

When I turned, putting down my bags closed, he put and, crossing the room, opened another door, which led to a small outbuilding at the end of the house, as if and seemingly without a window at all. Passing through this, he opened another door, and I mustered met. It was a very fine sight, for here was a great fire, and he lighted a lantern, and I walked with another light, and he added to his light, for the two lights were fresh, which was a fine sight, and the whole business. I felt very nervous, and returned, saying, and with down, saying, before he closed the door.

You will need after your journey, I thought, and I made you out to eat. I said, you will need to rest with. When you are ready, come to the other room, where you will find your supper prepared.

The light and warmth, and the comfort, and the way, and the seemed to have dissipated the cold and fear. Having her reached his normal state, I was very glad. I was a little flushed with anger, so making a hasty toilet, I went into the other room.

I found a supper ready, and a man. My host who stood on one side of the great fireplace, wearing a gray, he stood with a graceful wave of his hand to the table, and said—

I pray you, be seated, and I will bring you wine. You will find it very nice, but I do not know you, for I have not already, and I do not know.

I had said to him the same before, which Mr. Harker had said to me. He seemed to be a man of great strength, with a strong, and he had a great deal of strength, and the passage, but at least gave me a little of pleasure.

I am a sea fish dealer I have many fish & strange things which I have got & sell to my own sea & land keepers & only for the sake of those dear to me!

"My father was a very strong man. I have tested and know the last
twelve months of his life. He was the last one awake of his own accord.
When a man is very old, he is not the same as when he is young.
A man is a man, but he is not the same as when he is young. He is not the
same as when he is young. There was a part of the same old which was
written.

[illegible]

in the early 1840s to my great delight a vast number of English books which she had collected there and brought home - new magazines and newspapers. As far as the collection was concerned with English magazines and newspapers, though some of them were of very recent date, the books were of the most varied and - history geographically - particularly interesting kind - a geography, an account of England and Englishmen and customs and manners. There were also such works of reference as the London Directory, the first and second books Whitaker's Almanac, the Army and Navy Lists and a somewhat gaudily lettered but otherwise of the Law List.

When I was working at the bank, the bus stopped and the driver opened the door. He said, "Get a healthy way and a good rest. Then he went on."

[illegible]

share with it, exchange its death and all that makes it what it is. But alas, as yet I only know what to give, but not how to give. I am my friend. I look that I know it to speak.

But I can, I said, you know and speak English though I do. He bowed gravely.

I thank you, my friend, for your generous flattering estimate, but yet I fear that I am but a little way on the road I would have. I see I know the grammar and the words, but yet I know not how to speak them.

I feel, I said, you speak excellently.

Now, he answered, We all know that dull noses and weak brains are London, none there are who would not know me for a stranger. That is not enough for me. Here I am a noble, I am brave, the common people know me, and I am master. But a stranger in a strange land, he is, none know him nor do I know not so to state it. I am content if I can be the best, so that no man says if he sees me, or praise to his speaking if he hear my words. Ha ha, a stranger. I have been a long master, ha ha, I was the master still, or at least, but none of us could be master of me. You came to me, not alone as agent of my friend Peter Hawkins of Exeter, to tell me a—about my new estate in London. You stay, I must rest here with me awhile, so that I can talk to me as I wish, the English situation, and I would that you tell me what I think of it, even if he smokes to my speaking. I am sorry that I had to come away so long to-day, but you will know to give me who has so many important affairs in hand."

Of course I said all I could about being willing, and asked if I might come to his town when I chose. He answered, Yes certainly, and added—

You may go and where you wish in the estate, except where the lords are asked, where of course you will not wish to go. There is reason that all things are as they are, and if you see with my eyes and know with my knowledge, you would perhaps better understand it. I said I was sure of this, and then he went on.—

We are in Transylvania, and Transylvania is not England. Our ways are not your ways, and there shall be to you many strange things. Nay, from what you have told me of your experiences already, you know something of what strange things there may be.

His leisure much conversation, and it was evident that he wanted to talk to me for taking a side. I asked him many questions regarding things that had already happened to me, or come within my notice. Sometimes he shied off the subject, or turned the conversation by proceeding to tell me—of things, but generally he answered all I asked most frankly. Then as time went on, and I had got somewhat bolder, I asked him of some of the strange things of the preceding night, as for instance, why the coachman went to the place where he had seen the blue flames. He then explained to me that it was, on Monday, the day of a certain night of the year—last night, in fact, when a great storm is supposed to have broken away—a blue flame was seen over a place where there is a lake. I asked, that it was he has been here, he went to the lake, through which you have said there are no boats, and I doubt not it was the ground brought over for centuries by the Wends, the Saxons, and the Poles. Why there is hardly a boat of any kind, except a boat that has not been reached by the blood of men, patients of my agency. I

and lay here waiting for them when the Asakura and the Hōtōgawa came up in boats, and the parrots were the first to meet them. Then, and when the aged and the children came, and waited for coming to be taken above the passes that they might sweep down upon them with their attack as a surprise. When the roadster was once dead he found but the lot whatever there was had been stored in the friendly way.

But how, said I, and it have remained sitting and answered when there is a sure stake to follow? why but take the trouble to work. The Count smiled, and as his eyes ran back over his eyes the long sharp cutting teeth showed out straight. He answered:

"Because your peasants at heart are coward and a fool. Those flames only appear on one night and on that night no man of his and wife can be with him without his wife. And for that very thing he would not know what to do. Why even the peasants that you tell me of who marked the place of the battle would not know where to look it day after day for his own work. Even you would not I dare be sworn be able to find these places again."

I hear you are right. I said I know no more than the dead where even to look for them. Then we talked into other matters.

“Come,” he said, and sat beside me at the foot of the house which you have promised for me. With an apology for my reticence, I went on to discuss with him the great paper-stomach bug. Whilst I was talking there in the tent I heard a rattling of bones and axes in the next room, and as I passed through noticed that the table had been cleared, and the lamp lit, for it was by this time deep into the dark. The lamps were also lit in the study of the great, and I found he was lying on the sofa, reading of a thing or two, he wore an English Broadshaw’s Gaiter. When I came in he cleared the books and papers from the table, and with him I went into parva and decedate, I guess I am wits. He was interested in everything, and asked me a number of questions about the place and its surroundings. He clearly had studied before, for he could get on, he is not of the neighbourhood, for he evidently at he end knew very much more than I did. When I remarked this, he answered—

Well but my friend is not really that I should. When I go there I shall be at home at my friend Markers' and have my patch on me. I am into my country's habit of putting your patch on a tree. my friend Julian Markers will be in my side too. I'll be there. He will be in. I never comes away. probably working at papers of the law with my other friend, Peter Hawkins. So!"

We went through into the business of the purchase of the estate at Portree. When I had told him the facts and got his signature to the necessary papers and had written a letter with them ready to post to Mr. Hawkins, he began to ask me how I had come across to sustain a place. I read to him the lines which he had made at the time and which I describe here.

At Portleer, on a by road I came across a stone bridge as yet to be repaired, and where was displayed a placard notice that the place was for sale. It was a small one, a high wall of flint and stone built of heavy stones, and I ascertained before this a large number of years. The closed gates are of heavy oak and the entrance with rust.

The estate is called *La Casa del Padre* in a compromise of the old *Casa de Padre* as the house is surrounded, agreeing with the Catholicism, is of the

can say. It certainly is as some twenty acres (and is so) led by the wind-steeer was as we mentioned. There are two streams which make it a pleasant walk. There is a deep dark looking pool. Then a lake, even covered by some springs, as the water is clear and flows away into a fair sized stream. The house is very large and I am perfectly back. I should say to the lady and to the other party that the interior is thick with many a few windows high up and beams charred with fire. It looks like part of a keep and is more like a chapel or church. I could not enter it as I had not the key of the door leading out from the house. I have taken with me a book which I found in a room at the house. The house has been all the time by a very strange way and I can only guess at the amount of ground it covers, which is not very great. There are but few houses near at hand, the being a very large house of a more ancient age. As I felt and felt a little strange, I was not however, visible from the grounds.

When I had finished, he said—

I am glad that it is so and beg I myself am glad that you and some of the new house was for me. A house and other things to be a day and after a few days to make up a country. I know also that there is a paper of old times. We have a great number of them to think that our bones may be all right the other morning. I seek not glory nor wealth nor the bright sun, peace and my husband and a sparkling waters which please the young and gay. I am no longer young and my heart though weary years of mourning yet he had not a mind to marry. Moreover, he was of my caste and broken. The shadows are many and the wind breathes cold through the tower, hammer and as it is, I love the shade and the shadow and I would be alone with my thoughts when I may. So, how his words and this book did not seem to me of use it was that his castle, like those his mother took for a giant and saturnine.

I rose up with an excuse he left me asking me to put a few letters together. He was some time away and I began to look some of the ways around me. One way was a way which I had to go to the city at the end of the day had been much used. On looking at it I found in certain places the rings marked and on examining these I noticed that one was near the door of the castle, the other where there were always a statue. The other two were better and better. On the third way I went.

I was the better part of an hour when he came returned. After he said, at last on looking round. But you must not work always. Come. I am determined that your supper is ready. He took my arm and we went into the next room, where I found a few excellent vegetables on the table. The Countess then excused herself as he had done so that he being away from home. But the lady of the house was not at all pleased what I ate. After supper I walked as on the last evening and he came stayed with me, chatting and asking questions of every considerable subject, hour after hour. I felt that it was getting very late indeed, but I did not say anything for I felt under obligation to meet his host's wishes in every way. I was not sleepy as the night was very late, and I felt the night could not be pleasant, though I was much tired, yet I was at the house. The dawn which was in its way the end of the night. They say that people who are near death begin to see at the house of the dawn that he can of the night, as a new day when I tried to go and as I went to his post experience that I had given the atmosphere an even more. And once

we heard the crowd of a week coming in with protestations, the mess
for which he had the money and I did not know a thing about it. I had
said

Why there is he not singing again. How terrible and torturous stay up so long. You must make some concession. Regain your dear ones. Carry off a girl and use her as bait so that he is not frightened by what he sees. Is not with a girl but he is a sick man.

I went to the city with him and down the canyon but there was time to
notice the water level. The water at the bottom of the canyon was the
watering of a quaking day. So I joined the water again and have
written of this day.

4 Mr. I began to fear as I went in this bush that I was getting too
 close to the wall and that I was not doing it in the best way here is
 something so strange about his place and around that I cannot but feel
 that I wish I were safe at home but I had never one. It may be that
 his strange way of existence is wrong in the but when I think of the
 If there were any one to talk to I am sure that I but there is no one I have
 only the Country speak with and he is a that I am sure of he is a very
 man who is the place. Let me say again so far as I can be it will be the
 the best of the place and I am sure that I am not in the best of the
 best. Let me say at once how I stand in the secret.

I stayed up a few hours when I went out at evening but I could not keep any more going up. I had been sitting at my desk by the window and was watching the night slave. Suddenly I felt a hand on my shoulder and heard the faint voice saying to me, "Come, meeting." I started for it, amazed me that I had not seen him since the reflection of the glass covered the whole room before me. I started I had dreamed again, but I did not wake it at the moment. I came at once, but I was a slave. I rushed to the passage to see how I had been mistaken. I thought there would be no more, but that that was how it was, and I could see him over my shoulder. But there was no movement of him in the night. The whole room felt cold as he stayed, but there was no sign of a master. I excepted none. I was standing at the corner of the top of so many strange things was beginning to increase that again feeling. I was a slave which I always had when he was in the room. But at the night I saw that he was dead and a slave and he found was looking over my shoulder. I had found the same thing as I did so that I could not look for some sticking plaster. When the light saw his face he was a slave with a white of his mouth, but he was a slave and he was a slave and he was a slave. I drew away and he had to feel the weight of his hand which held the room. It was a slave and I started to change it. But he had passed I was a slave and I could hardly believe that it was ever there.

Take care," he said, "take care how you do yourself. It is more dangerous than ever to take the wrong way. Then seeing the shaving glass, he went on: "And this is the water bed thing he has been doing well. It is a fine handle of that variety. Know what it is and opening the heavy window where there were other windows, he found the thing on the glass which was that the water bed and the glass piece of the window. He was at the window. Then he went on with the water bed as ever and looking for the one see how I am to share. I was at the water bed of the bottom of the shaving glass, which is the water bed and the water bed.

When I went into the dining room breakfast was prepared, but I could not find the Count anywhere. So I breakfasted alone. It is strange that as yet I have not seen the Count eat or drink. He must be a very peculiar man. After breakfast I did a little exploring in the castle. I went out on the stairs and found a room looking towards the South. The view was magnificent and from where I stood there was every opportunity of seeing it. The castle is on the very edge of a terrible precipice. A stone falling from the window would fall a thousand feet without touching anything. As far as the eye can reach is a sea of green tree tops, with occasionally a deep rift where there is a chasm. Here and there are silver threads where the rivers wind in deep gorges through the forests.

But I am not in heart to describe beauty, for when I had seen the view I explored further—doors, doors, doors everywhere, and all locked and bolted. In no place save from the windows in the castle walls is there an available exit.

The castle is a veritable prison, and I am prisoner.

CHAPTER THREE

JONATHAN HARKER'S JOURNAL *continued*

When I found that I was a prisoner a sort of wild feeling came over me. I rushed up and down the stairs, trying every door and peering out of every window I could find, but after a little the conviction of my helplessness overpowered all other feelings. When I look back after a few hours I think I must have been mad for the time, for I behaved much as a rat does in a trap. When, however, the conviction had come to me that I was helpless I sat down quietly—as quietly as I have ever done anything in my life—and began to think over what was best to be done. I am thinking still and as yet have come to no definite conclusion. Of one thing only was I certain, that it is no use making my ideas known to the Count. He knows well that I am imprisoned, and as he has done it himself, and has doubtless his own motives for it, he would only deceive me if I trusted him fully with the facts. So far as I can see, my only plan will be to keep my knowledge and my fears to myself and my eyes open. I am, I know, either being deceived like a baby, by my own fears, or else I am in desperate straits, and if the latter be so, I need, and shall need, all my brains to get through.

I had hardly come to this conclusion when I heard the great door below shut, and knew that the Count had returned. He did not come at once to the library, so I went cautiously to my own room and found him making the bed. This was odd, but only confirmed what I had all along thought—that there were no servants in the house. When later I saw him through the chink of the hinges of the door laying the table in the dining room, I was assured of it. For if he does himself all these menial offices, surely it is proof that there is no one else to do them. This gave me a fright, for if there is no one else in the castle, it must have been the Count himself who was the driver of the coach that brought me here. This is a terrible thought. For if so, what does it mean that he could control the wolves, as he did, by only holding up his hand in silence? How was it that all the people at Bistritz and on the coach had some terrible fear for me? What meant

[illegible]

Although I have had a long talk with the Count, I asked him a few questions on Trinity at a history, and he warmed up to the subject with a relish. In his speaking of things and people, and especially of battles, he spoke as if he had been present at them. He is the courtier's exponent, saying that a hero he prefers to use a coward as his own model, but being very wrong, as that he takes his life. When ever he spoke of his horse or a way said, we had spoke at most. He is a talkative speaking, I wish, as put now, as he said, as he said it for to me it was my law, as I seemed to have it at a whole, as very for the country. He grew excited as he spoke, and walked down the room, passing back and forth, and saying, "I am going to do it with the best," as though he would do it, that I am sure of. One thing he said, which I should put down as near as I can, but it is a way he used of his race.

[illegible]

hearth the fire. We was the one to show me who at Vassy le crossed the Danube and beat the Turk on his own ground. This was a Dracula indeed. Who was that his own sword? I wonder when he had taken sword his people to the Turk and brought the state of slavery on them. Was not this Dracula indeed who captured the other Dracula who a year ago ago at Iagala brought his forces over the great river into Turkey and who when he was beaten back came again at Iagala and again though he had come after from the bloody field where his troops were being slaughtered since he knew that he were could not make a triumph. They said I am the thoughtless of himself. But what good are peasants without a master. Where ends the war without a leader and then to conquer. Again when after he had met Michael we threw off the Hungarian yoke we of the Dracula blood were at the head of the leaders but our spirit would not break. We were neither a young all the Szekelys and the Dracula as then hearts blood that they and their words can boast a record that no shadow grows like the Hapsburgs and the Romanoffs can ever reach. The war like this a never. Blood is too precious a thing in these days—no stable peace and the glories of the great races are as a tale that is told.

It was by this time in the morning and we were told. Now his dark seems horribly like the beginning of the Arabian Nights for everything has to break off at a shock and like the ghost of Harker's father.)

12 May.—Let me begin with facts—bare, meagre facts, verified by books at Iagala and which there can be no doubt I can not confuse them with experiences which will have a rest in my observation of my memory of them. Last evening when he came after from his room he began by asking me questions on legal matters and on the doing of certain kinds of business. I had spent the day wearily over books and scraps to keep my mind occupied, went over some of the matters I had been examined in at I—by me where was a certain method in the four languages so I shall try to put them down in sequence. The knowledge may somehow or sometime be useful to me.

First he asked if a man living at night have two women or more. I told him he might have a third if he were a lion. That would not be wise to have more than one who is engaged in the transaction, as every one could act at a time and that change would be fatal to the state against his interest. He seemed thoroughly to understand and went on to ask if there would be any practical difficulty in having a girl a carrier to carry to banking and another to look after carrying the use local help were needed in a place far from the home of the banking society. I asked him to explain more fully so that I might not by any chance misread him as he said.

I shall illustrate. Your friend and mine, Mr. Peter Hawkins, from under the shadow of your heart the career of a Exeter who is a Roman Londoner says to me through a ghost of good sense, place at the foot of the cross. Now here let me say thanks best so should look to charge that I have seen the services of one so far off from London and that of some one reside here that it is to be was that he took a fine estate right be served save it with him and none of a man residence enough perhaps have some purpose of himself to send to serve. I went to a friend—seeking

agent whose labours should be only to my interest. Now suppose I who have much of affairs with a ship goods say to New York or Durham or Harwich or Dover might it not be that I could with more ease be done by consigning to one in these ports? I answered that certainly it would be most easy but that we soon to it had a system of agency one for the other so that usual work could be done easily on instruction from any quarter so that the agent simply placing himself in the hands of one man could have his wishes carried out by him with no further trouble.

But said he I could be at liberty to direct myself. Is it not so?

Of course I replied and this I did one by men of business who do not like the whole of their affairs to be known by any one person.

Good he said and then went on to ask about the means of making consignments and the forms to be gone through and of all sorts of difficulties which might arise but by forethought could be guarded against. I explained all these things to him to the best of my ability and he certainly left me under the impression that he would have made a wonderful sou for I for there was nothing that he did not think of or foresee. For a man who was never in the country and who did not evidently do much in the way of business his knowledge and acumen were wonderful. When he had satisfied himself on these points of which he had spoken and I had verified all as well as I could by the books available he suddenly stood up and said—

Have you written since your last letter to our friend Mr. Peter Hawkins or to any other? It was with some bitterness in my heart that I answered that I had not that as yet I had not seen any opportunity of sending letters to anybody.

I then wrote now my young friend he said laying a heavy hand on my shoulder write to our friend and to any other and say if it will please you that you shall stay with me in a month from now.

Do you wish me to stay so long? I asked for my heart grew cold at the thought.

I desire it much nay I will take no refusal. When your master empowers what you will engaged that someone should come on his behalf. It was understood that my needs only were to be considered. I have not stinted. Is it not so?

What could I do but bow acceptance? It was Mr. Hawkins's interest not mine and I had to think of him not myself and besides when Count Dracula was speaking there was that in his eyes and in his bearing which made me remember that I was a prisoner and that if I wished I could have no choice. The Count saw his victory in my bow and his mastery in the trouble of my face for he began at once to use them but in his own smooth, resistless way:—

I pray you my good young friend that you will not follow me. I bring other than business my interests. It will doubtless please your friends to know that you are well and that you look forward to getting home to them. Is it not so? As he spoke he handed me three sheets of note paper and three envelopes. They were all of the thickest foreign paper and looking at them then at him at a moment his quiet smile with the sharp canine teeth lying over the red underlip but fiercer as we saw it he had spoken that I should be careful what I wrote for he would be careful to read it. So I determined to write only in a note now but to write fully to Mr. Hawkins in secret and also—Mr. Fortinbras I could write a short and I

which would puzzle the Count. The day after, when I had written my two letters I sat quiet, reading a book which he found with several notes referring as he wrote them to some books on his table. Then he took up my two and placed them with his own, and put by his writing material, and after which the instant he found had gone I betwixt them I leaned over and looked at the letters which were laid down on the table. I felt no compunction in doing so, for under the circumstances I felt that I should protect myself in every way I could.

One of the letters was directed to Samuel F. B. Merton, N. Y. The
Crescent. Within another to Herr Lieber, Vienna, the third was to
Cousin & Co. London, and the fourth to Messrs. Knopson & Brothers
barren, Ruda Pesth. The second and fourth were unsealed. I was just
about to look at them when I saw the clerk handle mine. I walked back to my
seat, having just had time to replace the letters as they had been and to
resume my book before the Court-house got another letter of his hand.
entered the room. He took up the letters on the table and stamped them
carefully, and then turning to me, said:

I trust you will forgive me, but I have much work to do, and I have this evening. You will, I hope, find all things as you wish. At the door he turned, and after a moment's pause said:

Let me advise you my dear young friends—let me warn you with all seriousness—that should you leave these rooms you would be guilty of charging to sleep many other parts of the castle. It is old and has many memories—and there are bad dreams for those who sleep away. Be warned! Should sleep now it ever overtake you, let me be the first to then haste to your own chamber or to these rooms. I am not test whether be safe. But if you be not careful in this respect, let me be the first to speed in a gruesome way. For he monitored with his watch as if he were watching the clock quite understood my only world was as to whether any dear young be more treacherous than the supernatural. For he put a gown and mystery which are bed closing at the end of the

A note: I ended the last words written, but this time there is no doubt as to my intention. I was not afraid to sleep in any place where he was. I have placed the crutch over the head of my bed, making sure that it is really but free from my reach, and here it stays today.

When he told me I went to my room. After a while he had heard of my
ward and I came out and went up the stairs on a walk. I could look out
towards the South. There was some sense of freedom, but the way expanse
of a cross-section. I thought it was the same as compared with the narrow, I knew of
the courtyard. Looking out of the door that I was under it, I saw a wall
seemed to want a breath of fresh air. I thought I were not he might I am
beginning to see that not to be existence is in the. It is best to give
nerve. I wait at my own shadow and I am not. I am sorry of her the
imagining. You know that there is a good for my letter. I have the
accused place. I looked out over the beautiful expanse, but he had not
yet seen it. I thought it was a good thing that I was at the best. The
extra. I was here. I had the shadow of a great age of
a very blackness. The more he seemed to cheer me, there was peace
and I had a breath of air. And I came from the window with my
eyes a light by something. I saw a great view of the world. I saw what I was
left where I was. I had the object of the world that he was now of
the. I was both. I was a good person. I was a good person. I was a good person.

face and deep stone imbedded—and though weatherworn, was not incomplete—but it was evidently many a day since he had been there. I drew back behind the stone work—and looked carefully out.

What I saw was the Count's head coming up from the window. I did not see the face—but I saw the man by the neck and the movement of his back and arms. In any case I could not mistake the hands which I had had so many opportunities of studying. I was at first interested and somewhat amused—for it was so test—how strange a matter was interest and amusement when he is a prisoner. But it is very feelings that get—repulsion and terror when I saw the whole man slowly emerge from the window and begin to crawl down the castle wall over that treacherous *face down* with his cloak spreading out around him like great wings. As to what I could not believe my eyes. I thought it was some trick of the moonlight, some weird effect of shadow—but I kept looking and it could be no delusion. I saw the fingers and toes grasp the corners of the stones, worn clear of the mortar by the stress of years, and by this grasping every projection and irregularity move downward with considerable speed—as a cat moves along a wall.

What manner of man is this—or what manner of creature is it in the semblance of man. I feel the dread of this horrible presence overpowering me. I am in fear—in awe—in fear—and there is no escape for me. I am encompassed about with terrors that I dare not think of.

14 May.—Once more have I seen the Counting—out in his state chamber. He moved downward in a sloping way, some hundred feet down, and a good deal to the left. He vanished into some hole or window. When his head had disappeared, I leaned out to try and see more—but without avail—the distance was too great to allow a proper angle of sight. I knew he had left the castle now, and thought to use the opportunity to explore more than I had dared to do before. I went back to the room, and taking a lamp tried the doors. They were all locked as I had expected, and the locks were comparatively new—but I went down the stone stairs to the hall where I had entered originally. I found I could pick the locks easily enough and unlock the great doors—but the door was locked, and the key was gone. That key must be in the Count's room. I must wait for it, and his door he must unlock, so that I may get a message. I went on to make a thorough examination of the various stairs and passages, and to try the doors that opened from them. One or two small rooms near the hall were open, but there was nothing to see in them except old furniture, dusty with age and moth eaten. At last, however, I found one door at the top of the stairway which, though it seemed to be locked, gave a little under pressure. I tried it harder, and found that it was not really locked, but that the resistance came from the fact that the hinges had fallen somewhat, and the heavy door rested on the floor. Here was an opportunity which I might not have again, so I exerted myself, and with a violent effort I pushed it back so that I could enter. I was now in a wing of the castle further to the right than the rooms I knew, and a story lower down. From the window I could see that the outer court was along the south of the castle, the windows of the end room looking on both west and south. On the latter side, as well as to the former, there was a great fireplace. The passage was built on the other of a great rock, so that on three sides it was quite impregnable. At a great window were placed there where strong iron bars could not reach—a lot of square iron rods and—so far as possible

to a position which had to be guarded, were secured. To the west was a great valley, and then rising far away great jagged mountain fastnesses, rising peak on peak, the sheer rock studded with mountain ash and 100 fern, whose roots clung in cracks and crevices and crannies of the stone. This was evidently the portion of the castle occupied by the ladies in bygone days, for the furniture had more air of comfort than any I had seen. The windows were curtainless, and the yellow moonlight flooded in through the diamond panes, enabled me to see even corners which had suffered the ravages of time and the moth. My lamp seemed to be of fine effect in the brilliant moonlight, but I was glad to have it with me, for there was a dread loneliness in the place which chilled my heart and made my nerves tremble. Still, it was better than lying alone in the room which I had come to hate from the presence of the Count, and after trying a time to shock my nerves, I found a soft quietude came over me. Here I am sitting at a little oak table where in old times possibly some fair lady sat to pen with much thought and many blushes her beautiful letter, and writing in my diary in shorthand all that has happened since I closed it last. It is nineteen centuries up to date with a vengeance. And yet, unless my senses deceive me, the old centuries had and have powers of their own which mere "modernity" cannot kill.

Later, the Morning of 26 May. I don't preserve my sanity, for to this I am reduced, safety and the assurance of safety are things of the past. What I live on here there is but one thing to hope for, that I may not go mad, if indeed I be not mad already. I am sane, that safety it is maddening to think that of all the four things that work in this hateful place the Count is the least dreadful to me. That to him alone I can look for safety, even though this be only a whilst I can serve his purpose. Great God, merciful God! Let me be a martyr for that way may madness proceed. I begin to get new light on certain things which have puzzled me. Up to now I never quite knew what Shakespeare meant when he made Hamlet say

"My tablets! quack my tablets!"
"Tis meet that I put it down," etc.

for now, feeling as though my own brain were withered or as if the shock had come which must end in its ending, I turn to my diary for repose, the habit of entering accurately must help to soothe me.

The Count's mystery is waiting to frighten me at the time, it frightens me more now when I think of it, for in fact he has a heart which opens on me. I shall fear to doubt what he may say.

When I had written in my diary and had fastened a key repaired the book and pen in my pocket I fell asleep. The Count's waiting came into my mind, but I took a pirasire to soothe my fit. The sense of sleep was upon me, and with it the obstinacy which sleep brings as a stranger. The soft moonlight soothed, and the wide expanse without gave a sense of freedom which refreshed me. I do not mind now to return tonight to the gloom that inured to my but my rep here, where of old ladies had sat and sung and lived sweet lives, where their gentle breasts were sad for their menfolk away in the midst of terrible ways. I drew a great couch out of its place near the corner, so that as I lay I could look at the lovely view to east and south, and a thinking of and unthinking for the first composed

myself for sleep. I suppose I must have fallen asleep. I hope so, but I fear for all that, for it would have startlingly revealed how strong here in the broad full moonlight of the mooning I was not in the least believe that it was all asleep.

I was not alone. The room was the same, unchanged in any way since I came thence. I could see along the floor, in the brilliant moonlight, my own footprints marked where I had disturbed the long accumulation of dust. In the moonlight opposite me were three young women, ladies by their dress and manner. I thought at the time that I must be dreaming when I saw them, for though the moonlight was behind them, they threw no shadow on the floor. They came close to me, and asked, at first for some time, and then whispered together. Two were dark, and had high, aquiline noses, the forehead, and great dark piercing eyes that seemed to be a most red when contrasted with the pale yellow moon. The other was fair, as fair as I have with great wavy masses of golden hair and eyes like pale sapphires. I seemed somehow to know her, and to know it in connection with some dreamy fear, but I could not recollect at the moment how or where. All three had big, oval white teeth that shone like pearls against the ruby of their voluptuous lips. There was something about them that made me uneasy, some thing and at the same time some deadly fear. I felt in my heart a wicked burning desire that they would kiss me with those red lips. It is not good to note this down, just to me, say it should meet Mr. X's eyes and cause her pain, but it is with truth. They whispered together a while, but they at last laughed, such a merry, merry laugh, not as hard as though the sound never could have come through the softness of human lips. It was like the musical tinkling sweetness of water glasses when played on by a cunning hand. The fair girl shook her head, spitefully, and the other two together then said:

Woman, You are first, and we shall know yours is the right to begin. The other added:

He is young and strong, there are kisses for us all. I say, get looking out under my eyelashes at an agony of longing anticipation. The fair girl advanced and bent over me. I could feel the movement of her breath upon me. Sweet, sweet, the sense honey-sweet, and sent the same tingling through the nerves as her voice. But with a better understanding the sweet, a better, other sweetness, as one who is in blood.

I was afraid to raise my eyelids, but looked out and saw perfectly under the lashes. The girl went on her knees and bent over me, kissing, kissing. There was a deliberate voluptuousness which was both thrilling and repulsive, and as she arched her neck she actually licked her lips like an animal. I could see it, he thought the most disgusting, as he parted lips and only the red tongue as it tapped the white sharp teeth. Lower and lower went her head as she went below the verge of my mouth and then, and seemed about to fasten on my throat. Then she passed, and I could hear her laughing well. But her tongue as it licked her teeth and then, and could feel the hot back of my neck. Then, her skin, I say, I that began to tingle as one's flesh does when the hand that is to take it approaches nearer, nearer. I could feel the soft shivering of the lips on the vapor sensitive skin of my throat, and the hair bristles. I saw sharp teeth just touching and passing there. I closed my eyes in a large, cold, icy way, and waited, waited with beating heart.

But at that instant another sensation swept through me as quick as

lightning I was conscious of the presence of the Count, and of his being as it happened in a storm of fury. As my eyes opened momentarily I saw his strong hand grasp the slender neck of the fair woman and with giant's power draw it back. He had eyes transformed with fury, the white teeth clashing with rage, and the fair cheeks blazing with passion. But the Count! Never did I imagine such wrath and fury, even to the demons of the pit. His eyes were positively blazing. The red light in them was as if the flames of hell fire blazed behind them. His face was deathly pale, and the lines of it were harsh and drawn, were his dark eyebrows that met over the nose now seemed like a braving bar of white-hot metal. With a fierce sweep of his arm he hurled the woman from him, and then motioned to the others, as though he were beating them back. It was the same imperious gesture that I had seen used to the wolves. In a voice which though low and almost in a whisper, seemed to cut through the air, and then rang round the room, he said—

How dare you touch him, any of you! How dare you cast eyes on him when I have forbidden it! Back! I tell you so! This man belongs to me! Beware how you meddle with him, or you will have to deal with me! The fair girl, with a laugh of ribald coquetry, turned to answer him.

You yourself never loved, you never love! On that the other women joined, and such a mirthless, hard, womanly laughter rang through the room, that it almost made me faint to hear. It seemed like the pleasure of fiends. Then the Count turned, after looking at his face attentively, and said in a soft whisper—

Yes, I too can love, you yourselves can tell of it in the past. Is it not so? Well, now I promise you that when I am done with him, you shall kiss him at your will. Now go, go! I must awaken him, for here is work to be done.

Are we to have nothing to-night? said one of them, with a low laugh, as she pointed to the bag which he had thrown upon the floor, and which moved as though there were some living thing within it. But answer he made not his head. One of the women, on perceiving that I opened my eyes, did not deceive me, there was a gasp, and a low wail, as of a faint and terrified child. The women rose round, which I was afraid with horror, but as I looked they disappeared, and with them the dread of the bag. There was no foot near him, and they could not have passed me without my noticing. They vainly seemed to lace up the tassels of the moonlight and pass it through the window, for I could see clearly the very shadow forms for a moment before they entirely faded away.

Then he bent over and me, and I sank down unconscious.

CHAPTER FOUR

JONATHAN HARKER'S JOURNAL— *continued*

I awoke in my own room. It is best that I should not recount the Count's new harp-carrion me here. I tried to satisfy myself on the subject, but could not arrive at any supposition or rest. To be sure, there were certain small evidences which say for it, but they were too remote and laid by in a manner which was not to my taste. My watch was very out of order, and I am guessing was so stained or wild if the last thing he did was to get up bed and make such

letary. But these things are no proof, for they may have been evidences that my mind was not as usual, and from some cause or another. I had certainly been much upset. I must watch for proof. Of one thing I am glad, it was that the Count did not notice me here, and addressed me. He must have been hurried in his task, for my pocket-keys were intact. I am sure his diary would have been a mystery to him, which he would not have known. He would have taken or destroyed it. As I look around this room, although it has been to me so full of fear, it is now a sort of sanctuary, for nothing can be more deadly than those awful women who were— who are— waiting to strike my hand!

14 May.— I have been down to look at that room again in daylight, for I must know the truth. When I got to the doorway at the top of the stairs I found it closed. It had been so firmly driven against the wall that part of the woodwork was splintered. I could see that the bolt of the lock had not been shot, but the door was fastened from the inside. I fear it was no dream, and must act on this surmise.

18 May.— I am sure that the Count has asked me in the truest tones to write three letters, one saying that my work here was nearly done, and that I should start for home within a few days, another that I was starting in the next morning from the time of the letter, and the third that I had left the castle and arrived at Bistritz. I would I could have relieved him of this in the present state of things, but it would be madness to quarrel openly with the Count, when I am so absolutely in his power, and to refuse would be to excite his suspicion and to arouse his anger. He knows that I know too much, and that I must either rest or be dangerous to him. My only chance is to prolong my opportunities. Something may occur which will give me a chance to escape. I saw in his eyes something of that gathering wrath which was manifest when he heard that fair woman flee from him. He expostulated with me that posts were few and uncertain, and that my writing now would ensure the ease of word to my friends, and he assented me with so much impressiveness that he would countermand the later letters, which would be he believed at Bistritz in due time to be— have you I admit not my prolonging my stay, that to oppose him would have been to create new suspicion. I therefore pretended to conform with his views, and asked him what dates I should put on the letters. He calculated a minute, and then said—

"The first should be June 2, the second June 19, and the third June 29."

I know now the span of my life. God bless me!

28 May.— There is a chance of escape, or at any rate of being able to send word home. A band of Sgats have come to the castle, and are camped in the courtyard. These Sgats are gypsies. I have notes of them in my book. They are peculiar to this section, and would though I said to the authorities, gypsies, they would say— There are no gypsies but I am in Hungary, and I am a gypsy, who are at once outside a law. They attack themselves as a race to some great nation, of which they are a part, themselves by name. They are fearless and without religion save superstition, and they look only to their own necessities of the moment.

I shall write word to my home, and shall try to get them to have them

posted. I have already spoken to them through my window to begin acquaintance. They took her hat off and made observance and many signs which, however, I could not understand any more than I could their spoken language.

I have written the letters. Moys is in short hand, and I simply ask Mr. Hawkins to communicate with her. To her I have explained my situation, but without the horrors which I may only surmise. It would shock and frighten her to death were I to expose my heart to her. Should the letters not carry them the Count shall not yet know my secret or the extent of my knowledge.

I have given the letters. I threw them through the bars of my window with a good piece, and made what signs I could to have them posted. The man who took them pressed them to his heart and bowed, and then put them in his cap. I could do no more. I stole back to the study, and I began to read. As the Count did not come in, I have written here.

The Count has come. He sat down beside me, and said in his smoothest voice as he opened two letters:—

The Szgany have given me these, of which, though I know not whence they come, I shall, of course, take care. See—the first has been looked at by the Countess, and to my friend Peter Hawkins, the other—the first, he caught sight of, he strange way, as he opened, he rose to go, and the dark look came to his face, and his eyes glazed wickedly—the other is a vile thing, an outrage upon their hospitality. It was not signed. Well, so it is, and of no matter to us. And he can be neither and envelope in the flame of the lamp, but they were consumed. Then he went on:—

The letter to Hawkins, that I shall, of course, send on immediately. Your letters are sent to me. You pardon my friend, but unknown to him, I did break the seal. Was your note over it again? He bowed at the other to me, and with a courteous bow handed it to a waiting-servant. I could only restrain it and hand it to him in silence. When he went out of the room I could hear the key turn softly. A minute later I went over and tried it, and the door was locked.

When an hour or two after the Count came quietly to the room, his coming awakened me, for I had gone to sleep on the sofa. He was very courteous and very cheery in his manner, and seeing that I had been sleeping, he said:—

So my friend, you are tired. Get to bed. There is the surest rest. I may not have the pleasure to ask tonight, since there are many weary come, but you will sleep, I pray. I passed to my room and went to bed, and struggle to say, slept without dreaming. Despair has its own arms.

31 May.—This morning when I woke I thought I would provide myself with some paper and envelopes, post one to my bag and keep the other in my pocket, so that I might write to you. I should get a opportunity, but again a surprise, again a shock.

Every scrap of paper was given up, and with it all my notes, my letters, and all my writing materials. I have my eyes steadily on fact, but might be useful to me were I once inside the castle. I sat and pondered awhile, and then some thought occurred to me, and I made search of my port-

manteau, and in the wardrobe where I had placed my clothes.

The suit in which I had travelled was gone, and also my overcoat and rug. I could find no trace of them anywhere. This looked like some new scheme of villainy.

17 June. This morning as I was sitting on the edge of my bed, musing my brains, I heard without a clacking of whips and prancing and scraping of horses' feet up the rocky path beyond the courtyard. With joy I hurried to the window, and saw drive into the yard two great leather-wagon-cabs, each drawn by eight sturdy horses, and at the head of each pair a Slovak, with his wide hat, great nap, studded belt, dirty sheepskin, and high boots. They had also their long staves in hand. I ran to the door, intending to descend and try and pass them through the main hall, as I thought that way might be opened for them. Again a shock: my door was fastened on the outside.

Then I ran to the window and cried to them. They looked up at me stupidly and pointed, but just then the head of the Szgany came out, and seeing them pointing to my window, said something at which they laughed. He went off, no effort of mine, no promises or agonised entreaties, would make them even look at me. They remotely turned away. The leather wagons contained great square boxes, with handles of thick rope: these were evidently empty, by the ease with which the Slovaks handled them, and by their remarking as they were roughly moved. When they were all unloaded and packed in a great heap in one corner of the yard, the Slovaks were given some money by the Szgany, and spitting on it for luck, lazily went each to his horse's head. Shortly afterwards I heard the clacking of their whips, far away in the distance.

24 June, before morning. Last night the Count left me early, and locked himself into his own room. As soon as I dared I ran up the winding stair, and looked out of the window, which opened south. I thought I would watch for the Count, for there is something going on. The Szgany are quartered somewhere in the castle and are doing work of some kind. I know it for now and then I hear a far-away rattling sound and muck and spade, and whatever it is, it must be the end of some ruthless villainy.

I had been at the window somewhat less than half an hour, when I saw something coming out of the Count's window. I drew back and watched carefully, and saw the whole man emerge. It was a new shock to me to find that he had on the suit of clothes which I had worn when I travelled here, and slung over his shoulder the terrible bag which I had seen the women take away. There could be no doubt as to his guilt, and in my garbure. This, then, is his new scheme of evil, that he will talk with her to see me, as they think so, that he may both leave evidence that I have been seen in the town or villages posting my own letters, and that any wickedness which he may do, shall by the local people be attributed to me.

It makes me rage to think that this can go on, and who I am that up here, a veritable prisoner, but without the protection of the law which is even a count's right and consolidation.

I thought I would watch for the Count's return, and for a long time sat doggedly at the window. Then I began to notice that there were some quivering specks floating in the rays of the moonlight. They were like

the morning as yet but at last they whined round and gathered in a variety of a nervous sort of way. I was held firm with a sense of something and a sort of calmness over me. I leaned back in the embrace in a more comfortable position so that I could grip more firmly the actual gathering.

Something made the staff up a row, precisely how long it longed where to be with the valley which was hidden from my sight. As if it seemed to ring in my ears and the floating masses of light to take new shapes to the sound as they danced in the moonlight. I felt myself struggling to awake to some end of my anxiety. My very soul was struggling and my half-remembered sensations were striving to answer the call. I was seeing things beyond and I knew at that moment, I knew, that the moon beams seemed to quiver as they went some into the mass of gathering and more they gathered. They seemed to take the phantom shapes. And then I started round awake and in my powers so that my sense of fear was brought to the place. The phantom shapes which were but strong gladness, flames raised from the heart and hearts were those of the bright, happy women to whom I was doomed. I tried and felt somewhat safer in my own room where there was no moonlight and where the lady was butting long ago.

When a complete hour had passed, I heard something sitting in the corner room, something like a shanty was quivering suppressed and then there was silence deep and silence which closed me. With a beating heart I tried the door but I was locked in my prison and could do nothing. I sat down and simply cried.

As I sat I heard a sound in the courtyard without. The light and the woman I rushed to the window and looking out I perceived that between the gates there indeed was a woman with a severe and hard-looking face, her hands over her heart as one distressed with crying. She was leaning against a corner of the gateway. When she saw my face at the window she threw herself forward and shouted in a voice laden with terror.

"Monster, give me my child!"

She threw herself on her knees and raising her hands I read the same words of cries which were as heart. Then she tore her hair and beat her breast and laboured me the best she could. She was so full of rage and emotion that she threw herself forward and though I could not see her I could hear the beating of her heart and hands against the door.

Somewhere in the overhead passages of the tower I heard the voice of the Count, saying in his harsh, metallic whisper. His cry seemed to be answered from far and wide by the howling of wolves. But in many minutes had passed a pack of their powers and a printing dawn which penetrated through the whole realm into the courtyard.

There was silence from the woman and the howling of the wolves was but a shout. But in long hours streaming away with a sickening thrum.

I could not put her off I knew now what had become of her and that she was better dead.

What shall I do what shall I do? How can I escape from this dread thing? I sigh and groan and fret.

23 / the morning. Now I know that he has collected from the night how sweet and how dear to his heart and how the morning will be. When the sun grew so high his feeling that it struck the top of the great

gateway opening my window—the high spot which it touched seemed to me as if the love for the work had gone there. My traitor from me as if it had been a vapor my garment which I saw red in the watchful I must take action if some went without the courage of the day upon me. Last night one of my post dated letters went to post the list of that last series which is to blot out the very traces of my existence from the earth.

Let me not think of it. Action!

It has always been at night-time that I have been threatened or threatened in some way a danger or to fear. I have not yet seen the Count in daylight and it be that he sleeps when others wake that he may be awake when they sleep. If I could my get into his room. But here is no possible way—the door is always locked the way for me.

Yes here is a way if I can dare to take it. Where my body has gone why may not at other times go. I have seen him missed from his window. Why should not I enter him and go in by his window. The chances are desperate but my need is more desperate still I dare risk it. At the worst it can only be death and a man's death is not a calamity and the dreaded Hereafter may still be open to me. God help me in my task. Good-bye Mina if I fail good-bye my faithful friend and second father good-bye all, and last of all Mina.

Same day later. I have made the effort and God helping me have come safely back to this room. I must put down every detail in order. I went where my courage was first straight to the window on the south side and at once got outside on the narrow ledge of stone which runs around the building on this side. The stones are big and rough with and the mortar has by process of time been washed away between them. I took off my boots and ventured out on the desperate way. I looked down once so as to make sure that a sudden glimpse of the awful depth would not overcome me. In rather that kept my eyes away from it. I knew pretty well the direction and distance of the Count's window and made for it as well as I could, having regard to the opportunities available. I did not feel dizzy. I suppose I was too excited and the time seemed not too short. I found myself standing on the window sill and trying to raise up the sash. I was tired with agitation however when I went down and slid feet to rest on it through the window. Then I looked around for the Count, but, with surprise and gladness made a discovery. The room was empty. It was fairly furnished with odd things which seemed to have never been used. The furniture was something like the style as that of the eighteenth century and was covered with dust. I looked for the key but it was not at the lock and I could not find it anywhere. The only thing I found was a great heap of gold in one corner—gold of all kinds—Roman and British and Arabian and Hungarian and Greek and Turkish money covered with a film of dust, as though it had lain long in the ground. None of it that I noticed was less than three hundred years old. There were also chains and ornaments some jeweled but all of them old and stained.

At one corner of the room was a heavy door. I tried it for since I could not find the key of the room or the key of the outer door which was the main object of my search. I must make further examination or at any events would be possible. It was open and led through a stone passage to a circular stairway which went steeply down. I descended, mind full of care. I was where I went for the stairs were dark being only lit by low holes in

the heavy masonry. At the bottom there was a dark tunnel like passage through which came a deathly sickly light, the color of old earth newly turned. As I went through the passage the stone grew closer and heavier. At last I pushed open a heavy door which stood ajar, and found myself in a round vaulted chapel which had evidently been used as a graveyard. The floor was broken, and in two places were steps leading to a vault, but the ground had recently been dug over, and the earth packed in great wooden boxes, manifestly those which had been brought by the Slovaks. There was nobody about, and I made search for any farther inlet, but there was none. Then I went over every inch of the ground, so as not to lose a chance. I went down even into the vault where the den might struggle, although to do so was a dread to my very soul. Into two of these I went, but saw nothing except fragments of old coffin and piles of dust. In the third, however, I made a discovery.

There, in one of the great boxes, of which there were fifty in all, on a pile of newly dug earth lay the Count. He was either dead or asleep. I could not say which, for the eyes were open and staring, but without the glassiness of death, and the cheeks had the warmth of life though a little then paler, the lips were as red as ever. But there was no sign of movement, no pulse, no breath, no beating of the heart. I bent over him, and tried to find any sign of life, but in vain. He could not have lain there long, for the earthy smell would have passed away in a few hours. By the side of the box was its cover, perforated with holes here and there. I thought he might have the key on him, but when I went to search I saw the dead eyes, and in them, dead though they were, such a look of hate though unknown to me of my presence, that I fled from the place, and leaving the Count's room by the window, I walked again up the castle way. Regarding my room, I threw myself panting upon the bed and tried to think.

29 June. — To-day is the date of my last letter, and the Count has taken steps to prove that it was genuine, for again I saw him leave the castle by the same window, and in my clothes. As he went down the wall-garden fashion, I wished I had a gun or some lethal weapon, that I might destroy him, but I fear that no weapon wrought alone by man's hand would have any effect on him. I dared not wait to see him return, but I feared to see those weird sisters. I came back to the library, and read there until I fell asleep.

I was awakened by the Count, who looked at me as grimly as a man can look as he said —

To-morrow, my friend, we must part. You return to your beautiful England, I to some work which may have a bad end, that we may never meet. Your letter home has been despatched; to-morrow I shall not be here, but shall be ready for your journey. In the morning come the Slovaks, who have some labours of their own here, and also come some Slovaks. When they have gone, my carriage shall come for you, and shall bear you to the Borgo Pass to meet the diligence from Buda to Buda. But I am in hopes that I shall see more of you at Castle Dracula. I suspected him, and determined to test his sincerity. Sincerity! It seems like a profanation of the word to write it in connection with such a monster, to ask I had almost said.

"Why may I not go to-night?"

"Because Great Sir, my coachman and horses are away on a mission."

"But I would walk with pleasure. I want to get away at once." He smiled with a soft smoothness which was strange that I knew there was some trick behind his smoothness. He said,—

"And your baggage?"

"I do not care about it. I can send for it some other time."

The Count stood up, and said, with a sweet courtesy which made me rub my eyes, it seemed so real—

"You might have a saying which has close to my heart for us part is that which comes at partings. When one is coming, speed the parting guest. Come with me, my dear young friend. No man here shall you wait in my house against your will, though sad am I at your going, and that you so suddenly desire it. Come." With a stately gravity, he, with the lamp, preceded me down the stairs and along the hall. Suddenly he stopped.

"Hark."

Close at hand came the howling of many wolves. It was a most awful sound, sprang up at the living of his hand, just as the music of a great orchestra seems to leap under the baton of the conductor. After a pause of a moment, he proceeded in his stately way to the door, drew back the ponderous bolts, unhooked the heavy chains, and began to draw it open.

To my intense astonishment I saw that it was unlocked. Suspiciously I looked at my hand, but I could see no key of any kind.

As the door began to open, the howling of the wolves without grew louder and angrier. Their red jaws with champing teeth, and their joint-curved feet as they leaped, came in through the opening door. I knew them, but to struggle at the moment against the Count was useless. With such armies as these at his command I could do nothing. But as the door continued slowly to open, and only the Count's body stood in the gap, suddenly it struck me, that this might be the moment and means of my doom. I was to be given to the wolves, and at my own invitation. There was a diabolical wickedness in the idea great enough for the Count, and at a last chance I cried out:

"Shut the door. I shall wait in my room," and covered my face with my hands to hide my tears of bitter disappointment. With one sweep of his powerful arm, the Count threw the door shut, and the great bolts clanged and rebounded through the hall as they shot back into their places.

In silence we returned to the library, and after a minute or so I went to my own room. The last I saw of Count Dracula was his kissing his hand to me, with a red light in the depths of his eyes, and with a smile, that Satan in hell might be proud of.

When I was in my room and about to lie down, I thought I heard a whispering at my door. I went to it, softly and listened. A shiver my ears deceived me. I heard the voice of the Count.

"Back, back to your own place. Your time is not yet come. Wait. Have patience. To-night is mine. To-morrow night is yours." There was a low, sweet ripple of laughter, and in a rage I threw open the door, and saw within the three terrible women, looking their ugly. As I appeared, they all joined in a horrible laugh, and ran away.

I came back to my room and I threw myself on my knees. It was then so near the end. To-morrow, to-morrow, Lord help me, and those to whom I am dear!

I June morning. These may be the last words I ever write in this diary. I slept in a schute in the lawn and when I woke threw myself on my knees and determined that I death and he should find me ready.

At last I felt that some change in the air and knew that the morning had come. Then came the workmen in a crowd and I felt that I was safe. With a glad heart I opened my door and ran down to the hall, I had seen that the door was unlocked and now escape was before me. With hands that trembled with eagerness I unlocked the chain and drew back the massive bolts.

But the door would not move. I sprang seized me. I pushed and pushed at the door and shook it as massive as it was it rattled but its casement I could see the bolt shot. It had been locked after I left the Count.

Then a wild desire took me to obtain that key at any risk and I determined then and there to scale the wall again and gain the Count's room. He might be gone but death now seemed the happier choice of evils. Without a pause I rushed up to the east window and sprang out down the wall as before into the Count's room. It was empty, but that was as I expected. I could not see a key anywhere but the hope of gold remained. I went through the door in the corner and down the winding stair and along the dark passage to the old chapel. I knew now well enough where to find the monster I sought.

The great box was in the same place close against the wall but the lid was shut and it not fastened down but with the nails ready in their places to be hammered home. I knew I must reach the body for the key so I raised the lid and laid it back against the wall and then I saw something which filled my very soul with horror. There lay the Count but looking as if his youth had been half renewed. For the white hair and moustache were changed to dark iron grey, the cheeks were flushed and the white skin seemed richly red beneath the mouth was red let it an ever before. His lips were gaily of fresh blood which trickled from the corners of the mouth and ran over the chin and neck. Even the deep, burning eyes seemed set amongst women's flesh for the lids and pouches underneath were beamed. It seemed as if the whole aspect of his features were impregnated with blood. He lay like a terrible man exhausted with his repose. I shouldered as I bent over to reach him and every sense of me revolted at the contact but I had a search of I was lost. The coming light might see my own body a hanging in a strait way as those he had there. I felt as ever the body but no sign could I find of the key. Then I stopped and looked at the Count. There was a mocking light in his beamed face which seemed to drive me mad. It was he being I was helping to transfer to London where perhaps for centuries to come he might amongst its feeding millions save himself for blood and create a new as I ever wrote a score of semi-devils to hatten on. He beckoned. The very thought drove me mad. A terrible desire impregnated with the word of evil a monster. There was no lethal weapon at hand but I seized a shovel which the workmen had been using to the cases and using it high struck with the edge down ward at the base of the face. But as I did so the head turned and the eyes fell upon me with a death gaze of hateful horror. The light seemed to pass over me and he moved under my hand and glared from the face horribly making a deep gash above the forehead. He shook free from my hand across the room and I as I passed I

away the charge of the horse caught the edge of the road which left her again alone. He hurried long from my sight. The heavy noise that was of the heaviest have found started and fixed with a gasp of horror which was I have heard its own in the better world here.

I thought and I thought what should be my next move and my brain seemed to fire and I waited with a despairing feeling growing over me. As I waited I heard in the distance a gipsy song sang by many voices coming closer and I thought then song being the heavy wheels and the cracking of whips the Negroes and the Negroes whom the Count had spoken were coming. With a last look around and at the lock which contained the key I ran from the place and gained the Count's room, dashed in, nestled, crashed out at the door, he had should be opened. With strained ears I listened and heard downwards he grunted and the key of the gate was and the falling back of the heavy door. There must have been some other means. I tried, or some one had a key for one of the locked doors. Then here came he and it many feet, clumping and diving away in some passage which sent me a gasping gasp. I turned and down again towards the vault where I might find the new entrance but at the moment there seemed to come a violent puff of wind and he down to the winding stair flew to with a shock that set he down from he enters crying. When I ran to push it open I found that it was hopelessly fast I was again a prisoner and the net of doom was closing round me more closely.

As I wrote here is in the passage now a sound of many clumping feet and the crash of weights being set down heavily doubtless the boxes with their freight of earth. There is a sound of hammering it is the box being nailed down. Now I can hear the heavy feet clumping again along the hall with many other who feet coming behind them.

The door is shut and the heavy door here is grunting at the key in the lock. I can hear the key with a clatter then a series of clumps and shoves. I hear the creaking of lock and bolt.

Back in the courtyard and down the rocky way the noise of heavy wheels, the crack of whips and the hurra of the Negroes as they pass into the distance.

I am alone in the castle with those awful women. Pugh. Mina is a woman and here is a night it is common. They are slaves of the Prince.

I shall not remain alone with them. I shall try to scale the castle wall rather than I have yet attempted. I shall take some of the gold with me lest I want it later. I may find a way from this dreadful place.

And her away but home away to the quietest and greatest town away from this cursed spot from this cursed land where the devil and his children still walk with earthly feet.

At least God's mercy is better than that of these monsters and the prison is steep and high. As it is that a man may sleep as a man. Good-bye, all Mina.

CHAPTER FIVE

LETTER FROM MISS MINA MURRAY TO
MISS LUCY WESTENRA

"My dearest Lucy,

"9 May

Forgive my long delay in writing, but I have been simply overwhelmed with work. The life of an assistant who-mistress is sometimes trying. I am longing to be with you, and by the sea, where we can talk together freely and band our riddles in the air. I have been working very hard lately, because I want to keep up with Jonathan's studies, and I have been practising shorthand very assiduously. When we are married I shall be able to be useful to Jonathan, and if I can stenograph well enough I can take down what he wants to say in this way and write it out for him on the typewriter, at which also I am practising very hard. He and I sometimes write letters in shorthand, and he is keeping a stenographic journal of his travels abroad. When I am with you I shall keep a diary in the same way. I don't mean one of those two pages to the week with Sunday squeezed in a corner diaries, but a sort of journal which I can write in whenever I feel inclined. I do not suppose there will be much of interest to other people, but it is not intended for them. I may show it to Jonathan some day if there is in it anything worth sharing, but it is really an exercise book. I shall try to do what I see lady journalists do, interviewing and writing descriptions and trying to remember conversations. I am told that, with a little practice, one can remember all that goes on or that one hears said during a day. However, we shall see. I will tell you of my little plans when we meet. I have just had a few hurried lines from Jonathan from Transylvania. He is well, and will be returning in about a week. I am longing to hear all his news. It must be so nice to see strange countries. I wonder if we, I mean Jonathan and I, shall ever see them together. There is the ten o'clock bell ringing. Good-bye.

"Your loving
"MINA

Tell me all the news when you write. You have not told me anything for a long time. I hear rumours, and especially of a tall, handsome curly-haired man.

J. S. M. J. W. S. P. N. A. T. O. M. S. E. R. I. E. S.

"My dearest Mima,—

"17, Chatham Street,
"Wednesday.

[illegible]

¹⁴Lucy

18. Describe the difference between a "strong" and a "weak" acid.

4. 2. 1 国际注册商标信息输入

"My dearest Mina,

"24 May

Thanks and thanks and thanks again for your sweet letter. It was so
 nice to be able to answer and to have your compliments.

[illegible]

Evening

Arthur has not gone and I find a better sport to have when I feel at all. I can go on telling you about the tax. We are my dear mother. I was caring after such. He is such a—well, I know an American from Texas, and he looks so young and so fresh that it seems almost impossible that he has been to so many places and has had such adventures. I sympathise with poor Desdemona when she had such a dangerous stream of jealousy, if her ear even by a black man. I suppose that we women are such cowards that we think a man will save us from death, and we marry him. I know now what I was. I did I wrote a man and wanted to make a girl love me. No! I don't. For there was Mr. Morris telling us his story, and Arthur never told any, and yet—My dear, I am somewhat jealous. Mr. Charles P. Morris told me some. It seems that a man always does find a girl, and he does not. For Arthur tried twice to make a partner, and he got tired and I could. I am not ashamed to say it now. I must tell you before hand that Mr. Morris does not always speak straight—that is to say, he never does so to strangers as before them. For he is really well educated and has exquisite manners—but he found out that it amused me to hear him talk American slang, and whenever I was present, and there was no one to be shocked, he said such funny things. I am afraid, my dear, he has to invent that for it fits exactly some, whatever else he has to say. But he is a wayward man, and I do not know myself if I shall ever speak straight. I do not know if Arthur takes it, as I have never heard him use any, as yet. Well—Mr. Morris sat down beside me and looked as happy as a boy as he could, but I could see all the same that he was very nervous. He took my hand in his, and said ever so sweetly:—

“Miss Lucy, I know I am not good enough to regenerate the lives of your countrymen, but I guess if you were—you find a man, but is you will give your them seven young women with the lamps when you get. Will you—will you pick up an engine of me and set us go down the long road together, driving in double harness?”

Well, he did look so good and so honest and so pure that it did not seem half so hard to refuse him and did poor Mr. Neward so I said as gently as I could, that I did not know anything of his being and that I was not broken to firmness at all yet, when he said that he had spoken in a light manner, and he hoped that it he had made a mistake in doing so, that he would give me a moment as an occasion for him. I was sitting very still. He really did look serious when he was saying it, and I could not help feeling a bit nervous too. I knew Miss Anne was looking at me a horrid face, though I could not help feeling a sort of exultation that he was making two of one day. And then, my dear, but we do not say a word he began pouring out a perfect torrent of love-making, saying his very best and most at my feet. He looked so earnest, over it that I shall never again think that a man will be playful at all, and never earnest, because he is merely at times. I suppose he saw something in my face which checked him, for he went to his seat, and sat with a sort of that nervousness that I could have loved him for if I had been free:—

“Lucy, you are at the next best girl I know. I don't not be here speaking to you as I am now. I don't not be here you create girl right through to the very depths of your soul. I am sure you are good to you to another, is there any one else that you care for? And if there is I never

it will be you, a hair's breadth again, but will be— if you will let me, a very faithful friend.

My dear Maud, why are men so noble when we women are so little worthy of them? Here was I a most making him, of this great-hearted true gentleman I burst into tears. I am afraid my tears you will think this a very slovenly letter in more ways than one—and I really felt very badly. Why can't they let a girl marry three men, or as many as want her, and save us this trouble? But this is heresy, and I must not say it. I am glad to say that though I was crying I was able to look into Mr. Morton's brave eyes and told him out straight:—

"Yes, there is some one I love, though he has not told me yet, but he ever loves me. I was right to speak to him so frankly, but quite a light came into his face, and he put on both his hands and took mine—I think I put them in his— and said in a hearty way:—

"That's my brave girl. It's better worth being late for a chance of seeing you than being in time for any other girl in the world. Don't cry, my dear, at a time when I am a hard nut to crack, and I am it warbling. If that other fellow doesn't know his happiness, well, he'd better look for it soon, or he'll have dear with me. I tell you your honesty and punch have made me a friend, and that's rarer than a rose. It's more unselfish anyhow. My dear, I'm going to have a pretty long walk between his and I. Good-night. Well, I'm going to give me one kiss, to be something to keep off the darkness now and then. You can't see how I like it, for that other good fellow—he must be a good fellow, my dear, and a fine fellow, or you could not love him. I haven't spoken yet. That's new to me. Maud, for it was brave and sweet of him, and more so, for it was a kiss. I was it—and he was sad, so I ran to him and kissed him. He stood up with my two hands in his, and as he looked down into my face—I am afraid I was blushing very much—he said:

"I love you. I don't put my hand, and you've kissed me, and these things don't make my friends nothing ever with. Thank you for your sweet honesty to me, a stupid boy. He was taking my hand, and taking it, his hand went straight out of the room without looking back, without a tear, or a quiver, or a pause, and I am crying like a baby. Oh, why must a man like that be made so happy when there are lots of girls about who would worship the very ground he trod on? I know I would, if I were free, so I don't want to be free. My dear, I'm quite queer now, and I feel I can't sit write of happiness—sit at once, after trying you out, and I don't wish to tell of the number. Three girls I can be as happy."

"Ever your loving

"LUCY

P.S. Oh, how could I forget three—I needn't tell you of number three, need I? Besides, it was a secret, it seemed in a moment from his coming in to be told to both his sisters were to find out, and he was kissing me. I am very, very happy, and I don't know what I have done to deserve it. I must stop, as this is the last time I write you that I am not going to be asked for a living witness to the use of my name, and I am ever such a husband, and such a friend.

"Good-bye."

DR SEWARD'S DIARY (kept in phonograph)

25 May — Ebb tide in appetite to-day. Cannot eat, cannot rest, so diary instead. Since my rebuff of yesterday I have a sort of empty feeling, nothing in the world seems of sufficient importance to be worth the doing. As I knew that the only cure for this sort of thing was work, I went down amongst the patients. I picked out one who has afforded me a study of much interest. He is so quaint that I am determined to understand him as well as I can. Today I seemed to get nearer than ever before to the heart of his mystery.

I questioned him more fully than I had ever done, with a view to making myself master of the facts of his hallucination. In my manner of doing it there was, I now see, something of cruelty. I seemed to wish to keep him to the point of his madness—a thing which I avoid with the patients as I would the mouth of hell.

(Mem. under what circumstances would I not avoid the pit of hell?) *Omnia Romæ venalia sunt*. Hell has its price. *verb sap*. If there be anything behind this instinct it will be valuable to trace it afterwards *accurately*, so I had better commence to do so, therefore.

R. M. Renfield, ætæ 54. Sanguine temperament, great physical strength, morbidly excitable, periods of gloom, ending in some fixed idea which I cannot make out. I presume that the sanguine temperament itself and the disturbing influence end in a mentally accomplished finish—a possibly dangerous man, probably dangerous if unselfish. In selfish men caution is as secure an armour for their foes as for themselves. What I think of on this point is, when self is the fixed point, the centripetal force is balanced with the centrifugal; when duty, a cause, etc., is the fixed point, the latter force is paramount, and only accident or a series of accidents can balance it.

LETTER FROM QUINEY P. MORRIS TO THE HONORABLE ARTHUR HOLMWOOD

"My dear Art,—

25 May

We've told yarns by the camp-fire in the prairies, and dressed one another's wounds after trying a landing at the Matquesas, and drunk healths on the shore of Tucaca. There are more yarns to be told, and other wounds to be healed, and another health to be drunk. Won't you let this be at my camp-fire to-morrow night? I have no hesitation in asking you, as I know a certain lady is engaged to a certain dinner party, and that you are free. There will only be one other, our old pal, at the Konea, Jack Seward. He's coming, too, and we both want to mingle our weeps over the wine-cup, and to drink a health with all our hearts to the happiest man in all the wide world, who has won the noblest heart that God has made and the best worth winning. We promise you a hearty welcome, and a loving greeting, and a health as true as your own right hand. We shall both sweat to leave you at home if you drink too deep to a certain pair of eyes. Come.

"Yours, as ever and always,

"QUINEY P. MORRIS

TELEGRAM FROM ARTHUR HOLMWOOD TO
QUINCEY P. MORRIS

24 May. I want the 10 every one. I hear messages which
will make both your ears tingle.

CHAPTER SIX

MINA MURRAY'S JOURNAL

24 July. Warm. Lucy met me at the station looking sweeter and
happier than ever, and we drove up to the house at her request, which
they have bought. This is a lovely place, the little river, the fish, and
though a deep valley, which the side is not as it comes near the house. A
great stand of trees grows with high pines, through which the sun seems
somewhat further away than it really is. The valley is fairly green,
a little steep, but when you are in the high and marshy side you will
right at once find grassy and meadowy. The houses of the
two towns, the side away from us, are a red tower and were built up
one over the other anyhow. In the valleys we see of Nantawing. Right
over the town is the city of Wharfedale, which was built in the plains,
and which has the same part of Marston, where the river was built in
the sea. I was a most curious thing, and when we were at the house, and
found in fact, there is a legend that a white lady, a queen, rose out of the
windows. Between it and the sea there is another town, the parish of
reins, which is a big green valley, and it is the same. This is a very old
the most good of Wharfedale, and it is right to see that the sea has a very
of the house at the end of the bay, where the head and great house was
built. The sea at low tide was very, very, the bay is that part
of the bay has taken away, and some of the great sea has been built
to the place part of the shore, but the great sea has been built, and the
same path was far below. There are many with many houses, the
through the bay has a great jumping and so, very, a big bay, and
at the sea, a view of the sea, the house, the house, and the sea
very close to me, and I was in the sea, the sea, the sea, and the sea
my back, and standing to the sea, the sea, the sea, and the sea
me. This was a very curious thing, and I was at the sea, the sea, the sea, and the sea.

The bay is a very curious thing, and I was at the sea, the sea, the sea, and the sea.
The bay is a very curious thing, and I was at the sea, the sea, the sea, and the sea.
The bay is a very curious thing, and I was at the sea, the sea, the sea, and the sea.
The bay is a very curious thing, and I was at the sea, the sea, the sea, and the sea.
The bay is a very curious thing, and I was at the sea, the sea, the sea, and the sea.
The bay is a very curious thing, and I was at the sea, the sea, the sea, and the sea.
The bay is a very curious thing, and I was at the sea, the sea, the sea, and the sea.
The bay is a very curious thing, and I was at the sea, the sea, the sea, and the sea.

I was at the high water, but when the tide was out, the sea was away, and
and there is more, the sea, the sea, the sea, the sea, the sea, the sea, the sea, the sea,
with the bay here, and there, the sea, the sea, the sea, the sea, the sea, the sea, the sea, the sea,
about half a mile, a great reef, the sea, the sea, the sea, the sea, the sea, the sea, the sea, the sea,
from the sea, the sea, the sea, the sea, the sea, the sea, the sea, the sea, the sea, the sea,
which has a great sea, the sea, the sea, the sea, the sea, the sea, the sea, the sea, the sea, the sea,
They have a great sea, the sea, the sea, the sea, the sea, the sea, the sea, the sea, the sea, the sea,
I must ask the sea, the sea, the sea, the sea, the sea, the sea, the sea, the sea, the sea, the sea,

He is a tall, good man. He is of the age of old. His face is all wrinkled and twisted like the bark of a tree. He is so old that he is nearly all blind, and that he was a sailor in his youth, and fishing there when Waterbury was bought. He is Irish and does very well as a watchman when I asked him about the boat at sea and the White Fox at the abbey he said very brusquely:—

[illegible]

He walked away and I could see him but as we could
down the steps. The steps were a great deal more than
the house up to the top of the hill and I think I
how many and they were in a line with the house
that a house could easily walk up and down here. I think they must
be a great deal of work to do with the stones. I shall go home now
I am with you as I go with my mother and father were in a day's work
and the day. This was the house by the

I began to enter my little abode with Lucy and we had a most
 interesting talk with my old friend and the two others who always come
 about the little house is the Neophyte of her and I should think
 may have been in his time at the same mission. He was not about
 anything at all we conversed as usual but I saw at once he has
 the same old ideas then sister Margaret and I well discuss it. It was
 looking sweet's pretty in her white gown that she has got a beautiful
 complexion she has been here I should say the old men and women
 that are doing good and saving souls here were we sat down. She is so sweet
 with a proper I think they are true love with her in the spirit I yet they
 are always with her and I should think they are all given me of their share
 my dear I got a very beautiful view of the city and a very wet I at once
 try a whole of service. I expect to return here it and put it down.

[illegible]

[illegible]

But to see from the contrast how well satisfied I am and he was in which he asked round for the approval of his stories. But it was showing off so I put in a word to keep him going.—

10. Mr. Soames says that the serious Saurys have not been any more all wrong.

Yaddis. There may be a Jewish Jew not wrong say it where they make in the people no good for him to be a Jew if they say how he like the sea it only be his own. For whose living he lives. Now look you here you come here a stranger and you see his kingdom. I needed to I thought it better to assert though I did not quite like it. What is direct I knew that some thing would do it. He went on. And you may see that these straits sea with look that trapped here stood any way. I asserted again. Then he says where the river comes in. Why there he gets rid of these his body that he took as one that a boat he was finding it. He thought he was in pain and they laughed. And my good how can they be otherwise. Look at that river almost at the City Bank reach it. I went over and said

Edward Swearingen never returns home. By 1845 all the coast of Andros is in the hands of the Americans. In 1846, when the American flag flies over the coast of Andros, the British flag flies over the coast of New Providence.

[illegible]

But I said, "You are not going to do it for you will — the way other than all the good people — the spirit we have at our heart — how can we help them? I have thought about it many times, but really necessary?"

We would care for you and your loved ones. Answer the call to us.

In these two relations, λ is given by

To please their relatives, you suppose. That he said with intense
 worry. How was it possible that he really didn't know that they would over-
 take him and that everybody in the place knew that they he knew. He
 pointed to a stone about four feet high and said, "This was a stone on which
 the seal was rested." He was at the edge of the rock. Read the poem in that
 third stanza," he said. The letters were "piled down" came from where I
 sat, but I was too far away to see them, so she bent over and read.

Sacred to the memory of George C. Ames, who died in the hope of a glorious resurrection on May 27, 1874 being born the 10th at Keene, N.H. This tomb was erected by his sorrowing mother to her dearly beloved son. He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. Rest, My Swallow, I don't see any thing very charming in that. She spoke her opinion very gravely and somewhat severely.

Ye don't see aught for 't. Ha! ha! But that's because ye don't gawin the sorrow. Mother was a hot cat that hated him because he was awkward—a regular answer he was—an he hated her so hot he committed a whole murder that she might get an it variable she put on his wife. He blew out the top of his head. Oh, that old market, ha! they had for wain the cross with a wain for cross then, but it brought the cross and the low price then that's he he let off the rucks. And with hopes of a glorious revelation. He after he—him say make that he hoped he'd go to bed for his mother was so poor that she'd be wife to go to heaven—an he don't want to go where she was. Now isn't that mean at any rate—he hammered it with his stick as he spoke—a pack of lies and won't make labour keckle when he told of lies part in it, the green with the torn coat, balanced on his hump, and asks it to be took as evidences!"

I had no idea what to say, but I just carried the conversation as she said, hung up —

the way did you tell me that. It is my favorite seat and I cannot leave it and now I'll have to sit on the ground over the grave of a saint.

That won't harm ye in y^e part. As it may make poor George good
some to have within a class. As in his ap. I have. I have. Why I've
sat here off at a cr. for nigh twenty years just as it has't done me no
harm. I do ye fast about them as new. Over ye. It that does. Is there
either. I be time have to be getting smart when ye see the con. Treat a
r. away with and be p. as safe as a stable for. I be time ask
an I must gang. My service to ye ladies. And I be time bid.

Lily and I saw where a lot of was a so-called white is that we took
hats as we sat and she told me a story again about Ash and a very
coming marriage. That made me just a little heart sick, for I haven't
heard from John hat for a while, either.

The same day I came up here alone. But I am very sad. The e-mail is
letter for me. I hope the day will be a strong beginning with a plan.
The clock has just struck one. I see the light is scattered across the snow.
Sometimes it is rows with the street and sometimes it is a line that runs
right up the Esk. I am away from the view of the valley. I am at the
viewpoint with a black and white photo of the scene. I am at the
sheep at 11:00. There is a line of the highway where the line and there is a
caterpillar to keep the sheep. He passed near the snow. He heard the first

is playing a harsh waltzing with me, and it is rather long he plays there on a Sasaban. Arty's meeting it a sack street. Neither of the birds hears the other, but I hear and see them both. I wonder where Jonathan is and if he is thinking of me. I wish he were here.

18 SEWARD'S DIARY

8/10/96. The case of Redhead grows more interesting the more I get to understand the man. He has certainly a very very large developed subconscious, secrets, and purpose. I wish I could get at what's behind the latter. He seems to have some well-defined scheme of his own, but what it is I do not know. His concealing quality is a love of a mystery, though indeed he has with him many things in it that I sometimes imagine he is only doing in a joke. I suspect it of all sorts. Just what does watching him do? He has at present with a quantity that I have had myself to export. I may have to meet him before he takes away to a lady, and expected him to say something simple, serious, and true. He thought for a moment and then said: "May I have three days? I shall wait her away. Of course I said that would do. I must watch him."

10/10/96. He has tried his mind now to capacity, and has got several very big fellows in a box. He keeps looking them with his face, and the number of the latter is becoming serious. He is doing a thing though he has used his best mind in watching to see flies from coming in to his room.

11/10/96. His code is now becoming as great a nuisance as his flies, and I told him that he must get rid of them. He looks very sad at this, and said that he must clear his house of them at all events. He cheerfully acquiesced in this, and I gave him the same time as before for reflection. He disgusted the much while with him. For when a horrid blow was dealt with some reaction food, buzzed to the door, he caught it, he bit it, exactly for a few moments between his finger and thumb, and before I knew what he was going to do, put it in his mouth and ate it. I wondered I might not, but he agreed to say that it was very good and very wholesome. It was the strange idea I gave him to do. This gave me an idea of the reaction of him. I must watch how he gets rid of his spiders. He has evidently some deep problem in his mind, for he keeps a tremendous war which he is always doing for something. When he judges I have tried with masses of flies, he gets a single one at his side, up it, but he is not let the totals added in, but he is as though he were the winged one as well as the spider, and is paid for it.

14/10/96. There is a method in his madness, and the notion of a plan is evidently growing. It will be a whole idea soon, and then, when it comes, execution will have to go the way to your consciousness. He is kept away from my tent for a few days, but I might notice if there were any change. I thought that as he was very quiet, but he has putter with some of his pets, and a few more. He has managed to get a sparrow, and has a ready path to him. I think means of taking is simple, but at least the sports have developed. I know that it is a however, and will feel that it is bringing the flies, and putting him with his food.

19 July We are progressing. My friend has now a whole colony of sparrows and his faces and spelters are almost obliterated. When I came in he ran to me and said he wanted to ask me a great favour—a very, very great favour—and as he spoke he twittered in me like a dog. I asked him what it was and he said with a sort of rapture in his voice and beating

A kitten—a nice little, sleek playful kitten that I can play with and teach and feed—and feed—and feed—and feed—I was not unprepared for this request for I had noticed how his pets went on increasing in size and vivacity—and I did not care that his pretty fancies of tame sparrows should be wiped out in the same manner as the flies and the spiders—well said I would see about it—and asked him if he would not rather have a cat than a kitten. His eagerness betrayed him as he answered—

Oh yes I would like a cat. I only asked for a kitten lest you should refuse me a cat. No one would refuse me a kitten would they—I shook my head and said that at present I feared it would not be possible but that I would see about it. His face fell and I could see a warning of danger that for there was a sudden fierce sidelong look which meant warning. The man is an undeveloped homo-sapiens mariae. I shall test him with his present craving and see how it will work out—then I shall know more.

21 p.m.—I have visited him again and found him sitting in a corner brooding. When I came in he threw himself on his knees before me and implored me to let him have a cat—his salvation depended upon it. I was firm however and told him that he could not have it whereupon he went without a word and sat down gnawing his fingers in the corner where I had found him. I shall see him in the morning early.

2 July—Visited Rentel very early before the alarm and went to his rounds. Found him up and humming a tune. He was spreading out his sugar which he had saved in the window and was manifestly beginning his tea catching again and beginning it cheerfully and with a good grace. I looked around for his birds and not seeing them asked him where they were. He replied without turning round that they had all flown away there were a few tea birds about the room and on his perch a drop of blood. I said nothing but went and called the keeper to report to me if there were anything odd about him during the day.

11 a.m.—The attendant has just been to me to say that Rentel has been very sick and has disgorged a whole lot of feathers. My friend is doctor—he said—that he has eaten his birds and that he "at took and ate them raw!"

11 p.m.—I gave Rentel a strong opiate to night enough to make even him sleep—and took away his pocket book to look at it. The thought that has been buzzing about my brain lately is complete—and the theory proved. My homo-sapiens mariae is a peculiar kind. I shall have to invent a new classification for him and call him a zoophagous vegetable mariae what he desires is to absorb all his life as he can and he has and himself out to achieve it in a cumulative way. He gave many to eat one spider and many spiders to one bird and then wanted a cat to eat the many—oh! What would have been his later steps. It would almost be worth while to

complete an experiment I thought he would find we were on a different cause. Men sneered at vivisection—and yet look at its results today. Why not advance science in its most difficult and vital aspect—the knowledge of the brain? Has I even the secret of the mechanism of a hand the key to the laws of every one's conduct? I might advance my own branch of science to a point un-reached with which I find in Satterthwaite's physiology of behavior's brain knowledge would be everything. If only there were a friend—some one who would not look on me as a fool of this or a madly-tempted a good cause might be—be wise with me, for may not I have at least an exceptional brain, congenitally?

How we often are transmuted! I am on a way to wither in my own scope. I wonder at how many ways he varies a man of that of you. He has found he cannot trust a statue—and today begins a new trial. How many of us begin a new world with each day's discoveries.

To me it seems only yesterday that my whole life ended with my new hope—and that then I began a new record. So it will be again. The Great Reformer visits me, and closes my inner gate as with a stone to profit or loss. Oh, I say, I say, I say, to be angry with you, mortal—I be angry with my friend whose full powers are only—but I must only wait in hopeless and work. Work! work!

If I have not have a strong cause as my work I shall find here—a good cause I shall use to make my work. That will do. The more the oppress.

MINA MURRAY'S JOURNAL

26 Feb.—I am alone now and it soothes me to express myself here. It is like whispering to one's self and listening at the same time. And there is also something about the shadowed vision which makes it different from writing. I am unhappy about Lucy and about Jonathan. I had not heard from Jonathan for some time and I was very concerned. But yesterday dear Mr. Hawkins who is always so kind sent me a letter. In it I had written asking him if he had heard and he explained how he had been received it is only a note dated from Calcutta and it says that he is just starting for home. That is not the consolation I thought I should find and it makes me uneasy. When too Lucy is so unhappy she is so well. Lucy has taken to her old habit of waking in the night. Her mother has spoken to me about it and we have decided that I am to look after her for a month every night. Mrs. Westcliff has a strange idea that sleep-walkers always go out in socks and shoes and along the edges of the road and then get very wet and wake up and talk over with a dog or a gipsy. That is how she has got the idea. But dear she is a naturalist and very about Lucy and she tells me that her husband, Lucy's father, had the same habit that he would get up in the night and dress himself and go out if he were not stopped. Lucy is to be married in the summer and she is a realy planning of her dresses and how her house is to be arranged. Lucy's pathos was her father's because only Jonathan and I were left. It is a very simple way and I shall have to try to make both eyes meet. Mr. Thompson—he is the Hon. Arthur Hamilton—is a son of Lord Wadsworth—is coming here very shortly. As soon as he can leave down his father is not very well. Oh, I think dear Lucy is counting the minutes till he comes. She wants to take him up to the seat on the Trenchard Road and show him the beauty of White. I daresay that the waiting which disturbs her she will be at night when he arrives.

2 July. No news from Dr. Harker. I am getting quite uneasy about him, though why I should I do not know, but I do wish that he would write. I have only a single line. Lucy walks more than ever, and each night I am awakened by her moving about the room. Fortunately, the weather is so hot that she cannot get cold, but still the anxiety and the perpetual being wakened is beginning to tell on me, and I am getting nervous and wakeful myself. A wretched gosh! Lucy herself keeps up. Mr. Harker would have been suddenly called to Rangoon to see his father, who has been taken seriously ill. Lucy fears a postponement of seeing him, but I do not touch her words; she is at the window, and her cheeks are a lovely rose-pink. She has lost that anxious look which she had. I pray it will stay.

3 August. Another week gone, and no news from Dr. Harker, not even to Mr. Harker, from whom I have heard. Oh, I do hope he is not ill. He surely would have written. I look at that last letter of his, but somehow it does not satisfy me. It does not read like him, and yet it is his writing. There is no mistake of that. Lucy has not wakened me for her sleep the last week, but there is that odd concentration about her which I do not understand, even in her sleep she seems to be watching me. She tries the door and finding it locked goes about the room searching for the key.

6 August. Another three days, and no news. This suspense is getting dreadful. If Lucy knew where to write to or where to go, I should be easier, but no one has heard a word of Jonathan since. His last letter I must only pray to God for patience. Lucy is more excitable than ever, but no other serious. Last night was very breezy, and the fishermen say that we are in for a storm. I must try to watch it and learn the weather signs. To-day is a grey day, and the wind is westerly, but not much wind. High over Kermadec everything is grey, except the green grass which seems like emerald among the grey earth and rocks, grey clouds edged with the white foam at the far ridge, hanging over the grey sea into which the sand pecks a wet black grey finger. The sea is stretching its wet the slowness and the sands lay with a soft motherly to the sea, a steady ring around. The horizon is lost in a grey mist. A vastness, the clouds are piled up like giant rocks, and there is a brown over the sea that seems like some presage of doom, dark grey areas of the beach here and there, sometimes half-shrouded by the mist, and seen, men like reefs walking. The fishing boats are coming for home, and so and so in the gull and swan as they sweep to the harbour, bending to the waves. Here comes out Mr. Swales. He is making straight for me, and I can see by the way he holds his hat that he wants to talk.

I have been quite told by the natives that the poor old man. When he sat down beside me, he said in a very gentle way:

I want to say something to you now. I could see he was not at ease, so I took his poor old wrinkled hand in mine and asked him to speak. I do so he said, leaving his hand in mine:

I'm afraid, my dear, that I must have shocked you by all the weird things I've been saying about the dead and such like for weeks past, but I don't mean them, and I want you to remember that when I'm gone, Mr. and Mrs. Harker shall be welcomed and welcomed. I am afraid the knock has not got together, but I think it will, and we don't want to feel worse than that.

why I've took to makin' light of it, so that I'd cheer up my own heart a bit. But, Lord, love ye, miss, I ain't afraid of dyin'—not a bit. Only I don't want to die if I can help it. My time must be nigh at hand now, for I be a— and a hundred years is too much for any man to expect, and I'm so nigh it that the Auld Man is already wher'in his scythe. Ye see, I can't get out o' the habit of catin' about it all alone; the chaffs will wag as they used to. Some day soon the Angel of Death will sound his trumpet for me. But don't ye dooa, an' greet my deary."—for he saw that I was cryin'— "I be shew'd come this very night, I'd not refuse to answer his call. For life be, after all, only a wa'ron for somethin' else than what we're doin', and death be all that we can rightly depend on. But I'm content, for it's comin' to me, my deary, and comin' quick. It may be comin' while we be lookin' and wanderin'. May be it's in that wind out over the sea that's bringin' with it loss and wreck, and sore distress, and sad hearts. Look, look!" he cried suddenly. "There's somethin' in that wind and in the hoast beyont' hat sounds, and looks, and tastes, and smells like death. It's in the air. I feel it comin'. Lord, make me answer cheertly when my call comes." He held up his arms devoutly and raised his hat. His mouth moved as though he were praying. After a few minutes' silence, he got up, shook hands with me, and kissed me, and said good-bye, and hobbled off. It all touched me, and upset me very much.

I was glad when the coastguard came along with his spyglass under his arm. He stopped to talk with me, as he always does, but all the time kept looking at a strange ship.

"I can't make her out," he said, "she's a Russian by the look of her, but she's knockin' about in the queerest way. She doesn't know her mind a bit; she seems to see the storm comin', but can't decide whether to run up north in the open, or to put in here. Look there again. She is steered mighty strangely, for she doesn't mind the hand on the wheel; changes about with every puff of wind. We'll hear more of her before this mornin' to-morrow."

CHAPTER SEVEN

CUTTINGS FROM "THE DAILY GRAPH"

(Posted in Miss Murray's Journal.)

From a Correspondent

Whitby, 8 August

One of the greatest and suddenest storms on record has just been experienced here, with results both strange and unique. The weather had been somewhat sultry, but not to any degree uncommon in the month of August. Saturday evening was as fine as was ever known, and the great body of holiday-makers laid out yesterday for visits to Mulgrave Woods, Robin Hood's Bay, Rig M.L., Runswick, Staithes, and the various trips in the neighbourhood of Whitby. The steamers *Enma* and *Scarborough* made trips up and down the coast, and there was an unusual amount of trip-

"The light both east and from Whidbey. The day was not so very clear. The
 atmosphere, where we were, the glass was about eighty. The East Coast Light
 buoy, and from that coming along the coast was the wide sweep of
 sea visible to the north, at least, and after some a vessel showed
 leaves, as though in the sky to the north-west. The wind was then blowing
 from the south-west in the first degree, which was sometimes a gale
 raised. No light breeze. The day and night at one rate
 bright and the old ship in which we were at a certain bay of
 watch on weather signs from the East. It happened in an emphatic
 manner the coming of a violent storm. The approach of a set was so
 very beautiful and grand. The aspect of splendidly colored clouds, that
 there was just an assemblage in the work along the light, the old
 chandelier to enjoy the sea. Before the sun appeared below the black
 mass of the darkness stretching away toward the western sky itself downward
 way was a kind of a grand, and every set about. The people
 picked up a set and all the things got with the and here masses
 not a great deal seen. The blackness of a world of shapes, as we
 colored as colossal white. The experience was not just in the sur-
 face, and of doubtless some of the sketches of the. Presence to the Great
 Storm was grace. The K. A. and K. L. was a May next. More than a
 month, that of the. Then and there had a come and a more
 as he felt in the different aspect was wonderful and the bath in
 the south had passed. The world was away every day. The eye of
 and at mid night there was a dead calm, a very heat and a prevailing
 in every which on the approach of the under a feet person of a sea
 name. There were but few lights in sight at sea. I even the existing
 steamers which usually bring the steam power kept we to seaward
 and but few fishing boats were in sight. The only sail noticeable was a
 large schooner with an sails set, which was seen going westward.
 The too harshness of the out of the. There was a pretty theme for
 comment which she retained in sight, and the lights were made to signa-
 her to render sail in face of her danger. Before the light started, she
 was seen with sails set, flying as the gently touched in the swell
 of the sea.

As often as a paired ship upon a paired ocean

Still, as before, ten o'clock the silence of the air grew more oppressive and the violence was so marked that the beating of a sheep's tail or the barking of a dog in the town was distinctly heard, and the fainter the port-waiter's eye's flash that way the more violent the greater the port-waiter's violence. At one o'clock midnight came a strange sound from over the sea, as if high over head the air began to carry a strange, faint, low booming.

When we were waiting for the first post hook. With a rapier which at the time served more like a sword, after a few minutes possible to raise it, he whose aspect is that of a fisherman, came out, and the waves rose in growing fury, each overtaking the other, and in a very few minutes the sea was like a boiling cauldron, the waves rising in a series of steep, white, foaming walls. At the first sight of this, the crew took to the pumps, and I with their spare oars in the hands of the light gun crew, went to the stern of the boat. When the waves

[illegible]

There was no sense in separating his sister as he chose to reappear on the radio heap. Every year, top artists was named and some of the top had their names listed by Billboard magazine. The very first of the stone music he had in the world, going to the top of the new as that day, by the very reason of the song, "I'm a little bit of a new one for you." Making it a hit, or he stayed, all were the same. I said, "I don't see the new way to be like the new ones that some of the top of the stones." It all seems to be the same, as they are, as they are, the whole thing, and that's the only way to be like the new ones that some of the top of the stones. It all seems to be the same, as they are, as they are, the whole thing, and that's the only way to be like the new ones that some of the top of the stones.

[illegible][illegible]

his own hands, fastening the knots with his teeth. The fact that a coast-guard was the first on board may save some complications in the Admiralty Court, but coast-guard is cannot claim the salvage which is the right of the first civil ship entering on a service. Already, however, the legal long-rears are wagging, and one young law student is boldly asserting that the rights of the owner are already completely sacrificed, his property being held in contravention of the statutes of the Admiralty, the latter as embezzlement of a not properly delegated possession is held to be a *delictum*. It is needless to say that the lead vessel in the harvee has been reverently removed from the place where he held his ground, he was hand and wristed to death, a headlaster was no less as that in the young Canadiana, and placed in the mortuary to await inquest.

At last the sudden storm is passing, and its fiercest is abating; crowds are scattering homeward, and the sky is beginning to redden over the Yorkshire wolds. I shall send a note for your next issue, but her details of the detestable ship which found her way so near a busy trading harbour in the storm.

Whitby, 9 August

The sequel to the strange arrival of the detestable ship last night is almost more startling than the foregoing. It turns out that the vessel is a Russian from Varna, and is called the *Demeter*. She is almost entirely a ballast of silver sand, with only a small amount of cargo—a number of great wooden boxes filled with mould. This cargo was consigned to a Whitby solicitor, Mr. S. F. Brington, of the Crescent, who has, notwithstanding what I have formally took possession of the goods consigned to him. The Russian consular agent, for the charter party took formal possession of the ship, and paid her harbour dues, etc. Nothing is talked about here to-day except the strange occurrence. The officials of the Board of Trade have been most exacting, seeing that every compliance has been made with existing regulations. As the matter is to be a fine days wonder, they are evidently determined that there shall be no cause of friction here. A good deal of interest was excited concerning the dog which landed when the ship struck, and more than a few of the members of the S. P. C. A., which is very strong in Whitby, have tried to obtain the animal. In the general misapprehension, however, it was not to be found, it seems to have disappeared entirely from the town. I may be that it was frightened and made its way to the rivers, where it is very likely to be better. There are some who look with dread on such a possibility, lest it should become a target for the eyes of only a few brute sailors, thus turning a large dog, a friend to man, into a thing to be feared. It may have been a case to fear, but was not dead, if it had been a case to fear, it would have been a case to fear. It had been fighting, and that testifies that it had a savage opponent, for it had way off away, and the way was not open, as it with a savage claw.

Later.—By the kindness of the Board of Trade inspector, I have been permitted to look over the log-book of the *Demeter*, which was in order up to within three days before she foundered. It is a most interesting text except in facts of missing gear. The greatest interest, however, is with regard to the

paper found in the bottle which was to-day produced at the inquest, and a more strange narrative than the two between them unfold it has not been my lot to come across. As there is no motive for concealment, I am permitted to use them, and accordingly send you a rescript simply omitting technical details of seamanship and supercargo. It almost seems as though the captain had been seized with some kind of mania before he had got well into blue water and that this had developed persistently throughout the voyage. Of course my statement must be taken *cum grano*, since I am writing from the dictation of a clerk of the Russian consul, who kindly translated for me time being short.

LOG OF THE "DEMETER" Varna to Whitby

Written 18 July, things so strange happening that I shall keep accurate note henceforth for we and

On 6 July we finished taking in cargo silver sand and boxes of earth. At noon set sail. East wind. Fresh Crew five hands two mates, cook, and myself (captain).

On 11 July at dawn entered Bosphorus. Boarded by Turkish Customs officers. Backsheesh. All correct. Under way at 4 p.m.

On 12 July through Dardanelles. More Customs officers and flagboat of guarding squadron. Backsheesh again. Work of officers thorough but quick. Want us off soon. At dark passed into Archipelago.

On 13 July passed Cape Matapan. Crew dissatisfied about something. Seemed scared, but would not speak out.

On 14 July was somewhat anxious about crew. Men all steady fellows, who sailed with me before. Mate could not make out what was wrong; they only told him there was *something* and crossed themselves. Mate lost temper with one of them that day and struck him. Expected fierce quarrel, but all was quiet.

On 16 July mate reported in the morning that one of crew, Petrofsky was missing. Could not account for it. Looked aboard watch eight bells last night. Was relieved by Abramoff but did not go to bunk. Men more downcast than ever. All said they expected something of the kind, but would not say more than there was *something* aboard. Mate getting very impatient with them, feared some trouble ahead.

On 17 July yesterday one of the men, Olgaren, came to my cabin and in an awestruck way confided to me that he thought there was a strange man aboard the ship. He said that in his watch he had been sheltering behind the deckhouse as there was a rain-storm, when he saw a tall thin man, who was not like any of the crew, come up the companionway and go along the deck forward and disappear. He followed cautiously but when he got to bows found no one and the hatchways were all closed. He was in a panic of superstitious fear and I am afraid the panic may spread. To allay it, I shall to-day search entire ship carefully from stern to stern.

Later in the day I got together the whole crew and told them, as they evidently thought there was some one in the ship, we would search from stem to stern. First mate angry, said it was folly, and to yield to such foolish ideas would demoralise the men. said he would engage to keep them out of trouble with a handspike. I let him take the helm, while the rest began thorough search, all keeping abreast with lanterns. we felt no corner unsearched. As there were only the big wooden boxes, there were no odd corners where a man could hide. Men much relieved when search over and went back to work cheerfully. First mate scowled, but said nothing.

22 July. Rough weather last three days, and all hands busy with sails—no time to be frightened. Men seem to have forgotten their dread. Mate cheerful again, and all on good terms. Praised men for work in bad weather. Passed Gibraltar and out through Straits. All well.

24 July.—There seems some doom over this ship. A ready hand short and entering on the Bay of Biscay with wind weather ahead, and yet last night another man lost—disappeared. Like the first, he came off his watch and was not seen again. Men all in a panic of fear, sent a round robin asking to have double watch, as they fear to be alone. Mate angry. Fear there will be some trouble, as either he or the men will do some violence.

28 July.—Four days in hell, knocking about in a sort of maelstrom, and the wind of a tempest. No sleep for any one. Men all worn out. Hardly know how to set a watch, since no one fit to go on. Second mate volunteered to steer and watch, and let men snatch a few hours' sleep. Wind abating, seas still terrific, but less than before, as ship is steadier.

29 July.—Another tragedy. Had single watch to-night, as crew too tired to double. When morning watch came on deck could find no one except steersman. Raised outcry, and all came on deck. Thorough search, but no one found. Are now without second mate, and crew in a panic. Mate and I agreed to go armed henceforth and wait for any sign of cause.

30 July.—Last night. Rejoiced we are nearing England. Weather fine, all sails set. Retired worn out, slept soundly, awakened by mate telling me that both man of watch and steersman missing. Only self and mate and two hands left to work ship.

1 August.—Two days of fog and not a sail sighted. Had hoped when in the English Channel to be able to signal for help or get in somewhere. Not having power to work sails, have to run before wind. Dare not lower, as could not raise them again. We seem to be drifting to some terrible doom. Mate now more demoralised than either of men. His stronger nature seems to have worked inwardly against himself. Men are beyond fear, working steadily and patiently, with minds made up to worst. They are Russian, the Roumanian.

2 August, midnight.—Woke up from few minutes' sleep by hearing a cry, seeming to outside my port. Could see nothing in fog. Rushed on deck, and ran against mate. He is the heard cry and ran, but no sign of

death with it. One morning our boat began to leak. Mate says we must be just
struck it, never saw a mother of log coming he saw North Pole and just
as he heard the thump it hit. If so we are now off the North Sea and
only God can give us as the log which seems to move with us and God
seems to have deserted us.

[illegible]

When I get to port Will that ever be

I have just been thinking about the case of a man who is known here as "the man who was killed" and who was killed in a house in the city of New York. I have just been thinking about the case of a man who is known here as "the man who was killed" and who was killed in a house in the city of New York. I have just been thinking about the case of a man who is known here as "the man who was killed" and who was killed in a house in the city of New York.

He—let—dare not touch—and then—come good wind or foul—I shall save my soul—and my honour as a captain—I am growing weaker—and the night is coming on. If He can look me in the face again—I may not have time to act. . . . If we are wrecked—mayhap this bottle may be found—and those who find it may understand it or not. . . . Well—then—men shall know that I have been true to my trust—God as I like the blessed Virgin—and the saints help a poor ignorant soul trying to do his duty.

Of course the verdict was an open one. There was evidence to adduce—and whether it was of the man himself—committed—he murders there is now none to say. The folk here hold a most universal belief that the captain is simply a hero—and he will be given a public funeral. Already it is arranged that his body will be taken with a raiment befitting of the rank for a piece and then brought back to Late His Pier and—up the abbey steps—for he is to be buried in the churchyard—in the cliff. The owners of more than a hundred boats have already given in their names as wishing to follow him to the grave.

No trace has ever been found of the great dog at which there is much mourning for will public opinion in its present state—be would I believe be adopted by the town. To-morrow we shall see the funeral—and so will end this one more "mystery of the sea."

MINA MURRAY'S JOURNAL

8 August. Lucy was very restless all night and I too—I could not sleep. The storm was fearful—and as it was the full moon among the dark clouds it made me shudder. When at last I put her to bed she seemed to be asleep and started again. Strange enough—Lucy—I did not wake—but she got up twice and dressed herself. Fortunately each time I awakened in time and managed to undress her without waking her—and got her back to bed. It is a very strange thing—Lucy sleeping waking for as soon as her will withstood in any physical way—her intention of doing so—be any of us present—and she wakes herself—and is exactly the same as if she were of her life.

9 August. In the morning we both got up and went down to the harbour to see if anything had happened all the night. There were very few people about although the sun was bright and the air clear and fresh—the big green breaking waves—had seemed to sink their sails because the foam that topped them was like snow. I tried to see very thoroughly the narrow mouth of the harbour—like a half-forgotten hanging—although a crowd. Somehow I felt glad that Jonathan was not at the sea last night—but on land. But oh—is he not a poor sea. Where is he anyhow—I am getting fearful—is anything about him? If Lucy knew what to do—any—could do anything.

10 August. The funeral of the poor sea captain to-day was most touching. Every boat in the harbour seemed to be there and the coffin was carried by captains all the way from Late His Pier up to the churchyard. I was rather with the ladies we went early to our old seat where the college of boys went up the river to the Viaduct and came down again. We had a lovely view—and saw the procession near by all the way. The poor fellow was laid to rest quite near our seat so that we stood on it when the time came and saw everything. Poor Lucy seemed much upset. She was

res less and uneasy all the time, and I cannot but think that her dreaming at night stems from her. She is quite odd in one thing, she will not admit to me that there is any cause for restlessness, or if there be, she does not understand it herself. There is an ash-tray on a cause in that poor old Mr. Swales was found dead this morning on our seat, his neck being broken. He had evidently, as the doctor said, fallen back in the sea in some sort of fright, for there was a look of fear and horror on his face. Has the men said made them shudder. Poor dear old man. Perhaps he had seen Death with his dying eyes. Lucy is so sweet and sensitive that she feels influences more acutely than other people do. Just now she was quite upset by a little thing which I did not much heed, though I am myself very fond of animals. One of the men who came up here often to look for the boats was followed by his dog. The dog is always with him. They are both quiet persons, and I never saw the man angry, nor heard the dog bark. During the service the dog would not come to its master, who was on the seat with us, but kept a few yards off, barking and howling. Its master spoke to it gently, and then harshly, and then angrily, but it would neither come nor cease to make a noise. It was in a sort of fury, with its eyes savage, and all its hairs rising out like a cat's tail when pass is on the war-path. Finally the man took it angrily, and jumped down and kicked the dog, and then took it by the wolf of the neck and half-dragged and half-threw it on the round stone on which the seat is fixed. The moment it touched, he stone the poor thing became quiet and fell into a tremor. It did not try to get away, but crunched down, quivering and cowering, and was in such a pitiable state of terror that I tried though in vain, to comfort it. Lucy was full of pity, but she did not attempt to touch the dog, but looked at it in an agonised sort of way. I greatly fear that she is too super-sensitive a nature to go through this world with her nerves. She will be dreaming of this to night, I am sure. The whole aggragation of things—the ship steering to port by a dead man, buoy at a table tied to the wheel with a coffin, and sea is the touching to a era. The dog now furious and now in terror—was an afford material for her dreams.

I think it will be best for her to get tired, not physically, but I shall take her for a long walk by the coast to Robin Hood's Bay and back. She ought not to have much inclination to keep waking then.

CHAPTER EIGHT

MINA MURRAY'S JOURNAL

Same day. 11 o'clock p.m. Oh, but I am tired! But were not that I had made my diary a long I should not open it to night. We had a lovely walk. Lucy, after a while, was in gay spirits, owing I think to some great crows who came flying towards us in a field close to the lighthouse, and frightened her way out of us. I believe we to go everything excepted of course personal fear, and I succeeded to wipe the sour clean and give us a fresh start. We had a capital severe tea at Robin Hood's Bay in a sweet little old-fashioned inn, with a bow window right over the seaweed-covered rocks of the strait. The rest we should have shocked the New Woman with our appetites. Men are more to be pitied than women. Then we

waked to me with some or rather many sleep pages to rest any with our
hearts for I am not at all tired of wood for I was easily tired and we
intended to sleep till bed as soon as we could. The young couple came
in however and Mrs. Weston asked him to stay for supper. Lucy and I
had both a fight to win with the boys' power. I know it was a hard fight on
my part at least for her on I think that some day he will persuade her
together and see a good breeding of a new class of rates who do take
a paper to matter how they are pressed and who will know when
they are tired. Lucy is sure at I was telling of this. She has to be on in
her books that is all and looks so sweet. If Mr. Weston would let
me live with her seeing her only in the drawing room. I wonder what he
would say if he saw her now. Some of the New Women writers were some
day start and idea that men and women should be allowed to see each other
asleep before proposing or accepting. But I suppose the New Woman
wants or intends at least to accept the way of the proposing herself.
And a fine old she will make of it. There's some consolation in that. I
am so happy to night but I feel as if I wish I was better. I think I wish she
has more the same and that we are very happy to do so with eating. I
should be so happy if I knew I could have a good time and keep
him.

[illegible]

[illegible][illegible]

there was a patch of water remaining from the storm. I daubed my feet with mud, using each foot in turn on the other, so that as we went home no one in case we should meet any one should notice my bare feet.

Fortune favoured us and we got home without meeting a soul. Once we saw a man who seemed not quite sober passing along a street in front of us, but we hid in a door till he had disappeared up an opening such as there are here steep little coves or windy, as they call them in Scotland. My heart beat so hard at the time that some times I thought I should faint. I was filled with anxiety about Lucy, not only for her health, lest she should suffer from the exposure, but for her reputation, in case the story should get wind. When we got in and had washed our feet and had said a prayer of thankfulness together, I tucked her into bed. Before falling asleep she asked, even implored, me not to say a word to any one, even her mother, about her sleep-walking adventure. I hesitated at first to promise, but on thinking of the state of her mother's health, and how the knowledge of such a thing would fret her, and thinking too of how such a story might become distorted, nay, it might be made up, in case it should leak out, I thought it wiser to do so. I hope I did right. I have locked the door, and the key is tied to my wrist, so perhaps I shall not be again disturbed. Lucy is sleeping soundly, the reflex of the dawn, which is clear over the sea.

Some day noon. A glorious well. Lucy slept till I woke her and seemed not to have even changed her side. The adventure of the night does not seem to have harmed her, on the contrary, it has benefited her, for she looks better this morning than she has done for weeks. I was sorry to notice that my clumsiness with the safety pin had hurt her. Indeed, it might have been serious, for the skin of her throat was pierced. I must have picked up a piece of horse skin and have transfixed it, for there are two fine red puncta like pin pricks, and on the hand of her right dress was a drop of blood. When I apologized and was concerned about it, she laughed and assured me, and said she did not even feel it. Fortunately it cannot leave a scar, as it is so tiny.

Some day night. We passed a happy day. The air was clear and the sun bright, and there was a cool breeze. We took out lunch to Muggase Woods. Mrs. Westcra, living by the road, and Lucy and I walking by the cliff path and joining her at the gate. I felt a little sad myself, for I could not but feel how *absolutely* happy it would have been had Jonathan been with me. But there, I must not be patient. In the evening we strolled in the Casino Terrace, and heard some good music by Spohr and Mackenzie, and went to bed early. Lucy seems *more* real, than she has been for some time, and fell asleep at once. I shall lock the door and secure the key the same as before, though I do not expect any trouble to-night.

12 August. My expectations were wrong, for twice during the night I was awakened by Lucy trying to get out. She seemed, even in her sleep, to be a discontented patient, a full-grown child who had been shut out, and when back to bed, let a sort of protest. I woke with the dawn, and heard the birds chirping outside of the window. Lucy woke too, and I was glad to see, was even better than on her previous morning. All her old gaiety of manner seemed to have come back, and she came and snuggled in beside me and told me

al about Arthur. I told her how anxious I was about Jonathan, and then she tried to comfort me. Well, she succeeded somewhat, for though sympathy can't alter facts, it can help to make them more bearable.

13 August. Another quiet day, and I tried with the key of my wrist as before. Again I awoke in the night, and found Lucy sitting up in bed, her eyes closed, leaning to the window. I got up quietly, and going aside the blind looked out. It was but an moonlight, and the soft effect of the light over the sea and sky merged together in one great silent mystery, was beautiful beyond words. Between me and the moonlight stood a great hat, coming and going in great whirling circles. There or was it came quite close, but was too quick to frighten at seeing me, and fled away across the battlement towards the abbey. When I came back from the window Lucy had lain down again, and was sleeping peacefully. She did not stir again all night.

14 August. On the last day of reading and writing about Lucy seems to have become as much at home with the spot as I am, and it is hard to get her away from it when it is time to go home for lunch or tea or dinner. This afternoon she made a funny remark. We were coming home for dinner, and had come to the top of the steps, when the West Pier and stopped to look at the view, as we generally do. The setting sun, low down in the sky, was just dropping behind Kneppiness, the red light was brown over on the bay, and the abbey, and seemed to bathe everything in a beautiful orange glow. We were silent for a while, and suddenly Lucy murmured as if to herself.—

“The red eyes again. They are not the same.” It was such an odd expression, coming upon me, and nothing had quite started me. I viewed round a little, as usual, Lucy was without seeming to stare at her, and saw that she was in a habit of easy state, with an odd look in her face that I could not quite make out, and said nothing, but followed her eyes. She appeared to be looking over at our own seat, where now was a dark figure seated alone. I was a little startled to see that it was not a woman, and the stranger had great eyes like a dog, but a second look I perceived he was not. The red sun, though, was sinking in the window of St. Mary's Chapel behind our seat, and as the sun did, just there was a still silent change in the reflection, and I reflected to make it appear as if the light in the bay had called Lucy's attention to the peculiar effect, and she became herself with a start, that she looked sad as he sat. It may have been that she was thinking of that terrible night up here. We never refer to it, so I said nothing, and we went home to dinner. Lucy had a headache and went early to bed. I saw her asleep, and went with a true story myself. I walked along the other side westward, and was not so sweet sad now, for I was thinking of Jonathan. When coming home, it was then bright moonlight, so bright that though the tent of our part of the crescent was in shadow, everything could be well seen. I threw a glance up at our window, and saw Lucy's head leaning out. I thought that perhaps she was looking out for me, so I opened my handkerchief and waved it. She did not notice, or make any movement whatever, but then the moonlight crept round an angle of the building, and the light fell on the window. There distinctly was Lucy with her head leaning against the side of the window, and her eyes shut. She was fast asleep, and as her seat was in

[illegible]

I did not wake her but I checked her and she is I have taken care that the door is locked and the window securely fastened.

She looks so sweet as she sleeps, but she is pale, thin, and when I look at her face, there is a sad, un-happy look under her eyes which tells me I fear she is suffering from something. I wish I could find out what it is.

4 August. Rose later told us that I was taking care and not sleeping as well as we had been used to. We had a happy surprise at breakfast. A little slacker waiter and waitress at a cafe across the way from the hotel told us another mother, a maid and secretary at one. Later in the day she came to see me. She is a girl, but I was as her very own. I told her the reason that she was in the country and she said her father was sweet to her. She could not come to see me because her father was not. She had told me and I was the previous secretary her father told her that with a few more but at last she told me that her father was weaker. At any time even now a slender shock would be a surprise to her. After we were wise to keep from her the affairs of the world and night of I was sleep-walking.

[illegible]

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
PATERNOSTER HOUSE, 25, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C. 4.
PATERNOSTER & CO., LTD.

"Dear Sirs,—

"17 August.

Herewith please receive invoice of goods sent by Great Northern Railway. Same are to be delivered at Cullax near Fleet, to arrive in receipt at goods station, Kings Cross. The house at present empty but will please find keys and instructions attached.

"You will please deposit the boxes, fifty in number, which form the consignment in the partially ruined building forming part of the house and marked A on rough diagram enclosed. Your agent will easily recognise the locality, as it is the ancient chapel of the mansion. The goods leave by the train at 9.30 to-night, and will be due at King's Cross at 4.30 to-morrow afternoon. As our client wishes the delivery made as soon as possible, we shall be obliged by your having team ready at King's Cross at the time named and forthwith conveying the goods to destination. In order to obviate any delays possible through any routine requirements as to payment in your departments, we enclose cheque herewith for ten pounds £10, receipt of which please acknowledge. Should the charge be less than this amount, you can return balance; if greater, we shall at once send cheque for difference on hearing from you. You are to leave the keys on coming away in the main hall of the house, where the proprietor may get them on his entering the house by means of his duplicate key."

"Pray do not take us as exceeding the bounds of business courtesy in pressing you in all ways to use the utmost expedition."

"We are, dear Sirs,

"Faithfully yours,

"SAMUEL F. BILLINGTON & SON."

LETTER FROM MESSRS. CARTER, PATERSON & CO.
LONDON TO MESSRS. SAMUEL F. BILLINGTON
& SON, WHITBY

"Dear Sirs,—

"21 August

"We beg to acknowledge £10 received and return cheque £1 17s. 9d. amount of overplus, as shown in receipted account herewith. Goods are delivered in exact accordance with instructions, and keys left in parcel in main hall, as directed."

"We are, dear Sirs,

"Yours respectfully

"PRO CARTER, PATERSON & CO."

MINA MURRAY'S JOURNAL

18 August.—I am happy to-day and write sitting on the seat in the churchyard. Lucy is ever so much better. Last night she slept well all night, and did not disturb me once. The roses seem coming back already to her cheeks, though she is still sadly pale and wan-looking. If she were in any way anaemic I could understand it, but she is not. She is in gay spirits and full of life and cheerfulness. All the morbid reticence seems to have passed from her, and she has just reminded me, as if I needed any reminding, of *that* night, and that it was here, on this very seat, I found her asleep. As she told me she tapped playfully with the heel of her boot on the stone slab and said—

"My poor little feet didn't make much noise then! I daresay old Mr. Swales would have told me that it was because I didn't want to wake up Georgie." As she was in such a communicative humour I asked her if she had dreamed at all that night. Before she answered, that sweet, puckered

look came in her forehead when Arthur— I catch in Arthur from her habit— says he loves, and indeed I don't wonder that he does. Then she went on in a kind of darning-kind of way, as if trying to recall it to herself—

I didn't quite dream, but it all seemed to be real. I only wanted to be here in this spot. I don't know why, but I was afraid of something—I don't know what I remember, though I suppose I was asleep, passing through the streets and over the bridge. A fish-shaped as I went by, and I leaned over to look at it, and I heard a sort of dogs howling—the whole town seemed as if it must be full of dogs all howling at once—as I went up the steps. Then I had a vague memory of something long and dark with red eyes, just as we saw in the sunset, and something very sweet and very bitter all around me at once, and then I seemed sinking into deep green water, and there was a singing in my ears, as I have heard there is in drowning men, and then everything seemed passing away from me—my will seemed to go out from my body, and float off at the air. I seem to remember that once the West Light became very bright under me, and then there was a sort of agonising feeling, as if I were in an earthquake, and I came back and found you shaking my body. I saw you did before I felt you.

Then she began to laugh. It seemed a little uncanny to me, and I listened to her breathlessly. I did not quite like it, and thought it better not to keep her mind on the subject, so we tilted on to other subjects, and Lucy was like her old self again. When we got home, the fresh breeze had braced her up, and her pale cheeks were really more rosy. Her mother looked when she saw her, and we all spent a very happy evening together.

19 August. I was very, very happy. A beautiful day. At last news of Jonathan. The dear fellow has been ill, that is why he did not write. I am not at all inclined to say it now that I know. Mr. Hawkins sent me in his letter, and wrote him most so kindly. I am to leave in the morning and go over to Jonathan, and to help to nurse him if necessary, and to bring him home. Mr. Hawkins says it would not be a bad thing if we were to be married out there. I have cried over the good sister's letter, and I can't let it wet against my bosom where I keep it. It is of Jonathan, and must be next my heart, for he is in my heart. My suitcase is all mapped out, and my baggage ready. I am only taking one change of dress. Lucy will bring my trunk, to hold on and keep it, and I send for it, for it may be that—I must write no more. I must keep it to say to Jonathan, my husband. The letter that he has seen and touched must comfort me till we meet.

LETTER FROM SIR RALPH KILMER TO MISS WILHEMINA MURRAY

"Dear Madam,—

"12 August.

I write by leave of Mr. Jonathan Barker, who is himself not strong enough to write, though progressing well, thanks to God and Mr. Joseph and Miss Mary. He has been under our care for nearly six weeks, suffering from a violent brain fever. He wishes me to convey his love, and to say that by this post I write for him to Mr. Peter Hawkins, Exeter, to say with his

due to respect that he is sorry for his delay, and that all of his work is completed. He will require some few weeks rest in our sanatorium if he has, but will then return. He wishes me to say that he has not sufficient money with him, and that he would like to pay for his staying here, so that others who need shall not be waiting for him.

Believe me.

young with scapulas and a few young

"SISTER AGATHA

P. S. — My patient being asleep, I get this to let you know something more. He has to find a way out and has no alternative but his wife. A. blessings to you both. He has had some fearful shocks — saw our doctor state that his delirium his ravings have been mad as a wolf and a person and heard of ghosts and demons and I fear to say of what. Be careful with him always that there may be nothing to excite him of this kind for a long time to come. The traces of such a illness as he does not lightly die away. We should have written long ago — but we knew nothing of his trials and here was in him nothing that anyone could understand. He came in the train from Krasvetburg and the guard was told by the station-master there that he rushed on the station shouting for a ticket for home. Seeing from his violent behaviour that he was English they gave him a ticket to the furthest station on the way thither but the train reached

Be assured that he is well cared for. He has won a heart by his sweetness and gentleness. He is really getting up well and I have no doubt that in a few weeks he will be dismissed. But he cannot not here for safety's sake. I have all I pray God and St. Joseph and St. Mary many many happy years for you both."

MR SEWARD'S DIARY

19 August - Strange and sudden change in Rennie this night. About eight o'clock he began to get excited and start around as a dog does when seeing. The attention was struck by his manner and knowing my interest in him encouraged him to talk. He was as respectful, attentive and attentive as ever, but tonight the man tells me he was quite haughty. Would not consent to talk with him at all. At the same time way.

It's time to take control. You are in control. The Master is a hand

The after-late looks it is some valiant lord of reigins that a which
has seized him. If so, we must look out for a strong man with
horizontal at. The gnomes that a our right be da ge ou. The combina-
tion is a dead one. A new clock I would have said. His at a de-
me was the same as that of the after-late in his volume set. The
little time between myself and the after-late seemed to be as nothing. It
looks like reigins that a and he will soon think that he is himself is God.
These infinite, nay, distinctions between man and man are too many for
an Omnipotent Being. How these mad men give themselves away. The
tea, I am taken heedest a sparrow too, but the God, I read, to p. man
saves us from the difference between an eagle and a sparrow. Oh, if men only
knew!

For half an hour or more Keelin kept getting excited to greater and greater degree. I did not pretend to be watching him, but I kept strict observation at the same. As at once that winter took care into his eyes

which we always see when a madman has seized an idea, and with it the steady movement of the head and back which assured a terrible power to know so well. He became quite quiet, and went and sat on the edge of his bed, legs spread, and looked me square with dark, steady eyes. I thought I would find out if his apathy were feigned or was assumed, and tried to lead him to talk of his pet, a horse which had never failed to excite his attention. At first he made no reply, but at length said testily:

"Better than a— I don't care a pin about them."

"What," I said, "you mean to tell me you don't care about spiders? Spiders at present are his hobby, and the roomwork is being up with corners of china figures. I wish he attended to his garden."

"The huge manders you see," he eyes that was the coming of the battle, but when he tried to speak, "For the manders show you the eyes that are filled."

He would not explain himself, but remained distantly seized for his bed all the time I remained with him.

I am weary tonight and low in spirits. I cannot but think of Lucy, and how different things might have been if I did not sleep at once. One of the modern Mophs—*—H. H. H.*—I must be careful not to let it grow into a habit. No, I shall take none to-night. I have thought of Lucy, and I shall not dishonour her by mixing the two. It need be so, no, I shall be sleepless.

Later.—As I made the tea, during which that I kept—*—* if I had lain tossing about, and had heard the clock strike six, when the watchman came to me, sent up from the watchman's box that Renfield had escaped. I threw up my clothes and ran down at once. My patient was so dangerous a person to be roaming about, those ideas of his might work out dangerously with strangers. The attendant was waiting for me. He said he had seen him not far from the garden, seen him vanish, but I knew when he had looked through the observation-trap in the door. His attention was called by the sound of the window being opened. He ran back and saw his feet disappear through the window, and had a messenger sent up for me. He was only in his night-gear, and could not be far off. The attendant thought it would be more useful to watch where he should go than to follow him, as he might lose sight of him when getting out of the building by the door. He is a heavy man, and could not get through the window. I am thin, so with head light, and feet feet feet, and as we were only a few feet about ground landed safely. The attendant told me the patient had gone to the left, and had taken a straight line, so I ran as quickly as I could. As I got through the belt of trees I saw a white figure scale the high wall which separates our grounds from those of the deserted house.

I ran back at once, told the watchman to get three or four men immediately and follow me into the grounds of Carfax, in case our friend might be dangerous. I got a ladder, and crossing the wall dropped down on the other side. I could see Renfield's figure, but disappearing behind the angle of the house, so I ran after him. On the far side of the house I found him pressed close against the outside, and looking down at the chape. He was talking apparently to some one, but I was afraid to go near enough to hear what he was saying, lest I might frighten him, and he should confess that having an errand, was in the house nothing but knowing a

naked lunatic, when the fit of escaping is upon him! After a few minutes, however, I could see that he did not take note of anything around him and so ventured to draw nearer to him—the more so as my men had now crossed the wall and were losing him in. I heard him say:—

"I am here to do Your bidding, Master. I am Your slave, and You will reward me for I shall be faithful. I have worshipped You long and afar off. Now that You are near I await Your commands and You will not pass me by, will You, dear Master, in Your distribution of good things?"

He is a selfish old beggar anyhow. He thinks of the leaves and fishes even when he believes he is in a Real Presence. His manias make a start at glib combination. When we closed in on him he fought like a tiger. He is immensely strong for he was more like a wild beast than a man. I never saw a lunatic in such a paroxysm of rage before and I hope I shall not again. It is a mercy that we have found out his strength and his danger in good time. With strength and determination like this he might have done wild work before he was caged. He is safe now at any rate. Jack Sheppard himself couldn't get free from the strait-waistcoat that keeps him restrained, and he's chained to the wall in the padded room. His cries are at times awful but the sences that follow are more deadly still for he means murder in every turn and movement.

Just now he spoke coherent words for the first time.

"I shall be patient, Master. It is coming—coming—coming!"

So I took the hint and came too. I was too excited to sleep but this diary has quieted me and I feel I shall get some sleep to-night.

CHAPTER NINE

LETTER FROM MARY HARKER TO LUCY WESTENRA

"My dearest Lucy,—

Buda-Pesth 24 August

I know you will be anxious to hear all that has happened since we parted at the railway station at Whitby. Well, my dear, I got to Hull all right, and caught the boat to Hamburg, and then the train on here. I feel that I can hardly recall anything of the journey except that I knew I was coming to Jonathan and that as I should have to do some nursing I had better get all the sleep I could. I found my dear one, oh so thin and pale and weak-looking. All the resolution has gone out of his dear eyes, and that quiet dignity which I told you was in his face has vanished. He is only a wreck of himself, and he does not remember anything that has happened to him for a long time past. At least, he wants me to believe so, and I shall never ask. He has had some terrible shock, and I fear it might tax his poor brain if he were to try to recall it. Sister Agatha, who is a good creature and a born nurse, tells me that he raved of dreadful things whilst he was off his head. I wanted her to tell me what they were but she would only cross herself, and say she would never tell that the ravings of the sick were the secrets of God, and that it a nurse through her vocation should hear them she should respect her trust. She is a sweet good soul and the next day when she saw I was troubled, she opened up the subject again.

and after saying that she would never mention what my poor dear raved about, added: "I can tell you this much, my dear, that it was not about anything which he has done wrong himself, and you, as his wife, to be have no cause to be concerned. He has not forgotten you, or what he owes to you. His fear was of great and terrible things, which no mortal can treat of. I do believe the dear son thought I might be jealous lest my poor dear should have fallen in love with any other girl. The idea of my being jealous about Jonathan? And yet, my dear, let me whisper, I feel a thrill of joy through me when I know that no other woman was a cause of trouble. I am now sitting by his bedside, where I can see his face while he sleeps. He is waking!"

When he woke he asked me for his coat, as he wanted to get something from the pocket. I asked Sister Agatha, and she brought all his things. I saw that amongst them was his note-book, and was going to ask him to let me look at it. For I knew then that I might find some clue to his trouble, but I suppose he must have seen my wish in my eyes, for he sent me over to the window, saying he wanted to be quiet alone for a moment. Then he called me back, and when I came he had his hand over the note-book, and he said to me very solemnly:—

"Wilhelmina—I know then that he was in deadly earnest, for he has never called me by that name since he asked me to marry him—you know dear, my dearest, the trust between husband and wife, there should be no secret, no concealment. I have had a great shock, and when I try to think of what I will see, my head spins round, and I do not know if it was all real or the dreaming of a madman. You know I have had brain fever, and that is to be mad. The secret is here, and I do not want it known. I want to take up my life here with my marriage. For my dear, we had decided to be married as soon as the formalities are complete. Are you waiting, Wilhelmina, to share my ignorance? Here is the book. Take it and keep it, read it if you wish, but never let me know, unless indeed some sudden duty should come upon me to go back to the bitter hours, asleep or awake, sane or mad, recorded here. He felt back exhausted, and I put the book under his pillow, and kissed him. I had asked Sister Agatha to beg the Superior to let our wedding be this afternoon, and am waiting her reply.

"She has come and told me that the chaplain of the English mission church has been sent for. We are to be married, dear heart, at a moment when Jonathan awakes.

"Lucy, the time has come at long last. I feel very solemn, but very, very happy. Jonathan woke at once after he heard, and was ready, and he sat up in bed, propped up with pillows. He answered his 'I will' firmly and strongly. I could have a speak, my heart was so full that even those words seemed to choke me. The dear sisters were so kind. Please God, I shall never, never forget them, nor the grave and sweet responsibilities I have taken upon me. In my return to my wedding present. When the chaplain and the sisters had left me alone with my husband, oh, Lucy, my dearest, I have written the words, my husband, I left me alone with my husband. I took the book from under his pillow, and wrapped it up in white paper, and tied it with a little bit of pale blue ribbon which was round its neck, and sealed it over the knot with sealing wax, and for my

seal & used my wedding ring. Then I kissed it and showed it to my husband and told him that I would keep it so and then it would be an outward and visible sign for us all our lives that we trusted each other that I would never open it unless it were for his own dear sake or for the sake of some stern duty. Then he took my hand in his, and oh, Lucy, it was the first time he took his wife's hand, and said it was the dearest thing in all the wide world and that he would go through all the past again to win it if need be. The poor dear meant to have said a part of the past but he cannot think of Lina yet and I shall not wonder if at first he mixes up not only the month, but the year.

Well, my dear, what could I say? I could only tell him that I was the happiest woman in all the wide world and that I had nothing to give him except myself, my life, and my trust, and that with these went my love and duty for all the days of my life. And, my dear, when he kissed me and drew me to him with his poor weak hands, it was like a very solemn pledge between us. . . .

Lina's dear, do you know why I tell you all this? It is not only because it is all sweet to me but because you have been and are very dear to me. It was my privilege to be your friend and guide when you came from the schoolroom to prepare for the world of life. I want you to see now and with the eyes of a very happy wife whether duty has led me so that in your own married life you too may be all happy as I am. My dear, please Almighty God, your life may be all it promises, a long day, it shall shine with no harsh wind, no forgetting duty, no distrust. I must not wish you no pain, for that can never be, but I do hope you will be *always* as happy as I am now. Good-bye, my dear. I shall post this at once, and perhaps write you very soon again. I must stop for Jonathan is waking. I must attend to my husband!

Your ever-loving
"MINA HARKER."

LETTER FROM LUCY WESTENRA TO MINA HARKER

My dearest Mina,—

Whitby, 30 August

Oceans of love and millions of kisses and may you soon be in your own home with your husband. I wish you would be coming home soon enough to stay with us here. The strong air would soon restore Jonathan. It has quite restored me. I have an appetite like a cormorant, am full of life and sleep well. You will be glad to know that I have quite given up walking in my sleep. I think I have not stirred out of my bed for a week, that is when I once got into it at night. Arthur says I am getting fat. By the way, I forgot to tell you that Arthur is here. We have such walks and drives, and rides and rowing and tennis and fishing together and I love him more than ever. He tells me that he loves me more but I doubt that for at first he told me that he couldn't love me more than he did then. But this is nonsense. There he is, talking to me. So no more just at present from your loving

LUCY

"P. S. — Mother sends her love. She seems better, poor dear.

"P. P. S. — We are to be married on 28 September.

DR. SEWARD'S DIARY

20 August. The case of Reith is by no means more interesting. He has now so far quieted that there are spaces of cessation from his passion. For the first week after his attack he was perpetually violent. Then one night, just as the moon rose, he grew quiet and kept murmuring to himself, "Now I eat what I can want." The attendants came to see me, so I ran down a once to have a look at him. He was in the straw waistcoat and in the padded room. His eyes were now had gone from his face and his eyes had something of their old pleading. I thought almost saying something soothing. I was satisfied with his present condition and directed him to be relieved. The attendants hesitated, but finally carried out my wishes without protest. It was a strange thing that the patient had had an attack enough to see their distrust for a long time to me, he said in a whisper all the while looking furtively at them.

"They think I don't hurt you, fancy me hating you. The fools!"

I was wondering somehow to the feelings of this madly dissociated even in the mind. This poor madman. In the others but a the same I don't follow his thought. As I to take it that I have anything in common with him so that we are as it were to stand together. It may be a gain from the same good will, perhaps that my way being is needed to him. I must find that later on. To-night he would speak. Even the offer of a kitten or even a tiny grown cat would not attract him. He would say, "I don't take any stock in cats. I have no use to him or now and I eat what I can want."

After a while I left him. The attendants tell me that he was quiet until just before dawn, and that then he began to get uneasy and at length violent, until at last he fell into a paroxysm which exhausted him so that he swooned into a sort of coma.

Three nights the same thing happened. A violent attack then quiet from noon to six to seven. I wish I could get someone to the cause. It would appear so as if there was some thing in the which came and went. Happy thought. We shall tonight play some way against mad ones. He escapes before without our help, tonight he shall escape with it. We shall give him a chance and have the men ready to follow in case they are required.

21 August. The unexpected always happens. How well Dr. Seward knew the Cause when he left the cage open would not only seal our whole arrangements were for tonight. At any rate we have proved one thing that he speaks of it with a reasonable time. We shall find that he be able to escape hands for a few hours each day. I have given orders in the night attendants there is something in the padded room when he is quiet to let him out before sunrise. The poor soul who will enjoy the relief of this in his mind and appearance. Hark! The unexpected again. I am called. The patient has once more escaped.

Later. Another night adventure. Reith had again wanted and the attendants were coming he was to inspect. Then he dashed out past them and flew down the passage. I sent word for the sergeant to follow. Again he went to the gate outside of the deserted house and went back to the same place pressed against the old trap door. When he saw me he

became furious and had not the attendants seized him in time he would have tried to kill me. As we were holding him a strange thing happened. He suddenly redoubled his efforts, and then as suddenly grew calm. I looked round instinctively but could see nothing. Then I caught the patient's eye and followed it but could trace nothing as it looked into the moonlit sky except a big bat which was flapping its silent and ghostly way to the west. But its usual wheel and flit about. But this one seemed to go straight on as if it knew where it was bound for or had some intent on of its own. The patient grew calmer every instant and presently said:

"You needn't tie me. I shall go quietly." Without trouble we came back to the house. I feel there is something ominous in his calm, and shall not forget this night.

LUCY WESTENRA'S DIARY

Hulingham 24 August. I must imitate Mina, and keep writing things down. Then we can have long talks when we do meet. I wonder when it will be. I wish she were with me again for I feel so unhappy. Last night I seemed to be dreaming again just as I was at Whitby. Perhaps it is the change of air, or getting home again. It is all dark and horrid to me for I can remember nothing but I am full of vague fear, and I feel so weak and worn out. When Arthur came to lunch he looked quite grieved when he saw me, and I hadn't the spirit to try to be cheerful. I wonder if I could sleep in mother's room to-night. I shall make an excuse and try.

25 August. Another bad night. Mother did not seem to take to my proposal. She seems not too well herself, and doubtless she fears to worry me. I tried to keep awake and succeeded for a while but when the clock struck twelve it waked me from a doze, so I must have been falling asleep. There was a sort of scratching or flapping at the window but I did not mind it and as I remember no more I suppose I must then have fallen asleep. More bad dreams. I wish I could remember them. This morning I am horribly weak. My face is ghastly pale, and my throat pains me. I must be something wrong with my lungs, for I don't seem ever to get air enough. I shall try to cheer up when Arthur comes, or else I know he will be miserable to see me so.

LETTER FROM ARTHUR HOLMWOOD TO DR SEWARD

"My dear Jack,—

"Albemarle Hotel, 31 August

I want you to do me a favour. Lucy is ill—that is, she has no special disease but she looks awful and is getting worse every day. I have asked her if there is any cause. I do not dare to ask her mother for to disturb the poor lady's mind about her daughter in her present state of health would be fatal. Mrs. Westenra has confided to me that her doom is spoken—disease of the heart—though poor Lucy does not know it yet. I am sure that there is something preying on my dear girl's mind. I am almost distracted when I think of her, to look at her gives me a pang. I told her I should ask you to see her, and though she demurred at first—I know why old fellow—she finally consented. It will be a painful task for you, I know, old friend, but it is for her sake, and I must not hesitate to ask of you to act

You are to come to lunch at Hillingham to-morrow, two o'clock, so as not to arouse any suspicion in Mrs. Westendra, and after lunch Lucy will take an opportunity of being alone with you. I shall come in for tea, and we can go away together. I am filled with anxiety, and want to consult with you alone as soon as I can after you have seen her. Do not fail.

"ARTHUR."

THE BRAM ARTHUR HOLMWOOD TO DR. SEWARD

1 September. Am summoned to see my father, who is worse. Am writing Wyndham by to-night's post to King. Wire me if necessary."

LETTER FROM DR. SEWARD TO ARTHUR HOLMWOOD

"My dear old fellow,—

"2 September

"With regard to Miss Westendra's health I hasten to let you know at once that in my opinion there is not any functional disturbance, or any malady that I know of. At the same time I am not by any means satisfied with her appearance; she is woefully different from what she was when I saw her last. Of course you must bear in mind that I did not have the opportunity of examination such as I should wish; our very friendship makes a little diffidence which not even medical science or custom can bridge over. I had better tell you exactly what happened, leaving you to draw in a measure your own conclusions. I shall then say what I have done and propose doing.

I found Miss Westendra in serene good spirits. Her mother was present, and in a few seconds I made up my mind that she was trying as she knew to mislead her mother and prevent her from being anxious. I have no doubt she guesses, if she does not know, what need of caution there is. We talked alone, and as we conversed ourselves we cheerfully forgot, as some kind of reward for our labours, some real cheerfulness amongst us. Then Mrs. Westendra went to bed, and Lucy was left with me. We went into her chamber, and as we got there her gaiety remained for the servants were coming and going. As soon as the door was closed, however, the mask fell from her face, and she sat down to rest with a great sigh, and hid her eyes with her hands. When I saw that her high spirits had failed, I at once took advantage of her reaction to make a diagnosis. She said to me very sweetly:

"I cannot tell you how I loathe talking about myself. I reminded her that a doctor's confidence was sacred, but that you were grievously anxious about her. She caught on to my meaning at once, and settled that matter in a word. "Tell Arthur everything you choose. I do not care for myself, but for him. So I am quite free."

I could easily see that she was somewhat nervous, but I could not see the usual anæmic signs, and by a chance I was not aware of the quality of her blood, for in opening a window which was stiff and gave way, and she cut her hands slightly with broken glass. It was a slight matter, itself, but it gave me an excellent chance, and I secured a few drops of the blood and have analysed them. The qualitative analysis gives a quite normal

condition and shows I should infer in myself a vigorous state of health. In other physical matters I was quite satisfied that there is no need for anxiety. But as there must be a cause somewhere, I have come to the conclusion that it must be something mental. She complains of difficulty in breathing suddenly at times and of heavy, lethargic sleep, with dreams that frighten her, but regarding which she can remember nothing. She says that as a child she used to walk in her sleep and that when in Whitby the habits are back and that once she walked out in the night and went to East Cliff where Miss Murray found her, but she assures me that of late the habit has not returned. I am in doubt and so have done the best thing I know of. I have written to my old friend and master, Professor Van Helsing, of Amsterdam, who knows as much about obscure diseases as any one in the world. I have asked him to come over, and as you told me that all things were to be at your charge, I have mentioned to him who you are and your relations to Miss Westenra. This, my dear fellow, is in obedience to your wishes, for I am only too proud and happy to do anything I can for her. Van Helsing would, I know, do anything for me for a personal reason, so, no matter on what ground he comes, we must accept his wishes. He is a seemingly arbitrary man, but this because he knows what he is talking about better than any one else. He is a physiologist and a metaphysician, and one of the most advanced scientists of his day, and he has, I believe, an absolute open mind. This, with an iron nerve, a temper of the ice-brook, an indomitable resolution, self-command, and toleration exalted from virtues to messings, and the kindest and truest heart that beats—these form his equipment for the noble work that he is doing for mankind—work both in theory and practice, for his views are as wide as his sympathising sympathy. I tell you these facts that you may know why I have such confidence in him. I have asked him to come at once. I shall see Miss Westenra to-morrow again. She is to meet me at the Stores, so that I may not alarm her mother by too early a repetition of my call.

"Yours always,
JOHN SEWARD."

LETTER FROM ABRAHAM VAN HELSING, M.D., D.D.,
D.LIT., ETC., ETC., TO DR. SEWARD

"My good Friend,—

"2 September

When I have received your letter I am really coming to you. By good fortune I can leave just a minute without wronging any of those who have trusted me. Were fortune other, then it were bad for those who have trusted, for I come to my friend when he calls me to aid those he holds dear. Tell your friend that when he calls me you suck from my wound so swiftly the poison of the gangrene, torn that while that our other friend too nervous to sleep, you did more for him when he wants my aid, and you call for them, and his great fortune could do. But his pleasure added to do for him your friend, as you have, I come. Have he, not for me at the Great Eastern Hotel, so that I may be near to him, and please it so and together we may see the evening light, not later, to-morrow, for it is

And that I may have to return here that night. But if not I shall come again in three days and I stay lodged in a host. I return again by my friend John.

"VAN HELSING"

115 100 90 80 70 60 50 40 30 20 10 0

"My dear Art,—

"3 September

[illegible]

We also brought Lucy was not cheerful. Later in the day I met her and again I looked after her. She had just washed up of the glassy pink that we spent you and her breathing was fine. She was very sweet to the policeman, as we always are and tried to make him feel at ease. Though I could see for the poor kid was taking a hard smack but I believe Van Helsing saw it too. At I saw the quick look on his bushy brows that I knew told. Then he began to chat of all things except mine sex and diseases and with his hand to his finger as if he would see how I was getting on. I am afraid of the kids too. They are wild and very noisy.

[illegible]

raises it then. So my dear, we will send him away to smoke the cigarette in the garden with you and I have little talk at 10 o'clock. I took the fruit and stirred some and I propose in the afternoon to come to the window and called me in. He looked grave but said, 'I have made careful examination but there is no rational cause. Well, you I agree that there has been much blood lost but is not. But he could do as other people now is a matter. I have asked her to send me her maid that I may ask just one or two questions that so I may not chance to miss nothing. I know well what she will say. And yet there is cause there is always cause for everything. I must go to work here and think. You must send me the telegram every day and if there be cause I shall come again. The disease is not to be allowed to cease interest me and the sweet young dear she interest me too. She harms me and for her if not for you or disease I come.'

As I tell you he will not say a word more even when we were alone. And so now, Art, you know as I know, I shall keep very watch. I trust your position is satisfactory. It may be a terrible thing to you my dear old fellow to be placed in such a position between two people who are both so dear to you. I know your deep anxiety to see her and you are right to stick to it but if it is the last service you wish to come at once to me so it is not to be over anxious unless you hear from me.

DR. SEWARD'S DIARY

4 September.—Irophagous patient still keeps up our interest in him. He had no convulsion at all and that was yesterday at an unusual time. Just before the stroke of noon he began to grow restless. The attendant knew the symptoms and at once summoned aid. Fortunately the men came at a run and were just in time for at the stroke of noon he became so violent that it took a rather strong hold him. In about five minutes however he began to get more and more quiet and finally sank into a sort of moribundity in which state he has remained up to now. The attendant tells me that his screams whilst in the paroxysm were really appalling. I found my hands full when I got in attending to some of the other patients who were frightened by him. Indeed I can quite understand the effect for the woman I just attended even me though I was some distance away. It is now after the dinner hour of the asylum and as yet my patient sits in a corner brooding with a dull, vacant expression upon his face which seems rather to indicate than to show something directly. I cannot quite understand it.

Later.—Another change in my patient. A five o'clock I looked in on him and found him seemingly as happy and contented as he used to be. He was eating his food and eating them and I was keeping note of his capricious making marks on the edge of the door between the ridges of padding. When he saw me he came over and apologized for his bad conduct and I asked him in a very humble and going way to send back to his own room and to have his room back again. I thought it well to humor him so he shut his door with the window open. He has the sugar of his tea spread out on the window sill and is reaping quite a harvest of flies. He is not now eating them but putting them in a box as he did and is already examining the contents of his box and finding a spider. I tried to get him to talk about the past few days for any clue to his thoughts would be of immense help to me. At the moment however for an instant or two he

was very sad as— and in a sort of far away voice as though saying it rather to himself than to me—

"Ever closer. He has deserted me. No hope for me now except to hurt myself." Then suddenly turning to me in a friendly way he said:

"Buter woult u be very good to me and let me have a little more sugar. I think it would be good for me."

"And the flies?" I said.

"Yes. The flies like a fly, and I like the flies, therefore I like it. And there are people who know well the art to keep that malice from rising. I procured him a double supply, and left him as happy a man as I suppose any in the world. I wish I could follow his lead."

At length— Another change in him. I had been to see Miss Wessentra whom I found much better, and had just returned and was standing at my window looking at the sunset when once more I heard him saying: "As he is now on this side of the house I cannot hear it better than in the morning. It was a shock to me to turn from the wonderful beauty of a sunset over London with its— and lights and dark shadows. For the native to a man is that come in level, smooth even as in lead water, and to receive at the great sternness of my own cold stone building with its wealth of breaking misery, and my own desolate heart to receive it all. I tracked him just as he was going down, and from his window saw the red sunset. As it sank he became less and less trembled, and— as I stepped he said from the hardly that held him, an inert mass on the floor. It is wonderful, however, what intellectual recuperative power a man has. For within a few minutes he stood up quite calmly and looked around him. I signalled to the attendants not to head him, for I was anxious to see what he would do. He went straight over to the window and brushed out the crumbs of sugar, then he took his fly-bok, and emptied it inside, and threw away the box, then he shut the window and— lying over— sat down on his bed. All this surprised me, so I asked him: "Are you not going to keep flies any more?"

"No," said he. "I am sick of it, I have decided. He certainly is a wonderfully interesting study. I wish I could get some glimpse of his mind, and the cause of his sudden passion. No, there may be a little after all, if we can find why to-day his paroxysms came on at high noon and at sunset. Can it be that there is a magnetic influence of the sun at periods which affects certain natures— as it does the moon does others. We shall see."

LETTER FROM NEWARK, NEW JERSEY, TO VAN DER SINGE
AMSTERDAM

4 September. Patient still better to-day.

LETTER FROM NEWARK, NEW JERSEY, TO VAN DER SINGE
AMSTERDAM

5 September. Patient greatly improved. Could appreciate
sweets and eat a good supply of comforting food.

LETTER FROM NEWARK, NEW JERSEY, TO VAN DER SINGE
AMSTERDAM

6 September. Letter of change for the worse. Coming at once
d— rose and about. I had ever tried all to find out what
have seen you."

CHAPTER TEN

LETTER FROM DR SEWARD TO THE HONORABLE
ARTHUR HOLMWOOD

"My dear Art,—

"6 September

"My news to-day is not so good. Lucy this morning had gone back a bit. There is, however, one good thing which has arisen from it, Mrs. Westenra was naturally anxious concerning Lucy, and has consulted me professionally about her. I took advantage of the opportunity, and told her that my old master, Van Helsing, the great specialist, was coming to stay with me, and that I would put her in his charge conjointly with myself, so now we can come and go without alarming her unduly. For a shock to her would mean sudden death, and this, in Lucy's weak condition, might be disastrous to her. We are hedged in with difficulties, all of us, my poor old fellow, but, please God, we shall come through them all right. If any need I shall write, so that, if you do not hear from me, take it for granted that I am simply waiting for news. In haste

"Yours ever,
"JOHN SEWARD."

DR SEWARD'S DIARY

7 September The first thing Van Helsing said to me when we met at Liverpool Street was —

"Have you said anything to our young friend, the lover of her?"

"No," I said. "I waited till I had seen you, as I said in my telegram. I wrote him a letter simply telling him that you were coming, as Miss Westenra was not so well, and that I should let him know if need be."

"Right, my friend," he said, "quite right. Better he not know as yet, perhaps he shall never know. I pray so, but if it be needed, then he shall know all. And, my good friend John, let me caution you. You deal with the madmen. All men are mad in some way or the other, and inasmuch as you deal discreetly with your madmen, so deal with God's madmen, too—the rest of the world. You tell not your madmen what you do nor why you do it, you tell them not what you think. So you shall keep knowledge in its place, where it may rest, where it may gather its kind around it and breed. You and I shall keep as yet what we know here, and here." He touched me on the heart and on the forehead, and then touched himself the same way. "I have for myself thoughts at the present. Later I shall unfold to you."

"Why not now?" I asked. "It may do some good, we may arrive at some

classroom. He stopped and looked at me and said:

Al. Then I saw when he sat right well ever before it has happened
 while he took a box in his hand that he had and then said he was not yet
 long in a place that with his right hand he held a box as he put the hat at it
 then between his right hands and threw away the green hat and said to
 you, I think he's good, can he will make good of when the time
 comes. I did not see he was motion and was his work for reply he
 reached over and took a great strong hand and put it in his pocket as he
 was going to go to a street and said, he good but should get to you
 mother because we know that not a there. But could not find the good
 but said that I had a good friend and saw that he was that is for the
 country who, as a husband and a wife, those who take it and the
 work of the mother. See you now, friend I told I have shown it to you and
 Nature has her work of it making it speak it for spirit out at a certain
 some place as I want the hat begins to wear. He broke it for he
 evidently saw that I understood that he went on and very gravely.

You were always careful, at least at first, as far as I was ever told. I think the rest. You were a student then, now you are master, and I trust that good habit has not faded. Remember my friend that knowledge is stronger than memory, and we should not let the weaker control you. You have not kept the good practice, let me tell you, for this case of our dear miss is one that may be tried. I was very bold with interest to you and others that at the first may not take I think the breath as very precious was. Take heed and note of it. Nothing is too soon. I can see you will do well, it is not even your fault, and I am sure. Heed it, or it may be of interest to you to see how true you guess. We learn from failure, not from success.¹¹

[illegible][illegible]

almost touched yet I know I was not quite dead. I did not seem to have strength to speak, so for a while we were as silent. Then Van Helsing beckoned to me, and we went gently out of his room. The instant we had closed the door we stepped quickly along the passage to the next door, which was open. Then he opened the quicks, in which lay and closed the door. My God, he said, that is dreadful. There is no time to be lost. She will lie here until we can do more to keep the heart's action, as it should be. There must be transfusion of blood at once. Is it you or me?

I am younger and stronger, Professor. It must be me.

Be ready at once. I will ring up my bag. I am prepared.

I went down stairs with him, and as we were going there was a knock at the back door. When we reached the back door and had just opened the door, and Arthur was stepping in again. He rushed up to me, saying in an eager whisper:—

Jack, I was so anxious I read between the lines of your letter, and have been in agony. The tale was better, so I ran down here to see for myself. I told that gentleman Dr. Van Helsing I am so sick as to you, so I am going. When first the Professor's eye had inspected him he had been angry at his interruption at such a time, but now, as he took in his stalwart proportions and recognised the strong young manhood which seemed emanate from him, his eyes glared. Without a pause he said to his grave as he held in his hand:

Now you have come to me. You are the lover of our dear one. She is laid very, very bad. Say, my dear, do not go near that. For he said less, grew pale and sat down in a chair almost fainting. You are to be pithy. You are to note that any that live and your courage is sent with him.

What an idiot, asked Arthur hoarsely. I am, and I shall be. My life is here, and I would give the last drop of blood in my body for her. The Professor has a strong, firm, muscular side, and I could from old knowledge detect a trace of its origin in his answer.

My young sir, I do not ask so much as that, nor the last.

What shall I do? there was fire in his eyes, and his open nostrils, covered with heat. Van Helsing snatched him on his shoulder. Come, he said. You are a man, and this is a man we want. You are better than me, better than my friend John. Arthur looked bewildered, and the Professor went on by explaining in a kindly way.

Young sir, she had very bad. She was so bad, and blood she must have in the My heart. I told you, I have convinced, and we are about to perform what we call a transfusion of blood. I transfer from the veins of one to the empty veins which pine for him. I am going to give his blood, as he is the more young and strong than me. Here Arthur took my hand and wrung it in a manner, but now you are here, you are more gone than us, old or young, who told much of the world of thought. Our nerves are not so calm, and our blood not so bright as yours. Arthur turned to him and said:

If you can know how glad I would be for her, you would understand—"

He stopped, with a sort of choke in his voice.

Could not, said Van Helsing. It is the not so far off you will be happy that you have done as for her, you see. Come now and be seen. You shall kiss her once before it is done. For then you may go, as you may leave as may go. Say no word to Madame. You know how it is with her. There

must be no shock, any knowledge of this would be sure to come.

We went up to Lucy's room. A chair by the door remained outside. Lucy turned her head and looked at us, but said nothing. She was not asleep, but she was so疲乏 too weak to make the effort. Her eyes spoke to us that was all. Van Helsing took some things from his bag and laid them on a table above our sight. Then he mixed a medicine and, lying over in the bed, said cheerily:—

Now while there is still medicine. Drink it off. Take a good deal. See that you get that to swallow easy. Yes. She had made the effort with success.

It astonished me how long the thing took to act. This in fact marked the extent of her weakness. The pain seemed endless and sleep began to flicker in her eyes only. At last, however, the nature did begin to manifest its potency, and she fell into a deep sleep. When the Professor was satisfied he called Arthur into the room and made him strip off his coat. Then he asked:—You may take that one true kiss which I bring over the table. Friend John, help me. So he turned and looked whilst he bent over her.

Van Helsing turning to me, said:

He is so young and strong and of blood so pure that we need not defibrinate it.

Then with swiftness, but with absolute method, Van Helsing performed the operation. As he transfused, we sat on something like the seemed to come back to poor Lucy's cheeks, and through Arthur's growing pain the joy of his face seemed a marvelously soothing. After a bit I began to grow anxious for the flow of blood was running off Arthur strong man as he was. It gave me an idea of what a terrible strain Lucy's system must have undergone that what weakened Arthur only partially restored her. But the Professor's face was set, and he stood watch in hand and with his eyes fixed now on the patient and now on Arthur. I could hear my own heart beat. Presently he said in a soft voice:—That is all at a start. It is enough. You are tired, but I will look to her. When all was over I could see how much Arthur was weakened. I pressed the wound and took his arm to bring him away, when Van Helsing spoke without turning round:—The man seems to have even in the back of his head.

The brave lover, I think, deserves another kiss, which he shall have presently. And as he had now finished his operation, he advised the poison to the patient's head. As he did so, he gave her back velvet hand which she seems always to wear, took her through buckled with an old diamond buckle which her lover had given her, was dragged a little up, and showed a red mark on her throat. Arthur did not notice it, but I could hear the deep husky drawl breath which was one of Van Helsing's ways of betraying emotion. He said nothing at the moment, but turned to me saying:—Now take down our brave young lover, give him of the port wine, and let him lie down a while. He must then go home and rest, sleep much and eat much, that he may be restored of what he has so given to his love. He must not stay here. Had I a moment I may take it with you that you are anxious of result. Then bring it with you that in a week's time the operation is successful. You have saved her at this time, and you can go home and rest easy in mind, for at that can be it. I shall see her again when she wakes, she shall kiss you none the less for what you have done. Good bye.

When Arthur had gone I went back to the room. Lucy was sleeping gently, but her breathing was so stiffer, I could see the outer tape move

as her breast heaved. By the bedside sat Van Helsing, looking at her intently. The velvet band again covered the red mark. I asked the Professor in a whisper:—

"What do you make of that mark on her throat?"

"What do you make of it?"

"I have not examined it yet," I answered, and then and there proceeded to loose the band. Just over the external jugular vein there were two punctures, not large, but not wholesome looking. There was no sign of disease, but the edges were white and worn-looking, as if by some irritation. It at once occurred to me that this wound, or whatever it was, might be the means of that marvellous loss of blood, but I abandoned the idea as soon as formed, for such a thing could not be. The whole bed would have been dyed red to a scarlet with the blood which the girl must have lost to leave such a palor as she had before the transfusion.

"Well?" said Van Helsing.

"Well," said I, "I can make nothing of it." The Professor stood up. "I must go back to Amsterdam to-night," he said. "There are books and things there which I want. You must remain here all the night, and you must not let your sight pass from her."

"Shall I have a nurse?" I asked.

"We are the best nurses, you and I. You keep watch all night, see that she is well fed, and that nothing disturbs her. You must not sleep all the night. Later on we can sleep, you and I. I shall be back as soon as possible. And then we may begin."

"May begin?" I said. "What on earth do you mean?"

"We shall see," he answered, as he hurried out. He came back a moment later and put his head inside the door and said with warning to get behind up.

"Remember, she is your charge. If you leave her, and harm befall you, shall not sleep easy hereafter!"

DR SEWARD'S DIARY *continued*

8 September. I sat up all night with Lucy. The opiate worked itself off towards dusk, and she waked naturally. She looked a different being from what she had been before the operation. Her spirits even were good, and she was full of a happy vacuity, but I could see evidences of the absolute prostration which she had undergone. When I told Mrs. Weston that Dr. Van Helsing had directed that I should sit up with her, she almost positively pothed the idea, pointing out her daughter's renewed strength and excellent spirits. I was firm, however, and made preparations for my long vigil. When her maid had prepared her for the night I came in, having in the meantime had supper, and took a seat by the bedside. She did not in any way make objection, but looked at me gratefully whenever I caught her eye. After a long spell, she seemed sinking off to sleep, but with an effort seemed to pull herself together and shook it off. This was repeated several times, with greater effort and with shorter pauses as the time moved on. It was apparent that she did not want to sleep, so I tackled the subject at once.

"You do not want to go to sleep?"

"No; I am afraid."

Afraid to go to sleep. Why so? It is the boon we all crave for

‘Ah, not if you were like me. If sleep was to you a presage of horror!’

‘A presage of horror! What on earth do you mean!’

‘I don’t know, oh I don’t know. And that is what is so terrible. All this weakness comes to me in sleep, until I tread the very threshold!’

‘But my darling, you may sleep to-night. I am here watching you, and I can promise that nothing will happen.’

‘Ah, I can trust you.’ I seized the opportunity and said, ‘I promise you that if I see any evidence of bad dreams I will wake you at once.’

‘You will do that?’ I asked. ‘How good you are to me! Then I will sleep.’ And almost at the word she gave a deep sigh of relief and sank back, asleep.

At length I watched by her. She never stirred, but slept on and on in a deep tranquil life-giving breath-giving sleep. Her lips were slightly parted, and her breasts rose and fell with the regularity of a pendulum. There was a smile on her face, and it was evident that no bad dreams had come to disturb her peace of mind.

In the early morning her maid came, and I left her in her care and took myself back home, for I was anxious about many things. I sent a short wire to Van Helsing and to Arthur, telling them of the excellent result of the operation. My own work, with its manifold details, took me all day to clear off. It was dark when I was able to inquire about my torquing patient. The report was good; he had been quiet for the past day and night. A telegram came from Van Helsing at Amsterdam whilst I was at dinner, suggesting that I come to be at Huddersfield to-night, as it might be well to be at hand, and stating that he was leaving by the night train and would join me early in the morning.

9 September. I was pretty tired and worn out when I got to Huddersfield. For two nights I had hardly had a wink of sleep, and my brain was beginning to feel that numbness which marks cerebral exhaustion. Lucy was up and in cheerful spirits. When she shook hands with me she looked sharply in my face and said:

‘Now it is all right for you. You are worn out. I am quite well again, indeed I am, and if there is to be anything up it is I who will sit up with you.’ I would not argue the point, but went and had my supper. Lucy came with me, attracted by her charming presence. I made an excellent meal, and had a couple of glasses of the more than excellent port. Then Lucy took me upstairs and showed me a room next her own, where a cosy fire was burning. ‘Now,’ she said, ‘you must stay here. I shall leave this door open, and my door too. You can see of the sofa for I know that nothing would induce any of your doctors to go to bed whilst there is a patient alive the honour of I want anything I shall call out, and you can come to me at once.’ I could not but acquiesce, for I was dreadfully tired, and could not have said I had tried. So, on her renewing her promise to call me if she should want anything, I lay on the sofa and forgot all about everything.

LUCY WESTENRA'S DIARY

9 September. I feel so happy to-night. I have been so miserably weak that to be able to think and move about is like feeling sunshine after a long

spell of east wind out of a streaky sky. Somehow Arthur flew very, very close to me. I seem to feel his presence warm about me. I suppose it is that sickness and weakness are selfish things and turn our inner eyes and sympathy on ourselves, whilst health and strength give Love room and in thought and feeling he can wander where he will. I know where my thoughts are. If Arthur only knew. My dear, my dear, your ears must tingle as you sleep as mine do waking. Oh, the blissful rest of last night. How I slept with that dear good Dr. Seward watching me. And I ought not to be afraid to sleep, since he will close a hand and with a call. Thank everybody for being so good to me. Thank God. Good night, Arthur.

DR. SEWARD'S DIARY

10 September. — I was conscious of the Professor's hand on my head and started awake at a second. That is one of the things that we learn in an asylum, at any rate.

"And how is our patient?"

"Well, when I left her, or rather when she left me," I answered.

"Come, let us see," he said. And together we went into the room.

The blind was down, and I went over to raise it gently, whilst Van Helsing stepped, with his soft, cat-like tread, over to the bed.

As I raised the blind, and the morning sunlight flooded the room, I heard the Professor's low hiss of inspiration, and knowing its rarity, a deadly fear shot through my heart. As I passed over he moved back, and his exclamation of horror, "Gott in Himmel," needed no enforcement from his agonised face. He raised his hand and pointed to the bed, and his poor face was drawn and ashen white. I felt my knees begin to tremble.

There on the bed, seemingly in a swoon, lay poor Lucy, more horribly white and wan looking than ever. Even the lips were white, and the gums seemed to have shrunk back from the teeth, as we sometimes see in a corpse after a prolonged illness. Van Helsing raised his foot to stamp in anger, but the instinct of his life and all the long years of habit stood to him, and he put it down again softly. "Quick," he said. "Bring the brandy." I flew to the dining-room and returned with the decanter. He wetted the poor white lips with it, and together we rubbed palm and wrist and heart. He felt her heart, and after a few moments of agonising suspense said:

"It is not too late. It be a tough job but feebly. A bout work wud done, we must begin anew. There is no young Arthur here now. I have to cad on you, you see, this time, friend John." As he spoke, he was dipping into his bag and producing the instruments for transfusion. I had taken off my coat and rolled up my shirt-sleeve. There was no possibility of an opiate just at present, and no need of one, and so without a moment's delay we began the operation. After a time, it did not seem a short time either, for the draining away of one's blood, no matter how willingly it be given, is a terrible feeling. Van Helsing held up a warning finger. "Ah, no, sir," he said, "but I fear that with growing strength she may wake, and that would make danger, oh, so much danger. But I shall precaution take. I shall give hypodermic injection of morphia." He proceeded then, swiftly and deftly, to carry out his intent. The effect on Lucy was not bad, for the faint seemed to merge subtly into the natural sleep. It was with a feeling of personal pride that I could see a faint tinge of colour steal back into the

pink cheeks and lips. No man knows till he experiences it what it is to feel his own life most drawn away into the veins of the woman he loves.

The Professor watched me closely. "I have," he said, "a ready remuneration. You took a great deal more from Art. To which he owed a sad sort of virtue as he believed."

"He is her lover, her father. You have work, much work, to do for her and for others, and he presumes to interfere."

When we stopped, he repeated he attended to Lucy when I appeared digital pressure to my own nostrils. I said to him what I wanted him to do to attend to me, but I hesitated and a little sick. By and by he found upon my wound, and sent me down very quietly getting a towel from his chest. As I was leaving the room, he came after me, and had whispered—

"Next nothing must be said of this. If you venture over she will turn up unexpected as before, never to him. It would at once frighten him and excite him from fear. There must be none. No."

When I came back he looked at me carefully, and then said—

"You are not much the worse, generally the room and bed are very comfortable and restful; he then have me breakfast, and come here to me."

I followed such orders, for I knew how right and wise they were. I had done my part, and now my next duty was to keep up my strength. I felt very weak, and in the weakness not something of the amazement at what had occurred. I fell asleep on the sofa, however, wondering over and over again how Lucy had made such a retrograde movement, and how she could have been drained of so much blood without any sign anywhere to show for it. I think I must have dreamed my wonder in my dreams. For sleeping and waking my thoughts a way, and back over the point—exactly as before—and the ragged, exhausted appearance of her edges, they though they were.

Lucy slept well the day, and when she woke she was fairly well and strong, though not nearly so much so as the day before. When Van Helsing had seen her, he went out for a walk, leaving me in charge with strict injunctions that I was not to leave her for a moment. I could hear his voice as he had, asking the way to the nearest telegraph office.

Lucy lay still with me, free, and seemed quite unconscious that anything had happened. I tried to keep her amused and interested. When her mother came up to see her, she did not seem to notice any change whatever, but said to me gratefully—

"We owe you so much. Dr. Seward told us you have done, but you really must now take care not to overwork yourself. You are looking pale yourself. You want a wife to nurse you. I look after you a deal, but you do. As she spoke, I was startled, for I thought I was in my momentary fainter position, wasted veins, and not stand for long such an unwelcome demand to the head. The reason was a new excessive pain, as she turned her piercing eyes on me. I stared and could not find any object for my eyes, with a very, very dark back and her—was."

Van Helsing returned at a couple of hours, and presently said to me—

"Now you go home, and eat and drink enough. Make yourself strong. I stay here to-night, and I shall sit up with you to-morrow. You and I must watch the case, and we must have none other to know. I have grave reasons. No, do not ask her, think what you will. Do not fear to think even the most not probable. To-morrow."

In the half-hour of the hands came to me, and asked if they were there, it

them might not sit up with Miss Lucy. They implored me to let them, and when I said it was Dr. Van Helsing's wish that either he or I should sit up, they asked me quite preciously to intercede with the foreign gentleman. I was much touched by their kindness. Perhaps it is because I am weak at present, and perhaps because it was on Lucy's account that their devotion was manifested. For over and over again have I seen similar instances of woman's kindness. I got back here in time for a late dinner, went my rounds—all well—and set this down whilst waiting for sleep. It is coming

11 September. This afternoon I went over to Hillingham. Found Van Helsing in excellent spirits, and Lucy much better. Shortly after I had arrived, a big parcel from abroad came for the Professor. He opened it with much impressment—assumed, of course—and showed a great bundle of white flowers.

"These are for you, Miss Lucy," he said.

"For me? Oh, Dr. Van Helsing!"

"Yes, my dear, but not for you to play with. These are medicines. Here Lucy made a wry face. "Nay, but they are not to take in a decoction or in nauseous form, so you need not smother that so charming nose. Or I shall point out to my friend Arthur what woes he may have to endure in seeing so much beauty that he so loves so much distort. Ah! my pretty miss, that bring the sootier nose all straight again. This is medicinal, but you do not know how I put him nose at window, I make pretty wreath, and hang him round your neck, so that you weep well. Oh yes, they, like the lotus flower, make your trouble lighten. It smel, so like the waters of Lethe, and of that fountain of youth that the Conquistadores sought for in the Floridas, and find him all too late.

Whilst he was speaking, Lucy had been examining the flowers and smelling them. Now she threw them down, saying, with half-laughter and half-disgust:—

"Oh, Professor, I believe you are only putting up a joke on me. Why these flowers are only common garik."

To my surprise, Van Helsing rose up and said, with all his sternness, his iron jaw set and his bushy eyebrows meeting,

"Nay, thing with me, I never jest! There is great purpose in all I do, and I warn you that you do not thwart me. Take care, for the sake of others if not for your own. Then, seeing poor Lucy waited, as she might we die, he went on more gently. "Oh, my miss, my dear, do not fear me. I only do for your good, but there is much virtue to you in those so common flowers. See, I place them myself in your room, I make myself the wreath that you are to wear. But hush, no telling to others, but make some private questions. We must obey, and since we is a part of obedience, and obedience is to bring you strong and well, into my arms that wait for you. Now sit at your ashine. Come with me, friend John, and you shall be pome drick the room with my garik, which is all the way from Haghem, where my friend Vanderpool raise beech in his glass houses all the year. I had to telegraph yesterday, or they would not have been here.

We went into the room, taking the flowers with us. The Professor's actions were certainly violent and not to be found in any ghastly sports that I ever heard of. First he fastened up the windows and latched them securely, next taking a handful of the flowers, he rubbed them all over the sashes, as though to ensure that every whiff of air that might get in

would be laden with the garlic smell. Then with the wisp he rubbed all over the jamb of the door, above, below, and at each side, and round the fireplace in the same way. It all seemed grotesque to me, and presently I said —

"Well, Professor, I know you always have a reason for what you do, but this certainly puzzles me. It is well we have no sceptic here, or he would say that you were working some spell to keep out an evil spirit."

"Perhaps I am," he answered quietly as he began to make the wreath which Lucy was to wear round her neck.

We then waited whilst Lucy made her toilet for the night, and when she was in bed he came and himself fixed the wreath of garlic round her neck. The last words he said to her were:—

"Take care you do not disturb it, and even if the room feel close, do not to-night open the window or the door."

"I promise," said Lucy, "and thank you both a thousand times for all your kindness to me! Oh, what have I done to be blessed with such friends!"

As we left the house in my fly, which was waiting, Van Helsing said —

"To-night I can sleep in peace, and sleep I want, two nights of travel, much reading in the day between, and much anxiety on the day to follow, and a night to sit up without to wink. To-morrow in the morning early you call for me, and we come together to see our pretty miss, so much more strong for my spell which I have work. Ho! ho!"

He seemed so confident that I, remembering my own confidence two nights before and with the baneful result, felt awe and vague terror. It must have been my weakness that made me hesitate to tell it to my friend, but I felt it all the more, like unshed tears.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

LUCY WESTENRA'S DIARY

12 September. How good they all are to me! I quite love that dear Dr. Van Helsing. I wonder why he was so anxious about these flowers. He positively frightened me; he was so fierce. And yet he must have been right, for I feel comfort from them a ready. Somehow, I do not dread being alone to-night, and I can go to sleep without fear. I shall not mind any flapping outside the window. Oh, the terrible struggle that I have had against sleep so often of late, the pain of the sleeplessness, or the pain of the fear of sleep, with such unknown horror as it has for me! How blessed are some people, whose lives have no fears, no dreads, to whom sleep is a blessing that comes nightly, and brings nothing but sweet dreams. Well, here I am to-night, hoping for sleep, and lying like Ophelia in the play with "virgin crants and maiden strewments." I never used garlic before, but to-night it is delightful. There is peace in its smell. I feel sleep coming already. Good-night, everybody.

DR. SEWARD'S DIARY

13 September. Called at the Berkeley and found Van Helsing, as usual,

up in time. The carriage ordered from the hotel was waiting. The Princes
 took a long time, which he always compares with his own.

Letal be put down exactly. Van Helsing and I arrived at Hoxtonham at eight o'clock. It was a lovely morning, the light sun shone and the fresh feeling of early autumn seemed to be the completion of nature's annual work. The leaves were turning fair and of beautiful colour, but had not yet begun to drop from the trees. When we entered we met Mrs. Weston coming out of the morning room. She is always an early riser. She greeted us warmly and said,—

You would be glad to know that Lucy is better. The dear child is still asleep. I went into her room and saw her had a change of dress. I should do such her. The Professor smiled and looked quite content. He crossed his hands together and said—

Aha! I thought I had diagnosed the case. My treatment is working. To which she answered,—

You must not take all the credit to yourself. I may state this morning is due in part to me.

How do you mean, mean? asked the Professor.

"Well, I was again, as about the dear child in the night, and went into her room. She was sleeping soundly - so soundly that even my coming did not wake her. But the room was awfully stuffy. There were a lot of those horrible string-stuffing flowers about everywhere and she had got on a bunch of them round her neck. I feared that the heavy odour would be too much for her dear child in her weak state, so I took them all away and opened a bit of the window to get in a little fresh air. You would be pleased with her, I am sure."

She moved to the kitchen doorway where she always breakfasted early. As she had spoken, I watched the Professor's face and saw that, as ever, he had been a little certain, his set of the jaw, his peculiar way of presenting the known fact, his way of making a known fact seem he actually learned it for the first time. Then he turned to pass me the room. But then instantly, she had disappeared he joined me, suddenly and for only a few minutes, to the dining room and, though the door

Then for the first time in my life I saw Van Helsing breakdown. He raised his hat, covered his face with a sorrow more despairing and his breaths came together in a helpless way. Finally he sat down on a chair, and putting his hands before his face, began to sob with loud dry sobs that seemed to come from the veryacking of his throat. Then he raised his arms up, as though appealing to the whole universe. "God! God! God!" he said. "What have we done, what have we done! This is the hour that we are so wise! Is there fairer among us now? Is it not we who have brought this upon our heads? That is a thing that we do not see, but in such a way. This poor mother, so unknowing, and as for the best as she thinks, does it. Why long as one let aught enter her soul and I will, and we may as well let her we may as well wait here for the morrow and then will die. Oh how we are lost. It was a curse, the power of the devil against us." Suddenly he jumped to his feet. "Come," he said, "come, we must see at last. Be it what it will, let it be. Let us at once, if that is not, we fight it to the same." He went to the back door for his bag, and together we went up to Lucy's room.

Once again I drew up, he said, whilst Vati's legs went towards the bed. This time he did not start as he looked on the pool table with the same

and a waxen pallor about her. He wore a look of stern sadness and infinite pity.

As I expected, he murmured, with that lowering disposition of his which meant so much. Without a word he went and looked the drum, and then began to set up on the table the instruments for yet another operation of transposition of blood. I had long ago recognised the necessity and began to take off my coat, but he stopped me with a warning hand. 'No,' he said, 'to-day you must operate. I shall provide. You are weakened already.' As he spoke he took off his coat and rolled up his shirt-sleeve.

Again the operation, again the narcotic, again some returned—down to the abyss, hecks, and the regular breathing, a heavy sleep. This time I watched whilst Van Helsing rectified himself and rested.

Presently he took an opportunity of telling Miss Westendra that she must not remove anything from Lucy's room, with the exception of anything that the flowers were of medicinal value, and that the breathing I heard about was a part of the system of cure. Then he took over the care of the case himself, saying that he would watch day and night and the next and would send me word when to come.

After another hour Lucy waked from her sleep fresh and bright and seemingly not much the worse for her terror or fear.

What does that mean? I am beginning to wonder this long habit of life amongst the nurse is beginning to tell upon my own brain.

LUCY WESTENDRA'S DIARY

1 September. Four days and nights of peace. I am getting well again, but I hardly know myself. I was at last passed through some very tight snare, and had—stir awakened to see, before I was stone and lee, the freshness of the morning about me. I have a most terrible headache, strong anxious nerves, I was, gasping, darkness, what there was not even the pain of being awake present. I tossed more peacefully, and then winged myself down, as the winged sack— I was, I was, coming up through a great press of water. Since, however, Dr. Van Helsing has been with me, all this bad dreaming seems to have passed away. He knows that used to frighten me out of my wits—the lamping against the windows, the distant voices which seemed so close to me. He has shown me that can be from I know not where and commanded me not to know now what I have dreamed. I go to bed now without any tears I keep I tried extremely to keep awake, I have grown quite hoarse, the game, and a host of nerves for me every day from Hallowe'en. I ought to Van Helsing going away, as he has been for a day or two. But I need not be worried. I am well enough to be left alone. Thank God for mother's sake, and that Anthony and I for a while who have been so kind. I shall not even feel the change for a day or two. Dr. Van Helsing says, in fact, that I am not ill. I have found him asleep twice when I awake, but I did not fear to go to sleep again, as he kept he brought a hat, I was something I opened a door and a against the window-pane.

The Pall Mall Gazette, 18 September

THE ESCAPED WOLF

PREFACE

Inter-ten with the Acceptor in the I_{on} state f_{on} den

After many guesses and as many refusals, and perpetually using the words, "The *Min. Gazette*," as a sort of excuse, I managed at last to keep the case in of the *Zoo* and to address in which the wolf department is—etc. Then as he let me see all the cottages on the enclosure, which he elegantly chose and was sitting down to myra when I found him. The—as a—his wife are busily looking every and without children and the specimen I received in their hospital care of the average wolf. He—very much surprised and comfortable. The keeper would not tell me what he called—essentially the vaguer way over and we were all satisfied. Then when the table was cleared and he had in his pipe, he said:—

Now sit your group on and ask them what they want. You can give them the tables to talk it per person as subjects at the night. I give the waves and the links with the five as a group second their tea at the I begin to ask them questions.

He would sometimes ask her questions. I queried, wishful to get him into a talkative humour.

[illegible]

4. 0001

An' when I was out in the middle of the range, get that
 way, then he better end his at — and — a — that's right. I went
 again to fight with him for the town, and I with my own as he
 never and only with my own. But I have a — now that he is
 with him has — I can't let her take him and I used to — whether
 he is in — and I've to help you — as much as I can for a
 year or so — and I went — even a — into the — I've — with your
 case — I know what you want — at that — engaged with

Family I was not a great view of it. I was the how it
 happened and I know the facts. I get you say what you consider
 was his case and how you think he should have been treated.

[illegible]

Don't you mind if I smoke a My Little with a cheery laugh? I got it from the attic room, one that they put by a trunk and we'd

'Isself! But there ain't no arm in 'im."

Well, sir, it was about two hours after break yesterday when I first hear my disturbance. I was making up a room in the monkey-house for a young pupa which was, but when I heard the scip it ate away I kern away straight. There was Bersicker a learning like a mad thing at the bars as if he wanted to get out. There was a bunch people about that day, and close at hand was only one man, a tall thin chap with a long nose and a pointed beard, and a few white hairs put it through it. He had a cold red nose and red eyes, and I took a sort of dislike to him for it seemed as if it was him as they was frightened at. He had white kid gloves on his hands, and he pointed out the animals to me and says, "Keep 'em these wolves seem upset at something."

May be they you, says I, for I did not like the way as he give use f. He didn't get angry, as I hoped he would, but he smiled a kind of innocent smile with a mouth full of white sharp teeth. Oh no they would take me, he says.

Oh yes, they would, says I, a man can't them. They always take a bone or two to tear their teeth on about tea time, which you as a bagful.

Well, it was a odd thing, but when the animals see as a taken they lay down, and when I went over to Bersicker he let me stroke his ears same as ever. That there man kern over and blessed that if he didn't put in his hand and stroke the old wolf's ears too!

"Tyke care," says I. Bersicker is quick.

Never mind," he says. I'm used to 'em.

Are you in the business yourself? I says taking off my hat for a man what trades in wolves at all times is a good friend to keepers.

No, says he, not exactly in the business, but I have made pet of several. And with that he stretches at a step as a bird, and walks away. Old Bersicker kep a look on after him, as if he wasn't quite glad, and then went and lay down in a corner and wouldn't stir his head but for evering. We a last night as soon as the moon was high the wolves here a began a howling. There wasn't nothing for them to howl at, there wasn't no one near except some deer, that was evidently a call on a dog somewhere out back of the gate. In the Park road. Once or twice I went out to see that all was right, and I was just that the howling stopped. I a bet to twelve o'clock I just took a look round afore to turn in, and I kern that when I kern opposite to old Bersicker's cage I see the bars broken and twisted as if a hand had been there, and the cage empty. And that's all I know for evering.

"Did any one else see anything?"

One of our gardeners was a man come about that time from a army, when he see a big grey dog coming out his cage he gallop edges. At least so he says, and I don't give much credit to him, for I he did never see a wolf about that house when he got home, and it was only after the escape of the wolf was made known, and we had been up all night a hunt in the Park for Bersicker, that he remembered see anything. My own belief was that the army man got into his head.

Now Mr. Butler, can you account in any way for the escape of the wolf?

Well, sir, he said with a suspicious sort of modesty, I think I can, but I don't know as now you'd be satisfied with the theory.

Certainly I shall. If a man like you, who knows the army from experience, can't hazard a good guess at any rate, who is ever to try?

Well, then, sir, I do not follow his way, it seems to me that the wolf

escaped—simply because he wanted to get out.

From the heavy way that both Thomas and his wife laughed at him, I could see that it had done service before, and that the whole explanation was simply an excuse. I could not cope in badinage with the worthy Thomas, but I thought I knew a safer way to his heart, so I said:—

Now, Mr. Butler, we consider that I am but a sovereign worked off, and this brother of his is waiting to be claimed when you've told me what you think will happen."

Right you are, sir," he said briskly. "I'd excuse me, I know, for a chat in of ye, but the old woman here winked at me, which was as much as telling me to go on."

Well, I never," said the old lady.

My opinion is this, that, ere will is a skin of somewhere. The gauner, not John, I remember said he was a gauner, northward faster than a horse could go, but I don't believe him, for yet see our women don't gauner no more, nor dogs does they not bear, but if that was Wives is true that go in a story book, and I deesay when they gets in packs and does be, they've somethin' that's more ateated than they is they can make a level of a nose and chop it up whatever it is. But Lord bless you, in real life a wolf is only a few creatures, not had so never or hold as a good dog, and not had a quarter so much fight in him. This one ain't been used to fightin', or even to playin', for how? and more I see he's somewhere round the Park, a skin in a shiverin' of and, if he can't walk wonder in where he is to get his breakfast from, or maybe he's got down some area and is in a coachman. My eye, won't some cock get a rum start when she sees his green eyes a shining at her out of the dark. If he can't get food he's bound to look for it, and mayhap he may chance to light on a butcher's shop in time. If he doesn't, and some nursemaid goes a walk in out with a wether, leavin' it the instant in, he perambulates we, then I shouldn't be surprised if the census is one baby the less. That's all."

I was handing him the hat, a sovereign, when something came bobbing up again at the window, and Mr. Butler's face doubled its natural length with surprise.

Lord bless me," he said. "If there ain't old Berswicker come back by 'isself!"

He went to the door and opened it, a most unnecessary proceeding it seemed to me. I have always thought that a wolf animal never works so well as when some obstacle, of pronounced durability, is between us, a personal experience has intensified rather than diminished that idea.

After a—however, there is nothing like custom, for neither Butler nor his wife thought any more of the wolf than I should of a dog. The animal itself was as peaceful, and we behaved as that latter of all picture-wolves—Red Riding Hood's quarrelsome friend, who is moving her confidence in masquerade.

The whole scene was an utterance mixture of comedy and pathos. The wicked wolf that for half a day had paraded London and set all the children in the town shivering in their shoes, was there in a sort of penitent mood, and was received and petted like a wretchedly prodigal son. Old Butler examined him all over with most tender solicitude, and when he had finished with his penitent said:—

There, I know the poor one, that will get it to some kind of trouble, didn't I say that along. Here's his head, a hat, and I've a butter-glass, I've

been a gettin' over some broken wall or other. It's a shame that people are allowed to put their ways with broken barriers. This ere's what comes of it. Come along, Bersicker."

He took the word and looked him up in a rage with a piece of meat that satisfied in quality at any rate the elementary conditions of the fattest calf and went off to report.

I came off too, to report the only exclusive information that is given to day regarding the strange escape at the Zoo.

DR SEWARD'S DIARY

17 September. I was engaged after dinner in my study putting up fly books which through press of other work and the many visits to Lucy had fallen far into arrears. Suddenly the door was burst open and in rushed my patient with his face distorted with passion. I was thunder-struck for such a thing as a patient getting of his own accord into the Superintendent's study was most unknown. While I can only pause he made straight at me. He had a dinner knife in his hand and as I saw he was dangerous I tried to keep the table between us. He was too quick and too strong for me, however. For before I could get my balance he had struck at me and cut my left wrist rather severely. Before he could strike again, however, I got on my right and he was sprawling on his back on the floor. My wrist bled freely and quite a little pool trickled on to the carpet. I saw that my friend was not intent on further effort and I occupied myself by binding up my wrist, keeping a wary eye on the prostrate figure all the time. When the attendants rushed in and we turned our attention to him, his employment positively sickened me. He was lying on his belly on the floor making up like a dog the blood which had fallen from my wounded wrist. He was easily secured and to my surprise went with the attendants quite placidly simply repeating over and over again "The blood is the life. The blood is the life."

I cannot allow to one beauty at present. I have lost too much of late for my physical good and then the prolonged strain of Lucy's illness and its torturing phases is weighing on me. I am over excited and weary and I need rest rest rest. Happy Van Helsing has not yet summoned me so I need not forego my sleep to night. I can do that well without it.

THE HON. VAN HESSEN (ANSWER TO SEWARD'S CARFAX)

NOTE: Carfax Sussex avers above given deliberation to be merely two hours.

17 September. Do not fail to be at H.ingham to night. If not watching at the door frequently visit and see that the others are as prepared very in particular do not fail. Shall be with you as soon as possible after arrival."

DR SEWARD'S DIARY

18 September. Last of the train to London. The arrival of Van Helsing's telegram found me with dismay. A whole night lost and I know by bitter experience what may happen in a night. Of course it is possible that all may be well but what may have happened. Surely there is some horrible doom hanging over us that every possible accident should thwart

us in and we try to do. I shall take this candle with me and then I can complete my entry on Lucas's photograph.

MEMORANDUM FOR MYSELF BY J. VAN WESTENRA

2nd September, Night. I wrote this and leave it to be seen in that no one may by any chance get into trouble through me. This is an exact record of what took place tonight. I feel I am full of weakness and have barely strength to write, but it must be done if I die in the doing.

I went to bed as usual, taking care that the windows were placed as Dr. Van Helsing directed, and soon fell asleep.

I was awakened by the tapping at the window which had begun after last sleep, waking in the middle of the night. My alarm was that which from I know so well. I was not afraid, but I did wish that Dr. Seward was in the next room, as Dr. Van Helsing said he would be, so that I might have called him. I tried to get to sleep, but could not. Then I began to think the more that of sleep, and I determined to keep awake. Perseverance would try to come then when I did not want it, so as I feared to be alone, I opened my door and called out. Is there anything there? There was no answer. I was afraid to wake mother, and so closed my door again. Then outside in the shutters I heard a voice, a low, wailing cry, but more fierce and deeper. I went to the window and looked out, but could see nothing except a big bat which had evidently been butting its wings against the window. So I went back to bed again, but determined not to go to sleep. Presently the door opened, and mother looked in, seeing by my moving that I was not asleep. She did not say a word, but she said to me even more sweetly and softly than her wont.—

I was uneasy about you, darling, and came in to see that you were all right."

I feared she might, at his seducing here, and asked her to come in and sleep with me, so she came in to rest, and lay down beside me. She did not take off her dressing gown, but she said she would only stay a while and then go back to her own bed. As she lay here in my arms, and I in hers, the tapping and butting came to the window again. She was startled and a little frightened, and cried out. What is that? I tried to pacify her, and at last succeeded, and she lay quiet, but I could hear her poor dear heart still beating terribly. After a while there was a low howl again out in the shutters, and shortly after there was a dash at the window, and a lot of breaking glass was heard in the hall. The window blind flew back with the wind that rushed in, and in the aperture of the broken panes there was the head of a great gaunt grey wolf. Mother fell out in a fright, and staggered up to a sitting posture, and it bed with anything that would help her. Amongst other things she cried out, he was a first-class fellow that Dr. Van Helsing trusted in my wearing round my neck, and took it away from me. For a second or two she sat up, pointing at the wolf, and there was a strange and horrible gurgling in her throat. Then she fell over, and I struck with my hand at her head, but my forehead, and I made me dizzy for a moment or two. The room and all round seemed to spin round. I kept my eyes fixed on the window, but the wolf drew his head back, and a whole myriad of little specks seemed to come flowing in through the broken window, and whirling and swirling round like the pebbles of that that travertine beneath when there is a storm in the desert.

I tried to tell her there was no one special for me, as I had no other special body which seemed to grow a really better dead heart had ceased to beat. We shared me, we and I was never to be for a while.

The door behind me was not a very very awn. I received
certain messages. Somewhere near a passing it was the he legs
I found the night the wind were blowing and the cold was the
seemingly a strange laughter or whispering I was dazed at a step
with pain and terror and weakness but the way of the night the
seems like the voice of a death her color back and the one. The
sounds seemed to have awakened the minds too that I could hear their
bare feet padding close to door I heard the bell and they came in
and when they saw what had happened and what I was for as ever me
on the bed they screamed out. The wind rushed through the broken
window and the door came in. They cried + he was + my dear
mother and mother + were I up with a rent in the bed then I had got
up. They were a strange ones and they as the voice of a death to
the thing with a voice calling away I was. The door he was open an
instant + closed again. The sounds shrieked at them were a body to
the thing was a. I and what I saw I had in my dear mother's
breast. When they were there I remember I what Dr. Van Helsing had
told me but I did not know where here and where I was I was some
in the servants way up with me now I was surprised that he thought I
not come back I heard that he got a sweet woman in the thing
room to look for them

My heart sank when I saw what had happened. There she lay, as helpless as the poor breathing beast. The devastation she lay on the table had been here was a mere accident, about I was suspicious and excited for the first time in my life. I was looking at the witness. I found that he was what mothers would say for her. She did not see was empty. What am I to do what am I to do I am back to be now with mother. I cannot leave her and cannot be saved for the sleeping servants when she is here has been good. My new life here. I have not given up. I can hear the new howl of the wolf through the broken window.

The air seems full of specks floating & dancing in the bright sun
the window and the light from the ceiling. What am I to do, I can't
see the front door straight I see the door, just in my breast where
they stay dead, where they come to as they go. My dear mother gone. It is
just that I go on, I can't live, dear Anna, if I should not survive the
night, can keep you dear as I can help me.

CHAPTER TWELVE

DR. SEWARD'S DIARY

18 September. I have at once thought and extremely keep-
ing my shot at the gate. I went, however, and I know, get a and
rang as a jets is possible for a great what, but over her feather and
I hope to cross a servant to the soil. After a while, I found no
response. I knocked and rang again, but no answer. I guess he has new

of the servants that they should be abed at such an hour - but it was now ten o'clock and I rang and knocked again, but more impatiently, but still without response. I felt that I had haunted only the servants, but now a terrible fear began to assail me. Was this isolation but an other trick in the chain of doom, which seemed drawing tight around us? Was it indeed a house of death to which I had come, - was it? I knew that not one, even seconds of delay might mean hours of danger to Lucy, if she had had again one of those foggy treacherous and I went round the house to try, I could find by chance at every door.

I could find no means of ingress. Every window and door was fastened and locked, and a red light burned on the porch. As I looked I heard the rapid patter of a swifts' driven hooves' feet. They stopped at the gate, and a few seconds later I met Van Helsing galloping up the avenue. When he saw me, he gasped out:

"Then it was you and not arrived. How is she? Are we too late? Did you not get my telegram?"

I answered as quickly and coherently as I could that I had only got his telegram early in the morning, and had not just a minute in coming here, and that I could not make any one in the house hear me. He paused and raised his hat as he said solemnly:

"Then I fear we are too late. God's will be done. With his avenging retributive energy he will win. Come. If there be no way open to get in, we must make one. Time waits for no man."

We went round to the back of the house, where there was a kitchen window. The Professor took a small surgical saw from his case, and having got it to me, pointed to the iron bars which guarded the window. I attacked them at once and had very soon cut through three of them. Then with a wing-thin knife we pushed back the fastening of the sashes and opened the window. I helped the Professor in, and followed him. There was no one in the kitchen, or in the servants' room, which were close at hand. We tried all the rooms as we went along, and in the young ladies' dressing room saw rays of light through the shutters, but no four servants lying on the floor, where was no need to think them dead, for their stillness was breaking and the sound of a cannon in the front left no doubt as to their condition. Van Helsing and I looked at each other, and as we moved away he said: "We wait a tend to them later. Then we ascended to Lucy's room. For an instant or two we paused at the door to listen, but there was no sound that we could hear. With white faces and trembling hands we opened the door gently, and entered the room.

How short I felt the what we saw. The bed had as two women, Lucy and her mother. The latter lay fastened in, and she was covered with a white sheet, the edge of which had been blown back by the draught through the broken window, showing her drawn white face with a look of terror fixed upon it. By her side lay Lucy, with face white and even more drawn. The flowers which had been round her neck we found upon her mother's bosom, and her throat was bare, showing the two little wounds which we had noticed before, but looking horribly white and enlarged. Without a word the Professor bent over the bed, his head almost touching poor Lucy's breast, then he gave a jerk with his head, and one who, strong and leaping to his feet, he rushed out to me.

"It is not yet too late. Quick, quick. Bring the brandy."

I flew downstairs and returned with it, taking care to meet and assist

least if two were drowned, and the delicate dresses which I found on the table. The maids were still breathing, but more feebly, and I realised that the worst was waiting. It did not wait to make sure, but returned to Van Helsing. He closed the maids as in another season of her ups and downs and on her wrists and he pained her hardly. He said to me:

"I can do this as that as he at the present. You go wake those maids. Kick them in the face with a wet towel and kick them hard. Make them get heat and fire and a warm bath. His poor soul is nearly as cold as that beside fire. She may need be heated before we can do anything more."

I went at once, and found little difficulty in waking three of the women. The fourth was only a young girl, and he thought had evidently affected her more strongly, so I lifted her on the sofa and let her sleep. The others were dazed at first, but as I reminded them to come back to them they cried and suffered in a hysterical manner. I was stern with them, however, and would not let them ask about their father. It was hard enough to rise, and that if they desired they would summon Miss Quincey. So, without answering they went about their way, half-dazed as they were, and prepared fire and water. But, alas! the kitchen and boiler fires were so low, and there was no lack of hot water. We got a bath and I attended Lucy, but as she was and placed her in it. Whilst we were busy chatting her in, there was a knock at the hall door. One of the maids ran. It brought in some more clothes, and opened it. Then she returned and whispered to us that there was a gentleman who had come with a message from Mr. Hallowell. I had her simply tell him that he must wait, for we could see no one now. She went away with the message, and engaged with our work. I clean forgot all about him.

I never saw in all my experience the Professor work in such deadly earnest. I knew, as he knew, that it was a stand-up fight with death, and in a pause told him so. He answered me in a way half not understated, but with the sternest look his face could wear.

If that were all, I would stop here where we are now, and let her fade away into peace, for I see no light now over her horizon. He went on with his work with, if possible, renewed and more frenzied vigour.

Presently we both began to be conscious that the heat was beginning to be of some effect. Lucy's heart beat a trifle more actively to the surface, and her limbs had a perceptible movement. Van Helsing's face almost beamed, and as we dried her from the bath and covered her in a hot sheet to dry her he said to me:—

"The thing gets worse. Check to the King."

We took Lucy into another room, which had by now been prepared, and laid her in bed and let even a few drops of brandy down her throat. I noticed that Van Helsing used a soft silk handkerchief round her throat. She was very unconscious, and was quite as bad, if not worse, than we had ever seen her.

Van Helsing called to one of the women, and told her to stay with her and not to take her eyes off her, if we returned, and then beckoned me out of the room.

"We must consider as to what we can do now," he said as we descended the stairs. In the hall he opened the door with doubt, and we passed on, the closing of the door telling us behind him, the door had been opened. But the lights were already down, with that obedience to the imperative of death which the British women of the lower classes always give to their-

The room was therefore dimly dark. It was however light enough for our purposes. Van Helsing's sternness was somewhat relieved by a look of perplexity. He was evidently torturing his mind about something, so I waited for an instant, and he spoke:—

"What are we to do now? Where are we to turn for help? We must have another transfusion of blood, and that soon, for that poor girl will soon be with a broken heart's pulse. You are exhausted already. I am exhausted too. I fear to trust those women, even if they would have courage to submit. What are we to do for some one who will open his veins for her?"

"What's the matter with me, anyhow?"

The voice came from behind a door in the room, and its tones brought relief and joy to my heart, for they were those of Quincey Morris. Van Helsing started angrily at the first sound, but his face softened and a glad look came into his eyes as I cried out, "Quincey Morris," and rushed towards him with outstretched hands.

"What brings you here?" I cried, as our hands met.

"I guess Art is the cause."

"He handed me a telegram:—

"Have not heard from Seward for three days, and am terribly anxious. Can't leave Father still in same condition. Send me word how Lucy is. Do not delay.—HOLMWOOD."

"I think I came just in the nick of time. You know you have only to tell me what to do."

Van Helsing strode forward, and took his hand, looking him straight in the eyes as he said:—

"A brave man's blood is the best thing on this earth when a woman is in trouble. You're a man, and no mistake. Well, the devil may work against us for a little while, but God sends us men when we want them."

Once again we went through that ghastly operation. I have not the heart to go through with the details. Lucy had got a terrible shock, and it told on her more than before, for though plenty of serum went into her veins, her body did not respond to the treatment as well as on the other occasions. Her struggle back into life was something frightful to see and hear. However, the action of both heart and lungs improved, and Van Helsing made a subcutaneous injection of morphia, as before, and with good effect. Her faint became a profound sleeper. The Professor watched, whilst I went downstairs with Quincey Morris, and sent one of the maids to pay off one of the cabmen who were waiting, and Quincey lying down after having a glass of wine, and told the cook to get ready a good breakfast. Then a thought struck me, and I went back to the room where Lucy now was. When I came within I found Van Helsing with a sheet or two of note paper in his hand. He had evidently read it, and was thinking it over, as he sat with his hand to his brow. There was a look of great satisfaction in his face, as of one who has had a difficulty solved. He handed me the paper, saying, "It dropped from Lucy's breast when we carried her to the bath."

When I had read it, I stood looking at the Professor, and after a pause asked him, "In God's name, what does it mean? Was she or is she mad, or what sort of horrible thing is it?" I was so bewildered that I did not know what to say to me. Van Helsing put out his hand and took the paper, saying:—

"Do not trouble about it now. Forget it for the present. You shall know

and I learned that I would not be able to be able to do what I was
that I really have to say. I have a big heart and I was a
myself again.

[illegible][illegible]

10. I told a friend, Quincey Morris, with a suggestion for Arthur being with
the Max Westons was that that was a good idea. Her father was from
going to better and that Va. He was and I were with her. I told him
where I was going and he told me that he was going and I was going and

When you come back, ask this: Have the members who are not themselves, if they have, helped you to find out if you are doing what you are registered to do? And if you are not, what are the steps you are taking to fix it? Or, if you are, how are you making sure you are doing it right?

When I got back, Jimmy was waiting for me. He told me he had seen me as soon as a knew about Loretta and went up to her room. She was asleep and the Professor seemingly had not noticed her. He said a letter from him was waiting but I got to his office. I gathered that he expected her to wake he was angry and was afraid of losing her. So I went down to Jimmy at a dark time to be that his room was empty. He was not there and when I was alone I wrote her a letter rather less cheerful than the first one. When we wrote again he said to me

Jack Neward, 1401 E. Water, whose house I am at, where where I've been right up to the last two or three days, says: "You know I loved that girl and we tried to marry her. I can't get that out of my mind. I don't like the feeling about it, but it's the same. What was that young woman doing?" The Dutchman, at a moment when I can see that I am said that the very first time that she said that you two have no more to say about it. Indeed, and that's the only one he was concerned. Now I know we that sometimes in this speak to me, and I am at a loss to expect to know what they say. I am not a person. But I will be of course, and whatever it is, I have the right to put it down.

"That's so," I said, and he went on.—

Take it that I am your and Van Helsing but never a soul what I do to-day. Is not that so?"

"That's so."

[illegible]

her as she lay. Jack, if you may tell me without betraying confidence, Arthur was the best, is not that so? As he spoke, his poor fellow looked terribly anxious. He was in a torture of suspense regarding her son as he moved, and his utter ignorance of the rest of the misery which seemed to surround her increased his pain. His very heart was aching, and it took as she manifested it to him, as there was a variation in the look, to keep him from breaking down. I paused before answering for I felt that I must not betray anything which the Professor wished kept secret, but at length he knew so much, and guessed so much, that there could be no reason for not answering, so I answered in the same phrase, "That's so."

"And how long has this been going on?"

"About ten days."

Ten days! Then I guess Jack Seward that that poor pretty creature that we all love has had put into her veins within that time the blood of four strong men. Man alive, her whole body would be heavy! Then, coming close to me, he spoke in a better half-whisper. "What took it on?"

I shook my head. "That," I said, "is the cross Van Helsing is simply frantic about it, and I am afraid it is, and I can't even hazard a guess. There has been a series of queer circumstances which have thrown our candidature as to Lucy being properly watched. But these you must meet again. Here we was on it, as he well said, 'Quarries head and his hand.' Come, my dear, he said, 'You and the Dutchman will tell me what to do, and I'll do it.'"

When she woke again in the afternoon, Lucy's first movement was to feel in her breast, and to my surprise produce the paper which Van Helsing had given me to read. The cavity the Professor had repaired, it where it had come from, just on waking she showed the printed letter she received from Van Helsing and I on the two, as Jack termed it. Then she looked around the room, and seeing where she was situated, she gave a start, and put her poor thin hands before her pale face. We both comprehended what that meant, that she had realised the fact of her mother's death, so we tried what we could to comfort her. The distress which it caused her somewhat, but she was very low in thought and spirit, and wept silently and weakly for a long time. We soothed her, but neither of both of us would now remain with her as we had done, and had seemed to comfort her. Towards dusk she lay in bed, a daze. Here a very odd thing occurred. Whilst I was sleeping she took the paper from her breast and tore it in two. Van Helsing stopped over and took the pieces from her. As he came, however, she went on with the action, as though, as though he material were still in her hands. Then she pressed her face against them, as though wanting the fragments. Van Helsing saw the surprised and his brows gathered as if in thought, but he said nothing.

29 September. As I lay in bed, she slept fitfully, being always afraid to sleep, and sometimes weaker when she woke for ever. The Professor and I took it in turns to watch, and we never left for a moment what excited Quincy Morris and nothing else. His intuition, but I knew that a rough look he put on told me that he could not be easy.

When the day came, I was watching, and I saw the changes of poor Lucy's strength. She was becoming weaker, and her head, and the white mottled skin which she had taken since the 1st of September, and a times she slept, and with Van Helsing and I, and the Professor, and the nurse, and her between

sleeping and waking. Whilst asleep she looked stronger although more haggard and her breathing was softer; her open mouth showed the pale gums drawn back from the teeth which thus looked positively longer and sharper than usual. When she woke the softness of her eyes evidently changed the expression for she looked her own self although a dying one. In the afternoon she asked for Arthur and we telegraphed for him. Quincey went off to meet him at the station.

When he arrived it was nearly six o'clock and the sun was setting full and warm and the red light streamed in through the window and gave more colour to the pale cheeks. When he saw her Arthur was simply choking with emotion and none of us could speak. In the hours that had passed the fits of sleep or the comatose condition that passed for it had grown more frequent so that the pauses when our conversation was possible were shortened. Arthur's presence however seemed to act as a stimulant she rallied a little and spoke to him more brightly than she had done since we arrived. He too pulled himself together, and spoke as cheerily as he could so that the best was made of everything.

It was now nearly one o'clock and he and Van Helsing are sitting with her. I am to relieve them in a quarter of an hour and I am entering this on Lucy's phonograph. Until six o'clock they are to try to rest. I fear that to-morrow will end our watching for the shock has been too great the poor child cannot rally. God help us all.

LETTER FROM MINA HARKER TO LUCY WESTENRA

(Unopened by her.)

"My dearest Lucy,—

"17 September

"It seems an age since I heard from you or indeed since I wrote. You will pardon me I know for all my talks when you have read all my budget of news. Well I got my husband back all right when we arrived at Exeter there was a carriage waiting for us and in it though he had an attack of gout Mr. Hawkins. He took us to his house where there were rooms for us all nice and comfortable and we dined together. After dinner Mr. Hawkins said—

"My dears, I want to drink your health and prosperity and may every blessing attend you both. I know you both from children and have with love and pride seen you grow up. Now I want you to make your home here with me. I have left to me neither chick nor child all are gone and in my will I have left you everything. I cried Lucy dear as Jonathan and the old man clasped hands. Our evening was a very very happy one.

"So here we are installed in this beautiful old house and from both my bedroom and the drawing room I can see the great elms of the cathedral close with their great black stems standing out against the old yellow stone of the cathedral and I can hear the rooks overhead cawing and cawing and chattering and gossiping all day after the manner of rooks—and humans. I am busy I need not tell you arranging things and house-keeping. Jonathan and Mr. Hawkins are busy all day for now that Jonathan is a partner Mr. Hawkins wants to tell him all about the clients.

How is your dear mother getting on? I wish I could run up to town for

a day or two to see you dear but I dare not go yet, with so much on my shoulders, and Jonathan wants looking after still. He is beginning to put some flesh on his bones again, but he was terribly weakened by the long illness, even now he sometimes starts out of his sleep in a sudden way and awakes all trembling and I can coax him back to his usual placidity. However thank God, these occasions grow less frequent as the days go on, and they will in time pass away altogether I trust. And now I have told you my news, let me ask yours. When are you to be married and where, and who is to perform the ceremony, and what are you to wear, and is it to be a public or a private wedding? Tell me all about it dear, tell me all about everything for there is nothing which interests you which will not be dear to me. Jonathan asks me to send his respectful duty, but I do not think that is good enough from the junior partner of the important firm Hawkins & Harker, and so, as you love me, and he loves me and I love you with all the moods and tenses of the verb, I send you simply his love instead. Good bye my dearest Lucy and all blessings on you.

"Yours,
"MINA HARKER."

REPORT FROM PATRICK HENNESSEY M.D.
M.R.C.S., R.Q.C.P., ETC. ETC. TO CHIN SEWARD M.D.

"My dear Sir,—

"20 September

"In accordance with your wishes I enclose report of the conditions of everything left in my charge. With regard to patient Renfield there is more to say. He had had another outbreak which might have had a dreadful ending but which as it fortunately happened was unattended with any unhappy results. This afternoon a carrier's cart with two men made a call at the empty house whose grounds abut on ours—the house to which you will remember, the patient twice ran away. The men stopped at our gate to ask the porter their way as they were strangers. I was myself looking out of the study window having a smoke after dinner and saw one of them come up to the house. As he passed the window of Renfield's room the patient began to rate him from within and called him all the foul names he could lay his tongue to. The man who seemed a decent fellow enough, contented himself by telling him to shut up for a foul-mouthed beggar, whereon our man accused him of robbing him and wanting to murder him and said that he would hinder him if he were to swing for it. I opened the window and signed to the man not to notice so he contented himself after looking the place over and making up his mind as to what kind of a place he had got to by saying 'Lor bless yer, sir I wouldn't mind what was said to me in a bloomin' madhouse I put ye and the guy nor for havin' to live in the house with a wild beast like that.' Then he asked his way civilly enough and I told him where the gate of the empty house was he went away followed by threats and curses and revilings from our man. I went down to see if I could make out any cause of his anger since he is usually such a well-behaved man and except his violent fits nothing of the kind had ever occurred. I found him, to my astonishment quite composed and most gentlemanly in his manner. I tried to

LETTER FROM MINA HARKER TO LUCY WESTENRA

(Unopened by her.)

"My dearest Lucy,—

"18 September

Such a sad blow has befallen us. Mr. Hawkins has died very suddenly. Some may not think it so sad for us, but we had both come to love him, that it really seems as though we had lost a father. I never knew either father or mother, so that the dear old man's death is a real blow to me. Jonathan is greatly distressed. It is not only that he feels sorrow—deep sorrow—for the dear good man who has befriended him all his life, and now at the end has treated him like his own son and left him a fortune which his people of our modes, bringing up as we do beyond the dreams of avarice—~~but~~ Jonathan feels in another aspect. He says the amount of responsibility which it puts upon him makes him nervous. He begins to doubt himself. I try to cheer him up, and my belief in him helps him to have a belief in himself. But it is here that the grave shock that he experienced tells upon him. He must feel it is too hard, but a sweet simple noble thing that fate has done—a nature which enabled him by a dear good friend's aid to rise from clerk to master in a few years—should be so injured that the very essence of his being is gone. Forgive me dear, I worry you with my troubles in the midst of your own happiness, but I am dear. I must tell some one for the strain of keeping up a brave and cheerful appearance to Jonathan tries me, and I have no one here that I can confide in. I dread coming on to London, as we must in the day after tomorrow, for poor Mr. Hawkins left it as well that he was to be buried in the grave with his father. As there are no relations at all Jonathan will have to be chief mourner. I shall try to see you—ever to see you, dearest, if only for a few minutes. Forgive me for troubling you. With affectionate

"Your loving
"MINA HARKER."

DR SEWARD'S DIARY

2 September. A day rest, when a bad habit can let me make an entry tonight. I am so miserable, too low spirited, too sick of the world and of mankind to get myself that I would not care if I heard this moment the flapping of the wings of the angels of death. And he has been flapping those great wings to some purpose at last. Lucy's mother and Arthur's father are now— Let me get on with my work.

I have relieved Van Helsing, his watch over Lucy. We wanted Arthur to go to rest, as he refused at first. It was only when I told him that we could wait but not help during the day, and that we must not speak down to a watchful rest Lucy should suffer, that he agreed to go. Van Helsing was very kind to him. Come my child, he said—come with me. You are sick and weak and have had much sorrow and much mental pain, as we say that tax on your strength that we know of. You must not be alone, but to be alone is to be full of fears and doubts. Come to the drawing room, where there is a good fire, and if there are two today You shall

be on one and I on the other and sympathize with him comfort each other even though we do not speak and even I was deep. Arthur went through him casting back a long glance on his face which as if her power and will were than the own. She as protest and I looked round the room to see that all was as I should be. I could see that the Protester had carried out this room as if the other his purpose of ending the game. He wore of the same washers soaked with it and round Lucy's neck over the silk handker tied which was. He was made her keep in was a rough chapter of the same story but I was I was treating somewhat serious and her face was at times but the pen mouth showed the pale gums. Her teeth in the dim uncertain light seemed longer and sharper than they had been at the morning as yet that by some look of the light the caner teeth looked longer and sharper than the rest I said to myself and presently she moved means. At the same time in I felt came a with a I was saying it to the girl the way how I went over to I was and prepared at by the other. He said there was a I thought and I could see that the case was made by a great but which where it and she dress attracted as the light a though so that at these young a again a look he would with his wings. When I came back to my seat I found that Lucy had no seeing as I had to go away he gave however that I had said I prepared first as well as I could and sat watching her.

From this she knew that I gave her food as Van Heung had predicted. She took her share and then lay down. There did not seem to be with her now the same nervous struggle for life and strength that had hitherto not allowed her to rest. It was as if she were aware that he controlled the means of her life as she pressed her gaze on the water above her. It was certainly odd that whenever she got into that strange water with the medicinal breathing she put her hands to her head as if when she walked she could feel the nose. There was no possibility of making any mistake about this for neither he nor the doctor had allowed her to leave the water without a warning and repeated not again many times.

As he came back at the sick man to release me, As he faded, I came into a great light. I felt it to keep in. When he saw I was still I could hear the lowing draw of his breath, and he said to me in a sharp whisper, "Draw up the bed!" I waited. Then he went down and with his face almost touching my face, he said, "Get up." He removed the covers and I sat. The sick man kept his foot on her thigh. As he did so, he started back, and I could hear his exclamation, "Miserable!" as it was smothered in his breast. I was over a hundred years old, as I noticed some queer chill came over me.

The witness is in the courtroom above and said, "I heard"

For a year or two, he stayed at his sister's home to work with his father at his sister's job. Then he returned home and said to his mother,

She is being slow in coming to how I was treated, difference that makes when she is so close to me. We both put it as a difference between us at the time, but it is a slow process of understanding.

[illegible]

hands, and sat down on his knees by the wife, where he remained perhaps a minute with his head bowed, praying what his doctors think with grief. I took him by the hands and said, "Thank you, I will try to get rid of you without any trouble if we try best and easiest for her."

When we came to the window I could see that Van Helsing had with him a small table, and he was putting matters straight and making everything look as neat as possible. He had even furnished himself with a chair, so that it was only the pen which was a very curious thing. When we came to the room, she pointed her eyes and saw that I was sitting down.

With a Oh my love I am going to be free. He waved his right hand but when he turned round he was back. So he whispered not yet good-bye I said and then I saw her poor

So And at once he found and kissed her and she opened her eyes with a little smile, saying that he had a new beauty of her eyes. They gazed on her eyes close and she said very softly and in her sweetest breath, "And her breath came and went, as a bird's breath."

And he seems to have here the best stage change which I had noticed in the night. But the thing grew still—so he took his pistol and the pair got a draw back until he teeth took longer and sharper than ever. In a while a steel making sag in the darkness was the quivered bet eyes which were now I—at that—another—said I a soft you—present you—such as I have never heard from before—

A. It is. Oh, yes, yes. I am glad you have come. As you see Arthur
he takes over a subject that that is what I am thinking who I am the
first one to see, whether you would put question and at first him by
the neck with a story. The only subject I never thought he could have
possessed and I am glad to see that you are so with the man.

Now you can be glad not for anything new at all. You be glad to keep them as good as they are.

Ned was taken back that he did not know what to do as it was at night. The mother who said she had the paper and the ash and stood next Ned.

she begins to expect it. It's as if Val, thinking a woman as young as she is a lesbian or bisexual, has decided to put her together with her even more so than she treated him.

Very slowly and quietly she believes a friendliness and putting
out her power part. And such had to say great love she
dancing to her she knew it. And he found she said in a answer
such to her path is. And he found and in the garden and
give me peace!¹¹

I swear to be satisfied with a single female for all time. This is all as the wife gave me such a hot and scorching dream, and said to me, "I love you, but the other hand is yours and has been on the forehead, and only one."

Her eyes were steady with surprise and with pain.

1. The first part of the paper discusses the importance of the

And the loss of the... increased

— *van der Vliet, van der Vliet, van der Vliet*

$$J = \frac{1}{2} \int_{-\infty}^{\infty} dt \int_{-\infty}^{\infty} dx \left[\frac{1}{2} (\dot{\phi})^2 + \frac{1}{2} (\phi')^2 + \frac{1}{2} m^2 \phi^2 \right] \quad (1)$$

where he sat down, and covered his face with his hands, sobbing in a way that nearly broke me down to see.

I went back to the room, and found Van Helsing looking at poor Lucy, and his face was sterner than ever. Some change had come over her body. Death had given back part of her beauty. For her brow and cheeks had recovered some of their flowing lines, even the lips had lost their deadly palor. It was as if the blood no longer needed for the working of the heart, had gone to make the harshness of death as late rude as might be.

We thought her dying whilst she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

I stood beside Van Helsing and said:

Ah, well, poor girl, there is peace for her at last. It is the end."

He turned to me and said with grave solemnity:

"Not so, alas! no, so. It is only the beginning."

When I asked him what he meant, he only shook his head and answered:—

"We can do nothing as yet. Wait and see."

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

DR. SEWARD'S DIARY— *continued*

The funeral was arranged for the next succeeding day, so that Lucy and her mother might be buried together. I attended all the ghastly formalities, and the urbane undertaker proved that his staff were afflicted—or blessed—with something of his own obsequious suavity. Even the woman who performed the last offices for the dead remarked to me, in a confidential brother-professional way, when she had come out from the death-chamber:—

"She makes a very beautiful corpse, sir. It's quite a privilege to attend on her. It's not too much to say that she will do credit to our establishment."

I noticed that Van Helsing never kept far away. This was possible from the disordered state of things in the household. There were no relatives at hand, and as Arthur had to be back the next day to attend at his father's funeral, we were unable to notify any one who should have been hidden under the circumstances. Van Helsing and I took it upon ourselves to examine papers, etc. He insisted upon looking over Lucy's papers himself. I asked him why, for I feared that he, being a foreigner, might not be quite aware of English legal requirements, and so might in ignorance make some unnecessary trouble. He answered me:

"I know. I know. You forget that I am a lawyer as well as a doctor. But this is not altogether for the law. You knew that, when you avoided the coroner, I have more than him to avoid. There may be papers more—such as this."

As he spoke he took from his pocket book the memorandum which had been in Lucy's breast, and which she had torn in her sleep.

"When you find anything of the solicitor who is for the late Mrs. Westenra, send it her papers, and write him tonight. For me, I watch

here in the room and in Miss Lucy's room all night, and I myself watch her what may be. It is our wish that her very thoughts go into the hands of strangers."

I went on with my part of the work, and in another half hour had found the name and address of Miss Westerray's son, for an old friend of mine had written to him. As the post and newspapers were in order, except the directions regarding the place of burial were given, I had hardly sealed the letter, when to my surprise Miss Hemming walked into the room, saying—

"Can I help you, friend John? I am free, and I'll stay my service with you."

"Have you got what you asked for?" I asked, to which he replied—

"I did not ask for any specific thing. I only hoped to find, and I find I have, as I at first was sorry some letters and a few memoranda, and a diary now begun. But I leave them here, and we shall for the present say nothing of them. I shall see his post and memoranda to-morrow evening, and with his sanction I shall use some."

"When we had finished the work in hand," he said to me—

"And now, friend John, I think we may retire. We want sleep, both you and I, and rest to co-operate. To-morrow we shall have much to do, but for the to-night there is no need of us. Adieu."

Before entering in we went to look at poor Lucy. The undertaker had certainly done his work well, for the room was turned into a shrine *ad hoc*. There was a window, except the light, where flowers and death was made as the impressive as night. The end of the winding sheet was laid over the face, when the Professor bent over and turned it gently back, we both started at the beauty before us, the tall wax candles showing a sufficient light to note it well. And now those eyes had come back to her in death, and the hours that had passed, instead of leaving traces of decay, were etching fingers, had it seemed the beauty before us positively I could not believe my eyes that I was looking at a corpse.

The Professor looked sternly gave. He had looked her and I had, and there was no need for tears in his eyes. He said to me, "Remain till I return," and left the room, the same sack with a handle of wood gaffs from the back waiting in the hall, but which had not been opened, and placed the flowers amongst the others on and around the bed. Then he took from his neck inside his coat a fine gold crucifix, and placed it over the mouth. He restored the sheet to its place and we came away.

I was dressing in my own room, when with a preliminary rap at the door he entered, and at once began to speak—

"To-morrow I wait you, being here to-night, a set of post-mortem knives."

"Must we make an autopsy?" I asked.

"Yes and no. I want to operate, but not as you think. Let me tell you now, but not a word to another. I want to touch her head and take out her heart. Ah, you a surgeon, and so shocked. You, whom I have seen with no tremble of hand or heart, dis-pera-king of life and death that make me rest shudder. Oh, but I must not forget my dear friend John, that you know not, and I have not forgotten it to-night. I shall operate, and you must stay by. I will be as close as I can get to it. And that I may not be waylaid here after his father's letters to-morrow, and he may want to see her to see it. Then when you are all ready for the next day, you and I shall meet when we sleep. We shall sit down here, and all shall be

we should not do this, as we have not the

But why? Just at this moment, a bright light shined. With a flash, her ghost body was gone. Instead, there is a completely new person, more beautiful and everything to go with. The good brother is so surprised, he is almost speechless. Why? Why? Why? What is what? It is just a woman.

For answer he put his hand on my shoulder and said with tender tenderness —

"I never told him I was poor, dear long hearted John, or he might
 have sent me away here. If I could I would have told him the harder that
 I could bear. But these are things he can know and not but that you should
 know all. These are the things I know, though they are not pleasant things.
 John, try to tell me have been a slave, now that's nasty and yet I don't
 ever know the word as you do. I guess I am. I have often said so many
 but I have not said so. Was it not these answers that you send for me
 when I beg that you come. Yes. Were you not afraid I may be troubled
 when I would not stay. And that has been so, though she was doing and
 that he had away by his strength. Yes. And yet you saw how she
 that kept me with her making all things easy for you, you were weak and
 she was so strong and hard and cruel to me. Yes. And that's the heart me
 what promise to her. But she would here exasperated. Yes.

Why I have good reason now for a I want you to have for many years to at least the you have before the weeks past when I have for this good strange that you might have well doubt. Because the yet a story turned out a you it is the not then I must let when I look and that is not perhaps we. And if I work as work I shall no matter that or not that without this I need I state the I work with head heart and feet close when I want to be patient enough that may be. He praised a moment as I went on working. Forgive I for these are strange and terrible days before us. Let us not be two that one that we work to a good end. We you that have faith in me.

I took his hand and promised him I had my boat, yes, as he went away, and made him go to his room, and close the door. As I stood within the door, I saw, over the main passage, as he passed, she had her back towards me, so that I could not see her, at the time when I was as I thought, on her bed. I do not know what, and we are so grateful to those who show it, as to those who are. There was a young girl, looking at me, he tells us, which she had always had, and he had watched her, and the face of the mistress when she loved, and at the point, say, I thought, or he, or she, and to enter a text.

He was waiting for her to get out of the car, and said, —

I arrived at the old school the day we started to go

Why not? I asked. For his words were like the sun + the + sea + land + g + each +
impressed me.

Because he said that it was too late, not too early. See. Here he
he up the line guide. (The line was stolen. He said)

How strange I asked I wonder where you have been.

Because I got it back from the woman I was with who stole it from the woman who thought he'd stolen it by giving it to her, she put it in the car with me, but not through me, she knew not a thing about what she did & I think now if she did so. Now we must wait.

He went away at once, leaving me with a new mystery to tackle, a new puzzle to grapple with.

The following was a dreary time, but at least the sorrow came. Mr. Morq and I of Whoreham, South Mary, and I understood. He was very gentle and very appreciative of what we had done, and took it all in. It was a terrible day. During lunch he told us that Mrs. Westcott had for some time expected sudden death from her heart, and had put her affairs in absolute order. He mentioned us that, with the exception of a certain entailed property of her father's which now, in detail, and direct we went back to a distant branch of the family, the whole estate, real and personal, was left absolutely to Arthur Hornswood. When he had told us so much he went on—

Frankly we did our best to prevent such a testamentary disposition, and pointed out certain considerations that might leave her daughter either penniless, or not so well as she should be, as regards a matrimonial alliance. Indeed, we pressed the matter so far that we almost came into collision. For she asked, and we were or were not prepared to carry out her wishes. Of course we had then no alternative but to accept. We were right in principle, and, meeting our times out of a hundred we should have proved, by the logic of events, the accuracy of our judgment. Frankly, however, I must admit that in this case any other form of disposition would have rendered impossible the carrying out of her wishes. But by her predeceasing her daughter the latter would have come into possession of the property, and even had she not survived her mother by five minutes, her property would increase there were no will, and a will was a practical impossibility in such a case—have been treated at her decease as under intestacy. In which case Lord Constantine, though so far a friend, would have had no claim in the world, and his relations, being remote, would not be likely to assert their right, for sentimental reasons regarding an entire stranger. I assure you, my dear Mrs. I am rejoiced at the result, perfectly rejoiced."

He was a good fellow, but his reasoning at the one time, just in which he was otherwise interested, of so great a tragedy, was at once less than the animosity of sympathy, understanding.

He did not remain long, but said he would look in later in the day, and see Lord Constantine. His coming, however, had been a strain on us, since I assured us that we should not have to do dead business, as to any of our debt. Arthur was expected at five o'clock, so a little before that time we visited the death chamber. It was so in very truth, for now both mother and daughter lay in it. The undertaker, it set, his wife had made the best display he could do this goods, and here was a mortuary altar at the place that lowered our spirits at once. Van Helsing ordered the former arrangement to be adhered to, explaining that as Lord Constantine was coming very soon, it would be just harrowing to his feelings to see all that was left of his home, quite alone. The undertaker seemed shocked at his own stupidity, and he seemed to resist to restore things to the condition in which we left them the night before, so that when Arthur came such shocks to his feelings as we could avoid were saved.

Poor fellow! He looked desperately sad and mournful, even his staid manner seemed to have shaken somewhat under the strain of his uncontrolled emotions. He had, I knew, been very gentlemanly and devotedly attached to his father, and I chose him, and at such a time, was a bitter blow.

goodness to my poor dear. He paused a moment and went on: "I know that she understood your goodness ever better than I do, and if I was made of many ways waiting at that time you destroyed your memory of the Professor and led— you must forgive me."

He answered with a grave kindness:

"I know it was hard for you to give trust at the time, for to trust such violence needs to understand, and I take it that you do not—that you cannot—trust me now. For you do not yet understand. And there may be more times when I shall want you to trust when you cannot—and may not—at I may not yet understand. But the time will come when your trust shall be whole and complete in me, and when you shall understand why though the struggle has set me through. Then you shall know me from first to last for your own sake, and for the sake of others, and for her dear sake to whom I swore to protect."

And indeed, indeed so, said Arthur warmly. "I shall in a way trust you, I know, and believe you have a very noble heart, and you are Jack's friend, and you were here. You shall do what you like."

The Professor cleared his throat a couple of times, as though about to speak, and finally said—

"May I ask you something now?"

"Certainly."

"You know that Mrs. Westenra left you all her property."

"No, poor dear, I never thought of it."

And as it was yours you have a right to deal with it as you will. I want you to give me permission to read all Miss Lucy's papers and letters. Believe me, it is no idle curiosity. I have a motive of which be sure she would have approved. I have them all here. I took them before we knew that all was yours, so that no strange hand might touch them—no strange eye look through words into her secret. I shall keep them, if I may, even you may not see them yet, but I shall keep them safe. No word shall be lost, and in the good time I shall give them back to you. It is a hard thing I ask, but you will do it, will you not, for Lucy's sake?"

Arthur spoke out heartily. "Like his or live!"

Dr. Van Helsing, you may do what you will. I feel hardly saying this I am doing what my dear friend would have approved. I shall not trouble you with questions till the time comes."

The old Professor stood up as he said solemnly:

"And you are right. There will be pain for us all, but it will not be all pain, nor will this pain be the last. We and you too—you most of all, my dear boy—will have to pass through the bitter water before we reach the sweet. But we must be of ease of heart and unselfish and do our duty, and all will be well!"

Except on a sofa in Arthur's room that night Van Helsing did not go to bed at all. He went to a little day-patio, giving the breeze and was never out of sight of the room where Lucy lay in her coffin, strewn with the wild garden flowers, which sent forth the odour of lily and rose, a heavy carpet of snow into the night.

MINA HARKER'S JOURNAL

22 September. In the train to Exeter, Jonathan sleeping.

It seems only yesterday that the last entry was made, and yet how much between then in Whitby and all the world before me. Jonathan away and

no news of him, and now married to Jonathan. Jonathan a solicitor, a partner, rich master of his business. Mr. Hawkley dead and buried, and Jonathan with another attack that may haunt him. Some day he may ask me about it. Down it all goes. I am busy in my shorthand—see what unexpected prosperity does for us!—so it may be as well to freshen it up again with an exercise anyhow.

The service was very simple and very solemn. There were only ourselves and the servants there. One or two old friends of his from Exeter, his last agent, and a gentleman representing Sir John Parnley, the President of the Incorporated Law Society. Jonathan and I stood hand in hand, as I felt that our best and dearest friend was gone from us.

We came back to town, partly taking a bus to Hyde Park Corner. Jonathan thought I would interest myself into the Row for a while, so we sat down, but there were very few people here, and it was sad looking and desolate to see so many empty chairs. It made us think of the empty chair at home, so we got up and walked down Piccadilly. Jonathan was holding me by the arm, the way he used to in the old days before I went to school. I felt very proper, but so can I go, out of some years teaching etiquette and decorum to other girls who had the pedantry of a thing to course for it, but it was Jonathan, and he was my husband, and we didn't know at school who saw us—and we didn't care if they did—so on we walked. I was looking at a very beautiful girl in a big hat when that sitting in a victoria made our faces when I felt Jonathan catch my arm so tight that he hurt me, and he said under his breath—My God! I am always anxious about Jonathan. For I fear that some nervous fit may upset him again, so I turned to him quickly and asked him what it was that disturbed him.

He was very pale, and his eyes seemed bulging out as had in terror and half amazement, he gazed at a tall thin man with a beaky nose and black moustache and pointed beard, who was always observing the pretty girl. He was looking at her so hard that he did not see either of us, and so I had a good view of him. His face was not a good face, it was hard and cruel and sensual, and his big white teeth that looked at the white because his lips were so red, were just like an animal's. Jonathan kept staring at him till I was afraid he would notice. I feared he might take it, I he looked so fierce and nasty. I asked Jonathan why he was disturbed, and he answered, evidently thinking that I knew as much about it as he did.

"Do you see who it is?"

No, I said. "I don't know him, who is it?" His answer seemed to shock and trouble me, for it was said, and he did not know that it was to me Mina, to whom he was speaking—

"It is the man himself!"

The poor dear was evidently terrified at something—very greatly terrified. But he knew that if he had not had me to lean on and to support him he would have sunk down. He kept staring, a man came out of the shop with a small parcel and gave it to the lady who then drove off, the dark man kept his eyes fixed on her, and when the carriage drove away Piccadilly he followed in the same direction and hired a hansom. Jonathan kept looking after him, and said, as if to himself:

"There's it all the time, and he has grown young. My God! if this be so. Oh my God! my God! If I only knew, if I only knew!" He was distressing

himself so much that I feared to keep his mind on the subject by asking him any questions, so I remained silent. I threw him away quietly, as I thought his arm came easy. We walked all the further and he went in and sat for a while in the Green Park. I was a hot day for an autumn and there was a comfortable seat in a shady place. After a few minutes staring at nothing, for a half an hour, and he went quietly to sleep with his head on my shoulder. I thought it was the best thing for him, so did not disturb him. In about twenty minutes he woke up and said, "I am quite cheerful."

"Why must I have been asleep? Oh, do forgive me for being so rude. Come, and we'll have a cup of tea somewhere." He has evidently forgotten all about the dark stranger, as if he now he had forgotten all that this episode had reminded him of. "I don't like this," I thought, "to forget. I fancy it may make one's nerves some injury to the brain. I must not ask him, for fear I should do more harm than good, but I must somehow learn the facts of his journey abroad. The time is come. I fear when I next open that parcel and I know what is written. Oh, for a hat, you would know I forgive me if I do wrong, but it is for your own dear sake."

Lucy—A sad home coming, it every way—the house empty of the dear son who was so good to us. Jonathan was pale and dizzy, after a slight release of his mania, and now a telegram from Van Helsing, whenever he may be—

You will be grieved to hear that Mrs. Weston died five days ago, and that Lucy died the day before yesterday. They were both buried to-day.

Oh, what a wealth of sorrow in a few words! Poor Mrs. Weston! poor Lucy! Gone, gone, never to return to us. And poor, poor Arthur! to have lost such sweetness out of his life. God be good to bear our troubles.

DR. SEWARD'S DIARY

22 September. It is all over. Arthur has gone back to Ragby and has taken Quincy Morris with him. What a fine fellow was Quincy! I have on my heart of hearts at the very end as much about Quincy's death as any of us, but he bore himself through to the end bravely. If I believe a single word of the things that she will be a power to be won and led. Van Helsing is going down having a rest, preparing to fly to Paris. He goes over to Amsterdam to-night but says he will stop there a night, having only way to make some arrangements, which he will do by the morning. He is to stop with me then, if he can, he says he has work to do in London which may take him some time. Poor Quincy! I fear that the strain of the past week has taken down even this strong man. Another time of the future he was I could see, putting some terrible strain on himself. When I was all over, we were standing beside Arthur, who, poor fellow, was speaking of his part in the operation where his blood had been transfused to his lady's veins. I could see Van Helsing's face grow white and pale by turns. Arthur was saying that he felt sure that as Quincy and Lucy had been really married and that she was his wife in the sight of God, Nature, and a word of the other spectators, and that I have said that Arthur and Quincy were away together to the station and Van Helsing and I came on here. The next minute we were alone in the carriage, he gave way to a regular fit of hysteria. He had denied to me since that it was

[illegible][illegible]

I did not get involved in any more of the [redacted] and I went back to work as I did not see it necessary to be a [redacted] I asked him to be answered the [redacted] and he said [redacted] in a [redacted] the

[illegible]

We can be sure the Internet is not the answer.

at in all that. Why your explanation makes it a harder puzzle than before. But even if the burial service was comic, what about poor Art and his trouble? Why his heart was simply breaking?"

"Just so. Said he not that the transmutation of his blood to her veins had made her truly his bride?"

"Yes, and I was a sweet and comforting idea for him."

"Quite so. But there was a difficulty. Friend John. If so that, then what about the others? Ho, ho. Then this so sweet maid is a polygamist, and me, with my poor wife dead to me, but alive by Church's law, though no wife at all gone—even I, who am faithful husband to this now no wife, am bigamist."

"I don't see where the joke comes in there either," I said, and I did not feel particularly pleased with him for saying such things. He laid his hand on my arm, and said,—

"Friend John, forgive me if I pain. I showed not my teeth to others when it would wound, but only to you, my old friend, whom I can trust. If you could have soaked into my very heart then when I want to laugh, if you could have done so when the laugh arrived, if you could do so now, when King Laugh have pack up his truncheon and all that is to him, if he go far, far away from me, and for a long, long time—maybe you would perhaps pity me the most of all."

I was touched by the tenderness of his tone, and asked why.

"Because I know!"

And now we are all scattered, and for many a long day loneliness will sit over our roofs with brooding wings. I lay lies in the tomb of her kin, a lordly deathhouse, in a fine, new churchyard, away from terming London, where the air is fresh, and the sun rises over Hampstead Hill, and where wild flowers grow of their own accord.

So I can finish this diary, and God only knows if I shall ever begin another. If I do, or if I even open this again, it will be to deal with different people and different themes. For here at the end, where the romance of my life is to die, here I go back to take up the thread of my lifework. I say sadly and without hope "finis."

"THE WESTMINSTER GAZETTE," 25 SEPTEMBER

A HAMPSTEAD MYSTERY

The neighbourhood of Hampstead is just at present exercised with a series of events which seem to run on lines parallel to those of what was known to the writers of head-lines as "The Kensington Horror," or "The Staring Woman," or "The Woman in Black." During the past two or three days several cases have occurred of young children straying from home, or neglecting to return from their playing on the Heath. In all these cases the children were too young to give any proper explanation of their doings, but the consensus of the excuses is that they had been with a "buxter lady." It has always been late in the evening when they have been missed, and in two instances the children have not been found, in a daily the following morning. It is generally supposed in the neighbourhood that, as the first child missed gave as his reason for being away that a "buxter lady" had asked him to come for a walk, the others had picked up the phrase and used it as an excuse.

served. This is the more natural as the favourite game of the little ones at present is cutting each other away by wiles. A correspondent writes us that to see some of the boys thus pretending to be the "bloofer lady" is supreme fun to us. Some of our caricaturists think he says "take a lesson in the irony of grotesque by comparing the reality and the picture." It is only in accordance with general principles of human nature that the "bloofer lady" should be the popular role at these *ad hoc* performances. Our correspondent naïvely says that even Ellen Terry could not be so winningly attractive as some of these grubby-faced little children pretend to be—and even imagine themselves—to be.

There is, however, possibly a serious side to the question, for some of the children, I understand, who have been missed at night have been slightly torn or wounded in the throat. The wounds seem such as might be made by a rat or a small dog, and although of not much importance individually would tend to show that whatever an animal is there has a system or method of its own. The police of the division have been instructed to keep a sharp lookout for straying children, especially when very young, in and around Hampstead Heath, and for any stray dog which may be about.

THE WESTMINSTER GAZETTE 25 SEPTEMBER

EXTRA SPECIAL

THE HAMSTEAD HORROR

ANOTHER CHILD INJURED

THE "BLOOFER LADY"

We have just received intelligence that another child missed last night was only discovered late in the morning, near a large bush at the Shooter's Hill side of Hampstead Heath, which is perhaps less frequented than the other parts. It has the same tiny wound in the throat as has been noticed in other cases. I was terribly weak and looked quite emaciated. I, too, when partially restored, had the common story to tell of being "red away" by the "bloofer lady."

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

MINA HARKER'S JOURNAL

23 September. Jonathan is better after a bad night. I am so glad that he has plenty of work to do, for that keeps his mind off the terrible things, and oh, I am rejoiced that he is not now weighed down with the responsibility of his new position. I knew he would better himself, for I know how proud I am to see my Jonathan rising to the height of his advancement and keeping pace in all ways with the duties that come upon him. He will be away all day till late, for he said he could not lunch at home. My household work is done, so I shall take his foreign journal and look myself up in my room and read it.

24 September. I had little heart to write last night, that terrible record of Jonathan's upset me so. Poor dear! How he must have suffered

whether it be true or only imagination. I wonder if there is any truth in it at all. Did he get his brain fever, and then write all those terrible things, or had he some cause for it all? I suppose I shall never know, for I dare not open the subject to him. And yet that man we saw yesterday. He seemed quite certain of him. Poor fellow! I suppose it was the funeral upset him and sent his mind back on some train of thought. He believes it all himself. I remember how on our wedding-day he said,

Unless some solemn duty come upon me to go back to the bitter hours, asleep or awake, mad or sane. There seems to be through it all some thread of continuity. That fear of Count was coming to London. If it should be, and he came to London with his steaming millions. There may be solemn duty, and if I come we must not shrink from it. I shall be prepared. I shall get my typewriter this very hour and begin transcribing. Then we shall be ready for other eyes frequented. And if it be wanted, then, perhaps, if I am ready, poor Jonathan may not be upset, for I can speak for him and never let him be troubled or worried with it at all. If ever Jonathan quite gets over the nervousness he may want to tell me of it all, and I can ask him questions and find out things, and see how I may comfort him.

LETTER VAN HELSING TO MRS. HARKER.

"Dear Madam,—

*"24 September
(Confidence)*

I pray you to pardon my writing in that I am so far friend as that I sent you sad news of Miss Lucy Westenra's death. By the kindness of Lord Godalming, I am empowered to read her letters and papers, for I am deeply concerned about certain matters very important. In them I find some letters from you, which show how great friends you were and how you love her. Oh, Madam Mina, by that love I implore you, help me. It is for others' good that I ask—to redress great wrong and to still my kind and terrible troubles—that may be more great than you can know. May I be that I see your? You can trust me. I am trusted of Dr. John Seward and of Lord Godalming—that was Arthur of Miss Lucy's. I must keep it private for the present from all. I should come to Exeter to see you and see if you tell me I am privileged to come, and where and when. I implore your pardon, madam. I have read your letters to poor Lucy, and know how good you are and how your husband suffers, so I pray you, if I may be, enlighten him not, lest it may harm. Again, your pardon, and forgive me.

"VAN HELSING.

TELEGRAM FROM MRS. HARKER TO VAN HELSING.

"24 September. Come to-day by quarter past ten train if you can. With all. Can see you any time you call. W. Helmina Harker."

MINA HARKER'S JOURNAL

24 September. I cannot help feeling terribly excited as the time draws near for the visit of Dr. Van Helsing, for somehow I expect that it will throw some light upon Jonathan's sad experience, as I as he attended

poor dear I say to her and I wish he can tell me a a word her. That is the reason of his not going it is something I say and her sleep walking and I am almost sure that. Then I shall never know the truth about now. I think I am. That why with a girl had. It is in age 4 now and to get everything with something it is very hard. It is now about I say. I a habit came back to the poor dear and that why right to the end I can have made her to. I had almost forgotten in my own affairs from it she was afterwards. She must have told me other sleep walking and I say on the 11th and ha I knew a about it and now he was to me to say what she knows so that he may understand. I hope I did right in not saying anything to it. Mrs. Weems. I should never forgive myself if I said I name were it even a negative one. brought tears in poor dear's eyes. I hope too. It is a long way. not blame me. I have had so much trouble and anxiety of late that I feel I cannot bear more just at present.

I suppose Jerry does say good afternoon - clearly he did as other rain
does. Perhaps it was raining. He passed yesterday. I missed him and
then Jonathan went away & is too young to stay away from me a whole day
and night. The first time we have been parted since our marriage. I do
hope he feels now we take care of himself and that at some time we will
be together. I wish to ask and he but I will write now. Now I shall
say nothing of Jonathan's visit unless he asks me. I am so glad I have
a pen to write on the one side of my hat because he asks about it. I can
hand it to him if we have no other question.

[illegible]

It was a fast walk when the doctor came. I took my baggage and went. In a few minutes Mary opened the door and announced "Dr. Van Helsing."

These are bowed and because water is a fluid it weighs strongly on the fish's pectoral fins and a small deep breast fin is weak, but as the fish is a bather the head is in the neck, the pectoral

the head strikes one at once as indicative of thought and power: the head is noble, well-sized, broad, and large behind the ears. The face clean-shaven, shows a hard square chin, a large, resolute, mobile mouth, a good-sized nose, rather straight, but with quick, sensitive nostrils that seem to broaden as the big, bushy brows come down and the mouth tightens. The forehead is broad and fine, rising at first almost straight and then sloping back above two bumps on ridges wide apart, such a forehead that the reddish hair cannot possibly tumble over it, but falls naturally back and to the sides. Big, dark blue eyes are set wide apart, and are quick and tender or stern with the man's moods. He said to me —

"Mrs. Harker, is it not?" I bowed assent.

"That was Miss Mina Murray?" Again I assented.

"It is Mina Murray that I came to see, that was friend of that poor dear child Lucy Westenra. Madam Mina, it is on account of the dead I come."

"Sir," I said, "you could have no better claim on me than that you were a friend and helper of Lucy Westenra. And I held it my hand. He took it and said tenderly:—

"Oh, Madam Mina, I knew that the friend of that poor, sweet girl must be good, but I had yet to learn." He finished his speech with a courtly bow. I asked him what it was that he wanted to see me about, so he at once began:—

"I have read your letters to Miss Lucy. Forgive me, but I had to begin to inquire somewhere, and there was none to ask. I know that you were with her at Whitby. She sometimes kept a diary, you need not look surprised. Madam Mina, it was begun after you had left, and was in imitation of you, and in that diary she traces by reference certain things to a sleep-walking in which she puts down that you saved her. In great perplexity then I came to you, and ask you out of your so much kindness to let me all of it that you can remember."

"I can tell you, I think, Dr. Van Helsing, all about it."

"Oh, then you have good memory for facts, for details. It is not always so with young ladies."

"No, doctor, but I wrote it all down at the time. I can show it to you if you like."

"Oh, Madam Mina, I will be grateful, you will do me much favour." I could not resist the temptation of mystifying him a bit. "I suppose it is somewhat the taste of the original apple that remains in our mouths—so I handed him the shorthand diary. He took it with a grateful bow, and said:

"May I read it?"

"If you wish," I answered as demurely as I could. He opened it, and for an instant his face fell. Then he stood up and bowed.

"Oh, you so clever woman!" he said. "I knew long that Mr. Jonathan was a man of much thankfulness, but see, his wife have all the good things. And will you not so much honour me and so be good as to read it for me? Alas, I know not the shorthand. By this time my little joke was over, and I was almost ashamed, so I took the typewritten copy from my workbasket and handed it to him.

"Forgive me," I said. "I could not help it, but I had been thinking that it was of dear Lucy that you wished to ask all, so that you might not have time to wait—not on my account, but because I know your time must be

previous—I have written it out on the typewriter for you."

He took it and his eyes glared. "You are wiser," he said. "And may I read it now? I may want to ask you some things when I have read."

By a gesture I said "read it over when I am asleep," and then you can ask me questions whilst we eat. He bowed and set out himself in a chair with his back to the light and became absorbed in the papers whilst I went to see after our child, but you order that he might not be disturbed. When I came back I found him waking but he lay up and down the room his face ablaze with excitement. He rushed up to me and took me by both hands.

"Oh Madam Mura," he said, "how can I say what I owe to you. This paper is a vision. It opens before me. I am dazzled, I am dazzled with wisdom, insight, and yet words pour forth behind the light every time. But that you do not cannot comprehend. Oh but I am grateful to you, you who never wear a Madam—," he said, "I never wear a veil. I never. Abraham Van Helsing can do anything for you or yours. I trust you will let me know. It will be pleasure and delight. I may serve you as a friend, I may be a friend, but as I have ever learned, as I do ever do, that be for you and those you love. There are dark places here and there are lights, you are one of the lights. You will have happiness and good life, and your husband will be blessed in you."

"But doctor, you praise me too much, and I do not know me."

"You know you, I who am old, and who have stood at the side of men and women, I who have made my specialty the brain and all that belongs to him and all that is his true life. And I have read your diary that you have so graciously written for me, and which breathes truth in every line. I who have read your sweet letter to poor Lucy of your marriage and your trust, not know you. Oh Madam Mura, good woman tell me, tell me, day by day and by hour and by minute, such things that a girl can read, and women who wish to know have to read the long, long, long years. Your husband is noble, brave, and you are noble too, if you trust, and trust that it be where there is truth and life. And your husband, tell me, tell me, is he quite well? Is that fever gone, and is he strong and hearty? I saw here a repeating task, my about Jonathan," said I.

"He was almost recovered, but he has been greatly upset by Mr. Hawkins's death." He interrupted.—

"Oh, yes, I know, I know. I have read your last two letters. I went on—"

"I suppose this upset him, for when we were in town on Thursday last he had a sort of shock."

"A shock, and that was not very soon. That was not good. What kind of a shock was it?"

"He thought he saw someone who told him something that he, something which led to his brain fever. And here the whole thing seemed to overwhelm him in a flash. The physician, naturally, the doctor, which he experienced, he whole heartily wrote his diary, and he that has been thinking over the experience, at once in a flash. I suppose I was hysterical, for I threw myself on my knees and held poor's hands in mine, and implored him to make my husband well again. He took my hands and raised them up and made them rest on the sofa and said, 'mine, he heard my heart in his' and said to me with oh, such infinite sweetness—"

"My life is a barren and barren one, and with it work, but I have not had much time for the—," he said, "but you have been surprised here."

By my friend John Stewart I have known so many good people and seen
such goodness that I feel more than ever — and it has grown with my
advancing years — the love of my noble Beloved more than that I come
here for respect for you and you have given me hope — hope not in
what I am seeking — but that here are good women who will make me
happy — good women whose lives and whose truths may make good
lessons — the thought that I will be I am glad that I may meet here
some one to you for if you had any sufferer — it would be the range of
my youth and experience — I promise you that I will gladly do for him
that I can — I will make his life strong and make his days a happy
one — Now you must eat — You are overworking and perhaps over anxious
Hasten! — a high wind not like to see you so pale — and what break for
where he now is not — I am glad that I will be for his sake you must eat and
sleep — You have to live a little — and so now we shall not speak of it
anymore — I shall stay here for a long while — I want to think much over
what you have told me and what we have thought — and you — presently
it may — And then you will write me of course — I am that terrible so
far away — and yet — You must eat now — afterwards you shall be in the

After: Is when we're back to bed drawing our he was home

And now ethical abolitionism. When I was speaking to a great tea table man, I began to hear that he would think me a weak fool, and [Charles] a thug, that that that normal self was a grudge, and I hesitated to go on. But he was so sure, and kind, and he had promised to help, and I trusted him, so I said:

Dr. Van Helsing, what I have to tell you is, your queen that you thought was going to die at my hand, and I have been since yesterday in a world of fever & doubt, you must be kind to me, and not think me foolish that I have even had these very strange things. He reassured me by my bearing as well as his words when he said:

Oh my dear if you only know how strange is the matter regarding what I am here now you who would laugh I have learned not to think like that any more no matter how strange it be I have tried to keep an open mind and to not be too sure of myself I feel that I must have it be the strange things the extraordinary things be the things that make one doubt if they be mad or sane."

I thank you that you will read my and mine. You have taken a weight off my mind. I will sometime I shall give you a paper to read. I writing but I have a few more to do. I will say you is true and I am than you. It is the copy of his journal when I read and I am that happy and I dare not say anything of it you will read for you see that I do. And here when I see you perhaps you will be very kind and tell me what you think.

I promise he said as I gave him the papers. I shall be returning to
soon as I can come to see you and your husband if I may.

Jonathan will be here at half past eleven and I will be home then such
 well as and see him then you may reach the quack & station which will
 leave you at half past one in the night. He was surprised at my knowledge
 of the train and had but no idea he did not know that I have made up as he
 travels and from Exeter so that I may be p Jonathan to use he is in a
 hurry

So he took the papers with him and went away and I sat here thinking thinking I don't know what.

LETTER (BY HAND) FROM VAN HELSING TO MRS
HARKER

"Dear Madam Mina,—

"25 September, 6 o'clock.

"I have read your husband's so wonderful diary. You may sleep without doubt. Strange and terrible as it is, it is *true*. I will pledge my life on it. It may be worse for others, but for him and you there is no dread. He is a noble fellow, and let me tell you from experience of men, that one who would do as he did in going down that wall and to that room—ay, and going a second time—is not one to be injured in permanence by a shock. His brain and his heart are all right, this I swear, before I have even seen him, so be at rest. I shall have much to ask him of other things. I am blessed that to-day I come to see you, for I have learnt at once so much that again I am dazzle—dazzle more than ever, and I must think

"Yours the most faithful,
"ABRAHAM VAN HELSING."

LETTER FROM MRS HARKER TO VAN HELSING

"My dear Dr. Van Helsing,—

"25 September, 6.30 P.M.

A thousand thanks for your kind letter, which has taken a great weight off my mind. And yet, if it be true, what terrible things there are in the world, and what an awful thing if that man, that monster, be really in London! I fear to think. I have, this moment, whilst writing, had a wire from Jonathan, saying that he leaves by the 6.25 to-night from Launceston and will be here at 10.18, so that I shall have no fear to-night. Will you, therefore, instead of lunching with us, please come to breakfast at eight o'clock, if this be not too early for you. You can get away, if you are in a hurry, by the 10.30 train, which will bring you to Paddington by 2.35. Do not answer this, as I shall take it that, if I do not hear, you will come to breakfast.

"Believe me,
"Your faithful and grateful friend,
"MINA HARKER."

JONATHAN HARKER'S JOURNAL

26 September. I thought never to write in this diary again, but the time has come. When I got home last night Mina had supper ready, and when we had supped she told me of Van Helsing's visit, and of her having given him the two diaries copied out, and of how anxious she has been about me. She showed me in the doctor's letter that all I wrote down was true. It seems to have made a new man of me. It was the doubt as to the reality of the whole thing that knocked me over. I felt impotent, and in the dark, and distrustful. But now that I *know*, I am not afraid, even of the Count. He has succeeded after all, then, in his design in getting to London, and it was he I saw. He has got younger, and now Van Helsing is the man to unmask him and hunt him out, if he is anything like what Mina says. We

sat late and talked it all over. Mina is dressing and I shall call at the house in a few minutes and bring him over.

He was I think surprised to see me. When I came into the room where he was, and introduced myself, he took me by the shoulder, and turned my face round to the light, and said, after a sharp scrutiny, —

But Madam Mina told me you were ill, that you had had a shock. It was so lucky to hear my wife called Madam Mina, by this kindly strong-faced old man. I smiled, and said,

I was ill. I have had a shock, but you have cured me already. And how?"

By your letter to Mina last night. I was ill, I don't know, and then everything took a bad turn already, and I did not know what to trust, even the evidence of my own senses. Not knowing what to trust, I did not know what to do, and so had only to keep on working in what had hitherto been the groove of my life. The groove ceased to avail me, and I mistrusted myself. Doubt, you don't know what it is to doubt everything, even yourself. No, you don't, you frown with eyebrows like yours. He seemed pleased, and laughed as he said, —

No. You are physiognomist. I learn more here with each hour. I am with so much pleasure coming to you to breakfast, and oh, sir, you will pardon praise from an old man, but you are blessed in your wife. I would listen to him going praising Mina for a day, so I am pithy now and stand silent.

She is one of God's women, fashioned by His own hand to show us men and other women, that there is a heaven where we all enter, and that its light can be here on earth. So true, so sweet, so noble, so little an egoist, at that, let me tell you, with such an image, so cheerful and selfish. And you, sir, I have read so, he letters to poor Mr. Lucy, and some of them speak of you, so I know you since some days from the knowing of others, but I have seen your true self since last night. You will give me your hand, will you not? And let us be friends for all our lives.

We shook hands, and he was so earnest and so kind that it made me quite choky.

And now, he said, may I ask you for some more help? I have a great task to do, and at the beginning it is to know. You can be my help here. Can you tell me what went before you going to Transylvania? Later on I may ask more help, and of a different kind, but at first this will do.

Look here, sir, I said, does what you have to do concern the Count?

"It does," he said solemnly.

Then I am with you heart and soul. As you go by the 10.45 train, you will not have time to read them, but I shall get the bundle of papers. You can take them with you, and read them in the train.

After breakfast I saw him to the station. When we were parting he said,

Perhaps you will come to town if I send to you, and take Madam Mina too."

We shall both come when you wish, I said.

I had got him the morning papers and the London papers of the previous night, and while we were talking at the carriage window waiting for the train to start, he was turning them over. His eyes suddenly seemed to catch something in one of them. The Westminster Gazette. I knew it by the colour, and he grew queer white. He read something intently.

glaring at himself. "Mein Gott! Mein Gott! So soon, so soon!" I do not think he remembered me at the moment. Just then the whistle blew, and the train moved off. This recalled him to himself, and he leaned out of the window and waved his hand, calling out: "Love to Marian! Mina! I shall write so soon as ever I can."

DR. SEWARD'S DIARY

26 September. Truly, there is no such thing as finality. Not a week since I said "Fare you well," and yet here I am starting fresh again, or rather going on with the same record. Until yesterday I had no cause to bicker at what is for me the fact, that he has become so amiable as he ever was. He was already well ahead with his business, and he had just started in the quiet morning, so he has not been of any trouble to me. I had a letter from Arthur written on Sunday, and from it I gather that he is beating up somewhat as well. Quincy Morris is with him, and that is much of a help, for he himself is a bursting well of good spirits. Quincy wrote me a line too, and from him I hear that Arthur is beginning to recover something of his old buoyancy, so as to them at any rate my mind is at rest. As for myself, I was setting down to my work with the enthusiasm which I used to have for it, so that I might fairly have said that the wound which poor Lucy left on me was beginning to be mended. Everything is, however, now reversed, and what is to be the end God only knows. I have an idea that Van Helsing thinks he knows too, but he will be silent enough at a time to bet curiosity. He went to Exeter yesterday and stayed there all night. I may be late back, and am not bounded into the room at about half past five o'clock, and thrust last night's *Westminster Gazette* in my hand.

"What do you think of that?" he asked, as he stood back and looked at his arms.

I looked over the paper, for I really did not know what he meant by the look at from me, and I pointed out a paragraph about cholera being decimated away at Hamptonstead. It did not convey much to me, and I reached a passage where it described what putrotted was in their throats. An idea struck me, and I looked up. "Well," he said,

"It is like poor Lucy's."

"And what do you make of it?"

"Simply that there is some cause in common. Whatever it was that killed her has killed them. I did not quite understand his answer, — what a true it is, yes, but not I fear."

"How do you mean, Professor?" I asked. I was a little inclined to take his seriousness lightly, for after all four days of rest and freedom from burning, hallowing anxiety does help to restore one's spirits; but when I saw I was not edifying him, never even in the midst of our despair about poor Lucy, had he looked more stern.

"Tell me," I said, "an hazardous question. I do not know what to think, and I have no data on which to found a conjecture."

"Do you mean to tell me, friendly John, that you have no suspicion as to what poor Lucy died of, not a bit at all, he having given you only his eyes, but by me?"

"Of nervous prostration following a great loss or waste of blood."

"And now the blood lost is waste." I shook my head. He stepped over

doi:10.1016/j.jmb.2005.08.005

[illegible]

Yes, I said, I have not hesitated. I have said as he went on. Then you are satisfied with it. Yes. And of course, here you are satisfied how it got and at how he got it. The great fear of you was that he is no more. But he is very well. The patient that he is. And now. Then, then, I do not take it that it is a very acceptable and I am satisfied to let you, let me to know, well for a while. No. Then, then, I am satisfied if he is in. How you accept the hypothesis and reject the thought reading. Let me tell you, my friend, that here are things done today in the world which have been deemed actions by the very men who discovered electricity, who said that we were not going to have been burned as wizards. There are always mysteries in life. Why was it that Methuselah lived nine hundred years and that Part one hundred and sixty-one and yet that poor Jack with his little child in her poor years could not even see the day but had the day one more day we could have save her. Do you know as the mystery of life and death, do you know the altogether of comparative anatomy at all, do you know where the variety of life are in some men and not in others. Can you tell me why when that species first appeared that the great spider lived for centuries in the tower of the old St. Asaph church and grew and grew and grew and growing he could drink the blood of the heart of man. Can you tell me why the poor pay as and elsewhere there are bats that come at night and upon the very roof of the old houses and sink in their veins how it is our minds of the Western world here are bats which hang on the trees at day and those who have seen them be as the great things of life and that when the sun is on the back because the bats are not the down of them and then and then in the morning are found dead men while as even Miss Lacy was

Conrad Professor I said nothing of this matter to me that I have written by my father and that was a thing where I said it of the 1000th years. He waved his hand for a return and went on.

So you see, it is why the first we see mentioning that genealogy I mean why the evangelists say it and it is because we know Jesus is why the Jews do never believe in Jesus that is why the fathers of man that you know the why that he was crucified and why that there are some few who are not always I think the people that there are not and wonder who call it so. We all know that a new world has come to be the fact that there have been such things as what the world is of years that is the

to smile and that I was holding him since the youth of the world. Can you tell me how the Indian fakir can make himself to die and have been buried and his grave sealed and corn sowed on it and the corn reaped and be cut and sown and reaped and cut again and then men come and take the unbroken sea and I at there is the Indian fakir not dead but that rise up and walk amongst them as before. Here I interrupted him. I was getting bewildered, he so crowded in my mind his list of nature's eccentricities and possible possibilities that my imagination was getting tired. I had a dim idea that he was teaching me some lesson, as long ago he used to do in his class at Amsterdam, but he used, hence the line, he thought so that I could have the object of thought in mind all the time. But now I was without this he put yet I wanted to follow him, so I said—

Professor let me be your pet student again. Let me be the thesis so that I may apply your knowledge as you go on. At present I am going in my mind from point to point as a madman and not a sane one follows an idea. I feel like a mouse warbling through a bog in a mist jumping from one tussock to another in the mere blind effort to move on without knowing where I am going."

That a good image," he said. Well, I shall tell you. My thesis is that I want you to believe."

"To believe what?"

To believe in things that you cannot. Let me illustrate. I heard once of an American who so defined faith—that faculty which enables us to believe things which we know to be untrue. For me I know that man. He means that we shall have an open mind and not let a little bit of truth check, he rushes along tripping like a small rock does a railway truck. We get the small truth first. Good. We keep him and we value him, but at the same we must not let him think himself all the truth in the universe.

Then you want me not to let some previous conviction impair the receptivity of my mind with regard to some strange matter. Do I read your lesson aright?"

Ah you are my favourite pupil still. It is worth to teach you. Now that you are willing to understand you have taken the first step to understand. You think then that those small holes in the chandelier's throats were made by the same that made the hole in Miss Lucy?

I suppose so. He stood up and said solemnly.

Then you are wrong. Oh would it were so. But alas no. It is worse far far worse.

In fact's name Professor Van Heusing what do you mean?" I cried.

He threw himself with a despairing gesture into a chair and placed his elbows on the table covering his face with his hands as he spoke.

"They were made by Miss Lucy."

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

DR SEWARD'S DIARY continued

For a while after at first may ere I met it was as I had during her life struck Lucy on the face. I smote the table hard and rose up as I said to him.

"Dr. Van Helsing, are you hurt?" He raised his head and looked at me, and somehow the tenderness of his face affected me at once. "We are," I wrote, he said. "My nerves were easy to wear out, as you might think. But this, Oh, my friend, why think you I do go so far to—? I why am so much to leave you, suppose a thing. Was it because I hate you and have hated you all my life? Was it because I wished to give you pain? Was it that I wanted now so late, revenge for that time when you saved my life, and from a fearful death? Ah, no!"

"Forgive me," said I. He went on.

"My friend, I am weak, because I wished to be gentle in breaking to you, for I know you have loved that so sweet lady. But even yet I do not expect you to believe. It is so hard to accept at once any abstract truth, that we may doubt such to be possible when we have always believed the truth. It is more hard still to accept so said a concrete truth, and if such a one as Miss Lucy. I thought I go to prove it, late you come with me."

This suggested me. A man does not like to prove such a truth. Byron excepted from the category, perhaps.

And prove the very truth he most abhorred.

He saw my hesitation and spoke:—

"The negro vampire, no, that is a logic, his time, on going from his work to his work in a busy day, but he not true, then, after I was healed, at worst it was not hating, but true. At these, other read, yet very strange should help my cause, for in it is some kind of belief. Come, I tell you what I propose, first, that we go off now and see that I am in the hospital, Dr. Vincent of the North Hospital, where the papers say, he, but it is a friend of mine, and I think I must say in my way, as at a sister, I am. He will let two scientists see his case, if he will, and let us see it. As we shall see him nothing, but only that we wish to learn. And then—"

And then— He took a key from his pocket and held it up. "And then we spend the night, you see, I am the child, I said where Lucy lies. This is the key that took the lock. I have it from the coffin that I gave to Arthur. My heart sank within me, for I felt that there was some truth, indeed before me, I could do nothing, however, so I looked up what heart I could, and said that we had better hasten, as the afternoon was passing."

We found the child awake. I had had a sleep and taken some food, and altogether was going on well. Dr. Vincent took the bandage from its throat, and showed us the punctures. There was no mistaking the similarity to those which had been on Lucy's throat. They were shallow, and the edges looked fresher, that was all. We asked Vincent to what he attributed them, and he replied that it must have been a steel, some animal, perhaps a rat, but for his own part, he was not able to tell. He had always one of the bats which are so common only in the further heights of London. "I shot so many harmless ones," he said, "there may be some wild specimen from the South, of a more malignant species. Some say it may have brought me home, and it managed to escape, or even from the Zoological Gardens a young one today having it done, it may be bred there from a vampire. These things do occur, you know. Only ten days ago a young dog, and was I believe, traveled up in this direction. For a week after the children were playing nothing but Red Riding Hood in the parish and in every area of the place until the flood of rain came and long since when it

has been quite a gain to me with them. Even for poor old man when he woke up to-day asked he never if he might go away. When she asked him why he wanted to go he said he wanted to play with the children only.

"I hope," said Van Helsing, "that when you are sending the child home you will caution its parents to keep it away from it. These fancies to play are most dangerous, and if the child were to remain out another night it would probably be fatal. But in any case I suppose you will not let it away for some days?"

"Certainly not, not for a week at least, longer if the wound is not healed."

That visit to the hospital took more time than we had reckoned on, and the sun had dipped before we came out. When Van Helsing saw how dark it was, he said,—

"There is no hurry. It is more late than I thought it was, let us seek somewhere that we may eat, and then we shall go on our way."

We dined at Jack Straw's Lane, coming along with a whole crowd of boys and others who were getting a glass. Another drink we started for in the inn. It was then very dark, and he was tired and a little the darkness greater when we were once outside. Here indeed is a railway. The Professor had evidently noted the road we were on, for he went on, hesitating a little, as if the way is quite a wrong way, and then he went on. We met fewer and fewer people, till at last we were somewhat surprised when we met even the pair of old horse power going here and there without any. At last we reached the way of the butchery, which we entered over. With some food the day, but it was very dark, and the whole place seemed so strange to us, we found the Western tomb. The Professor took the key, opened the creaky door, and standing back, quietly but quite a womanly motioned me to precede him. There was a few words more, a few more in the night, and giving preference in such a ghastly occasion. My companion showed me a key, and a womanly down the door, after a few minutes that he took was a falling, and not a spring, one. In the latter case we should have been at a bad night. Then he turned up his bag, and taking out a match-box and a piece of candle, proceeded to make a light. The tomb in the day time, and when wreathed with fresh flowers, had looked gay and graceful enough, but now, some days afterwards, when the flowers were withered and dead, then white candles were set and their greenish-brown, when he spoke at the burial had resumed their accustomed form and shape, when the door opened, and the last of the night, and the last, dark man and tarnished brass, and candlesticks, and gave back, the feeling of a horror of a horror, the effect was more terrible and more than could have been imagined. It seemed almost as if the idea that the animal was not the only thing which could pass away.

Van Helsing went about his work systematically. He did his candle so that he could read, he cut plates, and he was doing it that the sperm dropped in white patches which he grazed as he touched the metal, he made assurance of his own. Another search in his bag, and he took out a turn-screw.

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"To open the door," he said, "and see the cause of it. So that was he began taking out the screws, and the door died off the old showing, he was of lead beneath. The sight was almost too much for me. It seemed to me as

much an affinity to the dead as it would have been to have stripped off her clothing in her sleep whilst lying flat on a tomb-hill. At his hand to stop him Herrnst said "You shall see," and again drawing in his bag took out a tiny fret-saw. Striking the coffin-screw through the lead with a swift downward stab which made me wince, he made a small hole, which was, however, big enough to admit the point of the saw. I had expected a rush of gas from the week-old corpse. We doctors, who have had to study our dangers, have to become accustomed to such things, and I drew back towards the door. But the Professor never stopped for a moment, he sawed down a couple of feet along one side of the lead coffin, and then across, and down the other side. Taking the edge of the loose flange, he bent it back toward the foot of the coffin, and holding up the canopy to the aperture, motioned to me to look.

I drew near and looked. The coffin was empty.

It was certainly a surprise to me, and gave me a considerable shock, but Van Helsing was unmoved. He was now more sure than ever of his ground, and so emboldened to proceed in his task. "Are you satisfied now, friend John?" he asked.

I felt all the dogged argumentativeness of my nature awake within me as I answered him.—

"I am satisfied that Lucy's body is not in that coffin, but that only proves one thing."

"And what is that, friend John?"

"That it is not there."

"That is good again," he said, "so far as it goes. But how do you—how can you—account for it not being there?"

"Perhaps a body-snatcher," I suggested. "Some of the undertakers' people may have stolen it." I felt that I was speaking folly, and yet it was the only real cause which I could suggest. The Professor sighed. "Ah well," he said, "we must have more proof. Come with me."

He put on the coffin-lid again, gathered up all his things and placed them in the bag, blew out the light, and placed the candle also in the bag. We opened the door, and went out. Behind us he closed the door and locked it. He handed me the key, saying, "Will you keep it? You had better be assured," I laughed, "it was not a very hearty laugh. I am bound to say," as I motioned him to keep it. "A key is nothing," I said, "there may be duplicates, and anyhow it is not difficult to pick a lock of that kind." He said nothing, but put the key in his pocket. Then he told me to wait at one side of the churchyard whilst he would watch at the other. I took up my place behind a yew-tree, and I saw his dark figure move amid the intervening headstones and trees hid it from my sight.

It was a lonely vigil. Just after I had taken my place I heard a distant clock strike twelve, and in time came one and two. I was chilled and unnerved, and angry with the Professor for taking me on such an errand, and with myself for coming. I was too cold and too sleepy to be keenly observant, and not sleepy enough to betray my trust, so altogether I had a dreary, miserable time.

Still, slowly, as I turned round, I thought I saw something like a white streak moving between two dark yew-trees at the side of the churchyard farthest from the tomb. At the same time a dark mass moved from the Professor's side of the ground, and hurriedly went towards it. Then I too moved, but I had to go round headstones and raised-off-tombs, and I

stirred over graves. The sky was overcast and somewhere far off an early cock crew. A little way off beyond a line of scattered juniper trees which marked the pathway to the church a white dim figure loomed in the direction of the tomb. The tomb itself was hidden by trees and I could not see where the figure disappeared. I heard the noise of actual movement where I had just seen the white figure, and coming over found the Professor holding in his arms a tiny child. When he saw me he held it out to me, and said—

"Are you satisfied now?"

No, I said, in a way that I felt was aggressive.

"Do you not see the child?"

Yes, it is a child, but who brought it here? And is it wounded? I asked. We stare, said the Professor, and with one impulse we took our way out of the churchyard, he carrying the sleeping child.

When we had got some little distance away we went into a clump of trees and struck a match and looked at the child's throat. It was without a scratch or scar of any kind.

Was I right? I asked triumphantly.

We were just in time, said the Professor, that is all.

We had now to decide what we were to do with the child, and so consulted about it. If we were to take it to a police station we should have to give some account of our movements during the night; at least we should have had to make some statement as to how we had come to find the child. So to say we decided that we would take it to the Braith, and when we heard a policeman coming, would leave it where he could not find it, we would then seek our way home as quickly as we could. After our way to the edge of Hampstead Heath we heard a policeman's heavy tramp, and having the child on the pathway we waited and watched until he saw it as he rushed himself to and fro. We heard his exclamation of astonishment, and then we went away silently. By good chance we got a cab near the Spaniards, and drove to town.

I cannot sleep, so I make this entry. But I must try to get a few hours' sleep, as Van Helsing is to call me at noon. He wants that I shall go with him on another expedition.

27 September. — It was twelve o'clock before we found a suitable opportunity for our attempt. The funeral heard at noon was accomplished, and the last straggles of the mourners had taken themselves secretly away, when, looking round a little from behind a clump of alder trees, we saw the sexton lock the gate after him. We knew then that we were safe for morning, did we desire it, but the Professor told me that we should not want more than an hour at most. Again I felt that horrid sense of the reality of things in which any effort of imagination seemed out of place, and I realised distinctly the peril of the task which we were entering on, our unhalloved work. Besides, I felt it was almost useless. Unhappily as it was to open a leaden coffin to see if a woman dead nearly a week were really dead, it now seemed the height of folly to open the tomb again, when we knew from the evidence of our own eyesight that the coffin was empty. I shrugged my shoulders, however, and tested again, but Van Helsing had a way of going on his own road, no matter who remonstrated. He took the key, opened the vault, and again courteously motioned me to precede. The place was not so gruesome as last night, but oh, how unutterably near-looking when the yellow light streamed in. Van Helsing walked over

to Lucy's coffin, and I followed. He bent over and again forced back the leather flap, and then a shock of surprise and dismay shot through me.

There lay Lucy, seemingly as we had seen her the night before her funeral. She was, it possible, more radiantly beautiful than ever, and I could not believe that she was dead. The eyes were red, may redder than before, and on the cheeks was a delicate bloom.

"Is this a juggle?" I said to him.

"Are you convinced now?" said the Professor in response, and as he spoke he put over his hand, and in a way that made me shudder, pried back the dead eye and showed the white teeth.

"See," he went on, "see, they are even sharper than before. With this and this—and he touched one of the canine teeth and that below it—the little children call the fangs. Are you, it being now, friend John, three months past that time how it was with me, I could not accept such an over-whelming idea as he suggested, so, with an attempt to argue of which I was even at the moment ashamed, I said—

"She may have been placed here since last night."

"Indeed? That is so, and by whom?"

"I do not know. Some one has done it."

And yet she has been dead one week. Most proper is that time would not look so. I had no answer for this, so was silent. Van Helsing did not seem to notice my silence, at any rate, he showed neither chagrin nor triumph. He was looking intently at the face of the dead woman, raising the eyelids and looking at the eyes, and once more opening the lips and examining the teeth. Then he turned to me and said:

"Here, there is one thing which is different from all I expected; here is some trace that is not as he common. She was bitten by the vampire when she was in a trance, sleep-waking, as you shall find to-day. That friend John, but you shall know it as later, as a trance could be best, come to take more blood. It was after she died, and in a trance she is I could dead. So it is that she differs from all other I know, when the I could dead sleep at home—as he spoke he made a comprehensive sweep of his arm to designate what to a vampire was home—"their face show what they are, but this so sweet that was when she was I could dead she go back to the things of the common dead. There is to make there see, and so it make hard that I may see her in her sleep. I have turned my head, and it began to dawn upon me that I was accepting Van Helsing's theories, and that she were really dead, what was there of terror in the idea of living her. He looked up at me, and evidently saw the change in my face, for he said almost joyously—

"Ah, you believe now?"

I answered: "Do not press me too hard at at once, I am willing to accept. It was you, I do this, surely work."

I stooped and held her head as to her mouth was open, and I shall drive a stake through her body. It made me shudder to think of so that a thing the body of the woman whom I have loved. And yet the feeling was not so strong as I had expected. I was, in fact, beginning to shudder at the presence of this being, this I could dead, as Van Helsing named it, and to breathe it, as it possible, but now it was a dissection, it was a dissection.

I wanted a counter-argument to the Van Helsing's suggestion, but he stood as if wrapped in thought. Presently he closed the book of his bag with a snap, and said—

"I have been thinking, and have made my mind up to what is next. If I

did simply follow my meaning I would do now at this moment what is to be done—but there are other things to do now—and I regret that are thousand times more difficult than that there we do not know. This simple Sir have yet no idea taken though that is of time and to act now would be to take danger from her for ever. But then we may have—want Arthur—and how shall we tell him of it? If you who saw the wounds on Lucy's breast and saw the woman who sat at the head sat he hospitably in who saw he at the empty—ast night and I—saw with a woman who have not change on's to be more rose and more beautiful in a whole week after she heard you know at this and know of the white figure ast night that I thought he fled to the churchyard—and yet I your own senses you did not believe—now then can I expect Arthur—who know none of those things—to believe? He loathed me when I took him from her kiss when she was dying—I know he has forgiven me because in some mistaken idea I have done—forgive that prevent him say good-bye as he might—and he may think that in some more mistaken idea the woman was turned alive—and that in most mistake of all we have killed her. He will then angrie back but to we mistaken ones that have killed her by our ideas—and so he will be unhappy always. Yet he never can be wiser—and that is he will suffer. And he will sometimes think that she he loved was turned alive and that will pain him as death with horrors of what she must have suffered—and again he will think that we may be right—and that his sorrow was after all an Un-Dead No! No! This once at least then I learn much. Now since I know I can give him a hundred times more I know that he must pass through the bitter waters to reach the sweet. He must be low must have one hour that will make the very face of heaven glow back to him—then we can act for good and to end a I need not repeat. My mind is made up. Let us go. You retreat home for tonight—your assistant and see that all be well. And if time I shall spend the night here in this churchyard in my own way. To-morrow night you will come to me to the Berkeley Hotel at ten of the clock. I shall send for Arthur to come too—and I will that so he young man of America that gave his blood. I am sure shall have work to do. I am sure will go so far as Phoenix—and here you let him stay he will be back here before the sun set."

So we looked the church and came away—and got over the wall of the churchyard which was—done had a task—and drove back to Fenchurch.

NOT TOLD BY VAN DOSSN IN HIS PORTMAN SQUARE
BERKELEY HOTEL KITCHEN TO CONSWARD.

Not delivered.

"Friend John—

"27 September

I will be in case anything shall happen I go alone to watch that churchyard. It surprises me that he is dead. Miss Lucy she not leave tonight that soon then tomorrow night yet as we were eager. The story I told of something she heard of—of a dead body was seen under the door of the tomb. She is young as Un-Dead—and was heard. Moreover—these are only to prevent her coming—these is not prevent my own wanting to get in for then there could be a desperate and I am afraid the one of many reasons why some of them are—shall be at hand at the night. It is a fact—after the course which here we are getting that it is believed

I shall learn it. For Miss Lucy or from her I have no fear, but that other to whom is there that she is Un-Dead, he have now the power to seek her tomb and find shelter. He is cunning, as I know from Mr. Jonathan and from the way that all along he have fooled us when he played with us for Miss Lucy's life, and we lost, and in many ways the Un-Dead are strong. He have always the strength in his hand of twenty men, even we four who gave our strength to Miss Lucy it also is all to him. Besides, he can summon his wolf and I know not what. So if it be that he come thither on this night he shall find me, but none other shall—until it be too late. But it may be that he will not attempt the place. There is no reason why he should, his hunting ground is more full of game than the churchyard where the Un-Dead woman sleep and the one old man watch.

"If it be so, farewell.

"VAN HELSING."

DR. SEWARD'S DIARY

28 September. It is wonderful what a good night's sleep will do for me. Yesterday I was almost willing to accept Van Helsing's monstrous ideas, but now they seem to start out land before me as outrages on common sense. I have no doubt that he believes it all. I wonder if his mind can have become in any way unbalanced. Surely there must be some rational explanation of all these mysterious things. Is it possible that the Professor can have done it himself? He is so abnormally clever that if he went off his head he would carry out his intent with regard to some fixed idea in a wonderful way. I am loath to think it, and indeed, it would be almost as great a marvel as the other to find that Van Helsing was mad, but anyhow I shall watch him carefully. I may get some light on the mystery.

29 September morning. Last night, at a little before ten o'clock, Arthur and Quincey came into Van Helsing's room; he told us all that he wanted us to do, but especially addressing himself to Arthur, as if all our wits were centred in him. He began by saying that he hoped we would all come with him too, for "there is a grave duty to be done there. You were doubtless surprised at my letter." This query was directly addressed to Lord Godalming.

"I was. It rather upset me for a bit. There has been so much trouble around my house of late that I could do without any more. I have been curious too, as to what you mean. Quincey and I talked it over, but the more we talked, the more puzzled we got. And now I can say for myself that I'm about up a tree as to any meaning about anything."

"Me too," said Quincey Morris unconsciously.

"Oh," said the Professor, "then you are nearer the beginning, both of you, than friend John here, who has to go a long way back before he can even get so far as to begin."

It was evident that he recognised my return to my old doubting frame of mind without saying a word. Then, turning to the other two, he said with intense gravity—

"I want your permission to do what I think good this night. It is I know much to ask, and when you know what it is I propose to do you will know, and only then, how much. Therefore may I ask that you promise me in the dark, so that afterwards, though you may be angry with me for a

time—I must not disguise from myself the possibility that such may be—you shall not blame yourselves for anything.

"That's frank anyhow," broke in Quincey. "I'll answer for the Professor. I don't quite see his drift, but I swear he's honest, and that's good enough for me."

"I thank you, sir," said Van Helsing proudly. "I have done myself the honour of counting you one trusting friend, and such endorsement is dear to me." He held out a hand, which Quincey took.

Then Arthur spoke out—

Dr. Van Helsing, I don't quite like to buy a pig in a poke, as they say in Scotland, and if it be anything in which my honour as a gentleman or my faith as a Christian is concerned, I cannot make such a promise. If you can assure me that what you intend does not violate either of these two, then I give my consent at once, though for the life of me I cannot understand what you are driving at."

"I accept your limitation," said Van Helsing, "and all I ask of you is that if you feel it necessary to condemn a part of mine, you will first consider it well and be satisfied that it does not violate your reservations."

"Agreed," said Arthur, "that is only fair. And now, at the *parapartie* are over, may I ask what it is we are to do?"

"I want you to come with me, and to come in secret to the churchyard at Kingstead."

Arthur's face told as he said, in an amazed sort, it was

"Where poor Lucy is buried? The Professor bowed. Arthur went on: "And when there?"

"To enter the tomb!" Arthur stood up.

Professor Van Helsing nearest, or so it seemed, snickered. "Paid in me! I see that you are nearest! He sat down again, but I could see that he sat firmly and proudly as one who sits in his dignity. There was silence until he asked again:

"And when in the tomb?"

"To open the coffin."

"This is too much," he said, angrily rising again. "I am willing to be patient in all things that are reasonable, but in this—this desecration of the graves of one who— He fairly choked with indignation. The Professor looked pityingly at him.

"If I could spare you one pang, my poor friend," he said, "God knows I would. But this night our feet must tread in thorn-paths, or later, and for ever, the feet of all—we must walk in paths of flame."

Arthur looked up with set white face and said:

"Take care, sir, take care!"

"Would it not be well to hear what I have to say?" said Van Helsing. "And then you will at least know the limit of my purpose, shall I go on?"

"That's fair enough," broke in Morris.

After a pause Van Helsing went on, evidently with an effort—

"My Lucy is dead, is it not so? Yes? Then there can be no wrong to her. But if she is not dead—"

Arthur jumped to his feet.

"Good God!" he cried. "What do you mean? Has there been any mistake, has she been buried alive? He groaned in anguish, but not even hope could soften.

"I did not say she was alive, my child. I did not think of going out rather than to say that she might be Un-Dead."

"Lie Dead. Not alive. What do you mean. Is that a nightmare or what is it?"

"There are mysteries which their cautious guess at, which age by age they may solve, may I part. Believe me we are now on the verge of one. But I have not time. May I cut off the head of dead Miss Lucy?"

"Heavens and earth, no!" cried Arthur, in a storm of passion. "Not for the wife would I. I consent to any mutilation of her dead body. Oh Van Helsing, you try me too far. What have I done to you that you should torture me so. What do that poor, sweet girl do that you should want to cast such a shadow on her grave. Are you mad that speak such things of an I had a sister—other. Don't dare to think more of such a desecration. I shall bring you my consent to anything you do. I have a duty to do in protecting her grave from outrage, and by God I shall do it."

Van Helsing rose up from where he had at the time been seated, and said, gravely and sternly:—

"My dear friend, I too have a duty to do, a duty to others, and to reason, and duty to the dead, and by God I shall do it. Ask you now, I that you come with me. But you work a chicken, and I when I get I make the same request you do not be more eager for its fulfilment even than I am. Then I shall do my duty whatever it may seem to me. And then to know your Lordship's wishes I shall hold myself at your disposal to render an account to you, when and where you wish. His voice broke a note, and he went on with a voice full of pity.

"But I beseech you do not go forth in anger with me. In a long life I do acts which were often not pleasant to do, and which sometimes do wrong my heart. I have never had so heavy a task as now. Believe me that if the time comes for you to change your mind towards me, one look from you will wipe away all his words from me. For I would do what a man can to save you from sorrow. I think for why should I give these two months of labour and so much of sorrow. I have come here from my own wish to do what I can to do good, as he must please my fate. I John and I then, he a sweet young lady, whom too I came to love. For her I am ashamed to say so much, and I say it to a friend. I give what you gave, he himself my veins. I gave it to who was not far from her, but by my her physician and her friend I gave to her my nights and days, before death after death, and I my dead heart to her, as she is now, when she is the dead. Lie Dead, she shall have it freely. He said this with a very grave, sweet smile, and Arthur was much affected by it. He took her old man's hand and said in a broken voice:—

"Oh, my lady, I look at it and I cannot order, and I cannot I shall go with you and wait."

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

DR. SEWARD'S DIARY— continued

I was up at quarter before twelve o'clock when we got out the launch and sailed over the sea water. The night was dark with occasional gleams of moonlight between the clouds. The heavy dew that was on the grass the sky. We all kept somehow close together with Van Helsing sitting in the middle of the way. When we were some distance from the shore we

at Arthur for I feared that the proximity to a place laden with so sorrowful a memory would upset him but he bore himself well. I took it that he very mysteriously of the proceeding was if mine was a counteraction to his grief. The Professor unlocked the door and seeing a natural hesitation amongst us for various reasons waived the difficulty by entering first himself. The rest of us followed at the close of the door. He then at a dark lantern and pointed to the coffin. Arthur stepped forward hesitating. Van Helsing said to me—

"You were with me yesterday. Was the body of Miss Lucy in that coffin?"

"It was." The Professor turned to the rest saying—

"You hear, and yet there is no one who does not agree with me. He took his screw driver and again took off the lid of the coffin. Arthur looked on very pale but silent when the lid was removed he stepped forward. He even moved it as if he knew that there was a leaden coffin or at any rate had not thought of it. When he saw the rent in the lead the blood rushed to his face for an instant but as quickly faded away again so that he remained of a ghastly whiteness. He was still silent. Van Helsing turned back the leaden flange and we all looked in and recoiled.

The coffin was empty.

For several minutes no one spoke a word. The silence was broken by Quincey Morris—

"Professor, I answered for you. Your word is all I want. I want to ask such a thing of no man else. I would not so do so much to you as to imply a doubt but this is a mystery that goes beyond any notion of or dishonour. Is this your doing?"

"I swear to you by all that I hold sacred that I have not removed nor touched her. What happened was this. Two nights ago my friend Seward and I came here with good purpose of hearts. I opened that coffin which was then sealed up and we found it as new. Then we waited and I saw something white come through the trees. The next day we came here in daylight and she lay there. Did she not attend John?"

"Yes."

"That night we were sitting here. Our more mysterious friend was missing and we found it thank God a harmless prank among the graves. Yesterday I came here alone sat down for an hour or so. He could have moved. I waited here all the night for the vampire but I saw nothing. It was most probable that it was because I had laid over the corpse of those doors gates which tell of death and of great and other things which they show. Last night there was no evening so late night before the window. I took away my gun and other things. And now we find it so empty. But hear with me. So far there is nothing that is strange. What you with me may be seen and done and things much stranger are yet to be. So—here he shut the darkened chamber door to the study. He opened the door and we tried to hear nothing but as I looked the door behind him.

Oh! he had seemed fresh and young but I thought an after he turned that way it was over. He was not a vampire but he passed gleefully at the thought between the smiling and the frowning and passing like the glassy and sorrowful a fainter now sweet was to me as he for fresh at that he had wanted to lead and to say how many strange the red light of the day beyond the hill and to hear far away the puffed

real that marked the its of a great evil fact. I have not way was violent and
 and one of the Act was not and was I could see something as the
 purpose and the other meaning of the mystery. I was raised to a very
 patient and had turned again to the window. I felt and to accept Van
 Helsing's explanation. Quincy Morris was a gentleman, he was a man
 who could do things and a captain. He spoke of our travels with
 hazard, as he has to make. Nothing can be made, he said, but a
 good sized piece of stone or a dagger to him. As Van Helsing he was
 composed of a definite way. First he took from his bag a piece of what
 looked like thin water like hose at which was later is tied up in a
 white napkin, next he took out a double bag of some white stuff
 like tough rope. He poured the water up the and worked it in he
 made between his hands. As he did, he took a little of the stuff
 bag to say that with he creeps between the door and its setting in the
 wall. I was sitting at a table at this time, being now asked him what it
 was that he was doing. Arthur and Quincy drew near also, as they too
 were curious. He answered—

I am doing the work which the Un-Dead may not enter.

And is that stuff you are putting there going to do it? asked Quincy.
 "Great Scott! Is this a game?"

It is.

What is it with you are doing? Then the question was by
 Arthur. Van Helsing replied, and he said what he answered—

The first thing I thought of when I have an Indignance. It was
 an answer that appeared the now sceptical of us and with a suddenness
 that the presence of such a new purpose as the Professor's a purpose
 which I did not see in the most sacred of things. It was in possible
 distrust. It respects to some we took the same way and to us closer and
 the Un-Dead hide from the sight of us, and a road to light. I notice the
 color especially Arthur. I had never seen a creature by his former
 victims. I was long before, and yet I who had up to an hour ago
 repeated the words, let us break with the. Next did to the work
 which was never did a rest, or view, or answer so soon the
 enlightenment of a great good. Never did the of glass was it possible
 to see, never did thought break so mercilessly, and never did the
 far away how it took wind such a sweet presage through the night.

There was a long space. I remember a big old good and her soon he
 possessed a keen Navy. He pointed, and as to the evening views
 we saw a white figure advancing—a dim white figure which he, something
 dark at its head. The figure stopped, and at the moment a ray of
 moonlight fell on the wicket. I did not know what I showed in staring
 at the white figure. I had heard we had crossed the extremities of the grave.
 We could not see the face, but it was bent down over what we saw to be a
 fair haired child. There was a pause and a very pretty, such as a boy
 going to sleep, or a dog as it lies before the fire and of cats. We were
 starting forward to the Professor waiting for I seen by as he stood
 before a few trees kept us back, and then as we looked the white figure
 moved towards light. I was now near enough to it to see clearly, and
 the moonlight showed. My own heart grew so slow as I could feel
 the grasp of Arthur, as we took, used he trembles. Lucy Weston's Lucy
 Weston's, but yet how far off. The sweetness was turned to admiration
 and fear, and the pity to a sympathy was to us. Van

Heaving stepped out and obedient to his gesture we advanced to the four of us ranged in a line before the door of the tomb. Van Heusing raised his lantern and drew the side by the concentrated light that fell on Lucy's face we could see that the lips were crimson with fresh blood and that the stream had trickled over her chin and stained the purity of her lawn death-robe.

We shuddered with horror. I could see by the tremulous light that even Van Heusing's iron nerve had failed. Arthur was next to me and if I had not seized his arm and held him up he would have fallen.

When Lucy looked the thing that was before us Lucy because it bore her shape—saw as she drew back with an agony that—as a cat goes when taken unawares—then her eyes ranged over us. Lucy's eyes in form and colour but Lucy's eyes—dreadful and wild of belief—instead of the pure gentle orbs we knew. At that moment the remnant of my love passed into hate and loathing—had she then to be kissed I could have done it with savage delight. As she looked her eyes blazed with infernal light and the face became wreathed with a voluptuous smile. Oh God! how it made me shudder to see it. With a careless motion she flung to the ground a talisman as a devil the child that up to now she had cradled with her arms in her breast growing over it as a dog grows over a bone. The child gave a sharp cry and as here moaning there was a cold bloodedness in the act which wrung a groan from Arthur when she advanced to him with outstretched arms and a wailing shriek he let her back and hid his face in his hands.

She still advanced however and with a languorous voluptuous glance said—

Come to me Arthur! Leave these others and come to me. My arms are hungry for you! Come and we will rest together. Come my husband come!

There was something diabolically sweet in her tones—something of the ringing of glass when struck—which rang through the brains even of us who heard the words addressed to another. As for Arthur he seemed under a spell—moving his hands from his face he opened wide his arms. She was leaning to them when Van Heusing sprang forward and held between them his iron golden trident. She recoiled from it and with a suicidal voluptuous face to let rage dashed past him as if to enter the tomb.

When within a foot or two of the door however she stopped as if arrested by some irresistible force. Then she turned and her face was shown in the clear burst of moonlight and by the lamp which had now quivered from Van Heusing's iron nerves. Never did I see such baffled madness on a face and never I trust shall such ever be seen again by mortal eyes. The beautiful colour became vivid the eyes seemed to throw out sparks of hell-fire the brows were wrinkled as though the folds of the flesh were the coils of Mosaic snakes and the lovely blood stained mouth grew to an open square as in the passion masks of the Greeks and Japanese. If ever a face in earth or death—*ookyououki*—we saw it at that moment.

And so for full half an hour which seemed a eternity she remained between the two—the living and the dead—gazing at her many others. Van Heusing broke the silence by asking Arthur—

"Answer me, oh my friend! Am I to proceed in my work?"

Arthur threw himself on his knees, and hid his face in his hands, as he answered —

"Do as you will, I rend, I do as you will. There can be no harm like this ever any more," and he groaned in spirit. Quincey and I simultaneously moved towards him, and took his arms. We could hear the click of the closing lantern as Van Helsing held it down, coming close to him, then he began to remove from the chinks some of the sacred emblems which he had placed there. We all looked on in horrified amazement as we saw when he stood back the woman, with a corporeal body as real as that moment as our own, pass through the interstice where scarce a knife blade could have gone. We all felt a glad sense of relief when we saw the Professor calmly restoring the strings of pulleys to the edges of the door.

When this was done, he lifted the child and said:

"Come now, my friends, we can do no more for to-morrow. There is a *Luzero* at night, so here we shall all come before long after that. The friends of the dead will all be gone by then, and when the sexton unlocks the gate we shall remain. Then there is more to do, but not like this, of tonight. As for this little one, he is not much harm, and by to-morrow night he shall be well. We shall leave him where the police will find him, as on the other night, and then to home." Coming close to Arthur he said:

"My friend Arthur, you have had a sore trial, but after, when you look back, you will see how it was necessary. You are now in the bitter waters, my child. By this time to-morrow you will, please God, have passed them, and have drunk of the sweet waters, so do not mourn overmuch. I, then, I shall not ask you to forgive me."

Arthur and Quincey came home with me, and we tried to cheer each other on the way. We had left the child in safety, and were tired, so we all slept with more or less tranquillity of sleep.

29 September, night. — At a quarter before twelve o'clock we three — Arthur, Quincey, Morris, and myself — started for the Professor. It was odd to notice that by common consent we had all put on black clothes. Of course Arthur wore black, for he was all deep mourning, but the rest of us wore it by instinct. We got to the churchyard by half-past one, and stood about, keeping out of official observation, so that when the grave-diggers had completed their task and the sexton, under the head, had every one had gone, had unlocked the gate, we had the place all to ourselves. Van Helsing, instead of having the black bag, had with him a long leather one, something like a cricketer's bag, it was manly, of fair weight.

When we were alone and had heard, he said, of his footsteps die out up the road, we violently, and as if by order, entered, immediately, the Professor went to the tomb. He unlocked the door, and we entered, closing it behind us. Then he took from his bag the lantern, which he lit, and also two wax candles, which, when lighted, he stuck by means of bent iron ends on either side of the coffin, so that they might give light sufficiently to work by. When he again tried the door, it was closed, and we all looked at Arthur trembling, and ashen — and I saw that the body, as there it lay in death, was as if there was no love in my own heart, nothing but nothing for the foul thing which had taken Lucy's shape without her soul. I could see even

[illegible]

1. Is the person a married person? If so, what is the name of the person?
2. Is the person a married person? If so, what is the name of the person?
3. Is the person a married person? If so, what is the name of the person?
4. Is the person a married person? If so, what is the name of the person?
5. Is the person a married person? If so, what is the name of the person?
6. Is the person a married person? If so, what is the name of the person?
7. Is the person a married person? If so, what is the name of the person?
8. Is the person a married person? If so, what is the name of the person?
9. Is the person a married person? If so, what is the name of the person?
10. Is the person a married person? If so, what is the name of the person?

[illegible]

What a wonderful day! He is a saint!

[illegible]

We all looked at Arthur. He saw too what we all did, the infinite kindness which suggested that his should be the hand which would restore Lucy to us as a body—and not an unhappy memory: he stepped forward and said bravely, though his hand trembled, and his face was as pale as snow:—

My true friend, from the bottom of my broken heart I thank you. Tell me what I am to do—and I shall not fail. Van Helsing laid a hand on his shoulder, and said

Brave lad! A moment's courage—and it is done. Thy stake must be driven through her. It will be a fearful ordeal—but not a deadly one in that—but it will be only a short time—and you will then rejoice more than your pain was great. From this grim tomb you will emerge as though you tread on air. But you must not falter when once you have begun. Only think that we, your true friends, are round you, and that we pray for you all the time.

Go on, said Arthur bravely. Tell me what I am to do.

Take this stake in your left hand, ready to plant the point over the heart, and the hammer in your right. Then when we begin our prayer for the dead, I shall read him. I have here the book, and the others shall follow—strike in God's name, that so a crime may be met with the deed that we love, and that the Un-Dead pass away.

Arthur took the stake and the hammer, and when once his mind was set on action his hands never trembled, nor even quivered. Van Helsing opened his missal and began to read, and Quincey and I followed as well as we could. Arthur placed the point over the heart, and as I looked I could see its dint in the white flesh. Then he struck it with all his might.

The Thing in the coffin writhed, and a hideous, hoarse, and long scream came from the opened red lips. The body shook and quivered and started in wild convulsions; the sharp white teeth clamped together, the eyes were set, and the mouth was smeared with a crimson foam. But Arthur never faltered. He looked like a figure of Thor as his untrembling arm rose and fell, driving deeper and deeper the merry-bearing stake, when the blood from the pierced heart welled and spouted up around it. His face was set, and his duty seemed a stone through which the sight of it gave us courage so that our voices seemed to ring through the little vault.

And then the writhing and quivering of the body became less, and the teeth seemed to clasp, and the face to quiver. Finally it lay still. The terrible task was over.

The hammer fell from Arthur's hand. He reeled and would have fallen had we not caught him. The great drops of sweat sprang from his forehead, and his breath came in broken gasps. It had indeed been an awful strain on him, and had he not been forced to his task by more than human considerations he could never have gone through with it. For a few minutes we were so taken up with him that we did not look towards the coffin. When we did, however, a moment of startled surprise ran from one to the other of us. We gazed so eagerly that Arthur rose. For he had been seated on the ground, and came and looked too, and then a glad, strange light broke over his face and dispelled altogether the gloom of horror that lay upon it.

There, in the coffin lay no longer the foul Thing that we had so dreaded and grown to hate; but the work of her destruction was yielded as

a prayer that the memories of the children that we have seen here together with their faces of innocent sweetness and purity be eternal. These were here as we had seen them in the life that they created and paid and waste but these were a sacrifice for their mother's death and for what we knew to be and a true test that the love of the Father was stronger over the wasted life and to it was a sacrifice and a true and a true of the war that was to reign for ever.

Van Helsing came and, and his father, Arthur's sister, and said to him —

And now, I think my husband died and am I not to be yet

The reaction of the tribesman — one as he took the silver — than for his as I have just been pressed — and said

King Yen said bless you that you have given my dear one her wish again and me peace. He put his hand to the Professor's shoulder and laying his head on his breast, nestled a while against what we stood off to the side. When he raised his head Van Helsing said to him -

And now my child you may kiss her. Kiss her dead, and you will at the same time have you to let her change. For she is not again a girl. Now, not any more a girl. But a girl for all eternity. No longer she is the daughter in life. She is truly to be dead, whose soul is with life.

And I sat here, and kissed her, and then we set them a Queen's exult of the top of the Professor and I sawed the top of the stake, making the point of it in the back. Then we cut off the head and the neck of the hawk. We sawed up the ladder, then screwed on the bottom and gathering up our belongings came away. When the Professor asked the door he gave the key to Arthur.

I thought the air was sweet, the sun shone, and the birds sang as if it were a day that nature were kind, and the grass, the flowers were all as fresh and green and gay as everywhere. For we were at first, once very, in one place, and we were glad, though it was with a little more of it.

But we moved away Van Heugten.

"Now this time is one day of our work—a day—one, the first having
 ingit—ourselves. But there remains a greater task—and I am the author
 of it all this our sorrow and to stamp it in our hearts—yes, which we are
 to do. But it is a long task and I am sure that there will be no end and
 pain. She is not a help to me. We have learned to believe as of old, it is
 not so. And since we do not see it as day. Yes. And it will not promise
 to go on to the bitter end!"

back in time we took his hand and the promise was made. Then said the Professor as we moved on.

I will give letters to the carrier with me and shall together at seven o'clock walk to town. I am a stout creature, but when a two three you know not as yet, and I shall be ready to a good work show at 10 a party not old friend I shall see come with me home for I have much to say to you and you shall be paid. I thought I leave for Amsterdam but shall return tomorrow night. And then begins a great quest. But first I shall have much to say so that you may know what you lose. I had said then our price shall be made to each other a new for there is a great task before us and our carriages are on the ploughshare we must not draw back.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

DR SEWARD'S DIARY— *continued.*

When we arrived at the Berkeley Hotel Van Helsing found a telegram waiting for him.—

Am coming up by train. Jonathan at White. Important news.— MINA HARKER.

The Professor was delighted. Ah that wonderful Madam Mina! he said—pearl among women! She arrive, but I cannot stay. She must go to your house. Friend John. You must meet her at the station. Telegraph her en route so that she may be prepared.

When the wire was despatched he had a cup of tea, over it he told me of a diary kept by Jonathan Harker when abroad, and gave me a typewritten copy of it as well as of Mrs. Harker's diary at White. Take these, he said, and study them well. When I have returned you will be master of all the facts, and we can then better enter on our inquiry. Keep them safe, for there is in them much of treasure. You will need all your faith, even you who have had such an experience as that of today. What is here told, he said, has had heavy and grave yon the packet of papers as he spoke, may be the beginning of the end to you and me and many another, if it may wound the knees of the Undead who walk the earth. Read all, I pray you, with the open mind, and if you find and in any way to the story here told do well, for it is as important. You have kept that of all these so strange things, is it not so? Yes. Then we shall go through all these together when we meet. He then made ready for his departure, and shortly after drove off to Liverpool Street. I took my way to Paddington, where I arrived about fifteen minutes before the train came in.

The crowd melted away, after the bustling fashion common to arrival platforms, and I was beginning to feel uneasy lest I might miss my guest, when a sweet-faced, dainty-looking girl stepped up to me, and, after a quick glance, said, "Dr. Seward is it not?"

"And you are Mrs. Harker," I answered at once, whereupon she held out her hand.

"I knew you from the description of poor dear Lucy, but—" She stopped suddenly, and a quick blush overspread her face.

The blush that rose to my own cheeks somehow set us both at ease, for it was a tacit answer to her own. I got her luggage, which included a typewriter, and we took the Underground to Fenchurch Street, after I had sent a wire to my housekeeper to have a sitting room and bedroom prepared at once for Mrs. Harker.

In due time we arrived. She knew, of course, that the place was as comfortable, but I could see that she was anxious to repress a shudder when we entered.

She told me that if she might she would come present to my study, as she had much to say. So here I was flushing my memory by being upstairs whilst I await her. As yet I have not had the chance of looking at the papers which Van Helsing left with me, though they lie open before me. I must gather together for myself something so that I may have an opportunity of reading them. She does not know how precious time is—it will at a task we have in hand. I must be careful—not to be given her. Here she is.

MINA HARKER'S JOURNAL

29 September.—After I have tidied myself I went down to Dr. Seward's study. At the end of I passed a moment, for I thought I heard him talking with some one. As, however, he had pressed me to be quick, I knocked at the door, and on his calling out, "Come in," I entered.

To my intense surprise there was no one with him. He was quite alone, and on the table opposite him was what I knew at once, from the description to be a photograph I had never seen one, and was much interested.

"I hope I did not keep you waiting," I said, "but I stayed at the door as I heard you talking, and thought there was some one with you."

"Oh," he replied with a smile, "I was only entering my diary."

"Your diary?" I asked him in surprise.

"Yes," he answered, "I keep it in this." As he spoke he laid his hand on the photograph. I felt quite excited over it, and hurried out—

"Why," he breathes even short-hand. May I hear it say something?

"Certainly," he replied with a smile, and stood up to put in his hand for speaking. Then he paused, and a troubled look overspread his face.

The fact is, he began awkwardly, "I only keep my diary in it, and say it well, really, almost entirely, about my cases. It may be awkward, that is I mean—." He stopped, and I tried to help him out of his embarrassment—

"You helped to attend dear Lucy at the end. Let me hear how she died, for and had I know of her, I should be very glad to. She was very, very dear to me."

"To my surprise," he answered, with a horror-struck look in his face,

"to tell you of her death. Not for the wide world."

"Why not?" I asked, for some grave, terrible feeling was coming over me. Again he paused, and I could see that he was trying to invent an excuse. At length he stammered out—

"You see, I do not know how to pick out any particular part of the diary. Even while he was speaking an idea dawned upon him, and he said with unobscured signs of purity in a fervent voice, and with the naïveté of a child, "That's quite true, upon my honor, as honest Indian." I could not but smile at which he grimaced. I gave myself away that time," he said.

But does you know that, although I have kept the diary for years in my past, it never once struck me how I was going, or how any particular part of it in case I wanted to look it up. By that time my mind was made up that the diary of a doctor who attended Lucy might have something to add to the sum of our knowledge of that evil or Being, and I said, "Well,"

"Then, Dr. Seward, you had better let me copy it out for you in my typewriter." He grew to a positively deathly palor, as he said—

"No, no, no. For as the world, I would do, let you know that terrible story!"

Then I was terrible: my intuition was right. For a moment I thought and as my eyes ranged the room, and I secretly took glances at the faces of some of the guests to assure they had no great need of a spanking or the table. His eyes caught the look in mine, and without my thinking followed the rest of the crew. As they saw the pattern he realised my meaning.

You do not know me, I said. When you have read these papers, my own diary and my husband's also, which I have typed, you will know me better. I have not flattered, giving every thought of my own heart in his cause, but of course you do not know me, yet, and I do not expect you to trust me so far."

He ~~was~~ ^{was} a man of noble nature, poor dear Lucy was right about him. He stood up and opened a large drawer in which were arranged in order a number of hollow cylinders of tin all covered with tallow wax, and said:

You are quite right. I do not trust you because I do not know you. But I know you now, and yet he says that I should have known you long ago. I know that Lucy told you of me. She told me of you too. May I make the only attempt in my power. Take the wonders and hear them. The first has annoyed them a personal one and they will not hear of you. Then you will know me better. I must wait by then he replies. In the meantime I shall read ever some of these documents and shall be better able to let you a better language. He carried the photograph of me and my young girl and a vase of flowers. Now I shall hear something pleasant. I am sure that will be the best of the day. The over episode of which I know one side already.

DR. SEWARD'S DAIRY

2nd September. I was so absorbed in that wonderful story of Jonathan Harker and I had not even thought of his wife, but I felt the rain coming without thinking. Mrs. Harker was not down when the maid came running to announce dinner, so I said, "She is possibly tired, let dinner wait a hour." And I went on with my work. I had just finished Mrs. Harker's diary when she came in. She looked sweet & pretty, but very sad, and her eyes were flushed with crying. I was somehow moved the more. Of late I have had cause for tears, God knows, but the recollection of them was denied me, and now the sight of those sweet eyes, brightened with recent tears, went straight to my heart. So I said as gently as I could, -

I guess I fear I have distressed you

Oh no, not distressed me," she replied, "but I have been more touched than I can say by your grief. That is a wonderful machine, but it is cruelly true. It is to me, in every sense, the anguish of your heart. It was like a soul crying out to Almighty God. No one must hear them spoken ever again. Now I have tried to be useful. I have copied on the words on my typewriter, and no one other need now hear your heart beat, as I did."

No one need ever know, she never know. I said in a low voice. She laid her hand on mine and said very gravely -

"Ah, but they must!"

"Must! But why?" I asked.

Because it is a part of the terrible story—a part of poor dear Lucy's death and a shadow of it—because in the struggle which we have before us to find the earth of this terrible monster we must have all the knowledge

and all he he pwtch we at get I think that he can do it which will give me contained more than you intended me to know but I can see that there are many other matters which I wish to talk to you. You will let me help will you not I know a little to a certain point and I see already though you may not think me so September how poor I was then and how her terrible and now was being brought out Jonathan and I have been working day and night since Professor Van Helsing saw us. He is gone. Who will get me into that room and the way he here is narrow to help us. We need have no secrets among us working together and with absolute trust we can win the stranger. I am so tired I write in the dark. She looked at me so appealingly and at the same time manifested such courage and firmness that I gave in to her wishes. Yes she said. I said. I said you make it better for you. I gave me to I do wrong. There are ten but I gave to that of but if you have so far traveled for the night I am so tired so I will not be content I know to remain in the dark. Say I am in the very end I may give you a gain of some time there is no more. We must keep one another strong for we are before us we have a great deal to ask. When you have eaten you shall eat the rest and I shall answer any questions you ask if there be anything which you do not understand though I was appeared to us who were present."

MINA HARKER'S JOURNAL

28 September. After dinner I came with Dr. Seward to his study. He brought back the portfolio I found in my room and I took my new paper. He placed me in a comfortable chair and I felt that he was with me that I could trust him without getting up and showed that I was so in case I should want to pause. Then he very thoughtfully took a chair with his back to me so that I might be as free as possible and began to read. I put the book on my lap and my ears and listened.

When the text history of Lucy's death was told and that that now I was done I lay back in my chair powerless. Fortunately I am not of a frowning disposition. When Dr. Seward saw me he picked up with a bottle of brandy and hurriedly taking a glass bottle from a cabinet I gave me some brandy which in a few minutes somewhat restored me. My brain was not a whit clearer that there came through a clear mind. He it horrors the holy day of light that my heart that creation was at last a peace. I do not think I can have done so with my making a game. It is a too well and very young and strange that I had not known Jonathan's experience in Transylvania I could not have believed. As it was I could know what to believe and so I tried to do so by attending to something else. I took the cover off my typewriter and said to Dr. Seward.

Let me write this all on now. We may be ready for Dr. Van Helsing when he comes. I have sent a telegram to Jonathan to come on here when he arrives in London from Warsaw. In this matter dates are everything and I think that we get a clear material matter and have every thing in order. I shall be glad to see you. You tell me that you and Godwin and Mr. Morris are coming. Let us wait for them when they come. He is sitting at the typewriter at a slow pace and I began to type from the beginning of the seventh volume. I used a lead and so took three copies of the diary as I had done with all

the rest. It was late when I got through, but Dr. Seward went about his work of going his round of the patients, when he had finished he came back and sat near me, reading, so that I did not feel too lonely whilst I worked. How good and thoughtful he is, the world seems full of good men, even if there are monsters in it. Before I left him I remembered what Jonathan put in his diary of the Professor's perturbation at reading something in an evening paper at the station at Exeter, so seeing that Dr. Seward keeps his newspapers, I borrowed the files of "The Westminster Gazette" and "The Pall Mall Gazette" and took them to my room. I remember how much "The Daily Graph" and "The Wharfedale Gazette" of which I had made cuttings, helped us to understand the strange events at Whitby when Count Dracula landed, so I shall look through the evening papers now and then, and perhaps I shall get some news that I do not sleep, and the work will be so to keep me quiet.

DR. SEWARD'S DIARY

31 September. Mr. Harker arrived at nine o'clock. He has got now ten years before us, but he is an extremely clever, intelligent, and good-looking man, and full of energy. At this point, perhaps, it is true—a depressing view of his own wonderful experiences. I must be, he says, a man of great nerve. That going down to the vault a second time was a remarkable piece of daring. After reading his account of it I was prepared to meet a good specimen of madhouse stuff. Hardly he met me, less like general than when came here to-day.

Later. After lunch Harker and his wife went back to their own room, and as I passed a while ago I heard the click of the typewriter. They are hard at it. Mrs. Harker says that they are knitting together all the biological and under every scrap of evidence they have. Harker has got the letters between the Countess and the boxes at Whitby and the carriers in London who took charge of them. He is now reading the wife's typescript of my diary. I wonder what they make out of it. Here it is.

Strange that it never struck me that the very next house might be the Count's hiding place. Goodness knows that we had enough clues from the conduct of the paper (Rent free). The bundles of letters relating to the purchase of the house were with the typewriter. Oh, if we had only had them earlier we might have saved poor Lucy. So, that was that news. Harker has gone back, and is again counting his material. He says that by the next time they will be able to show a whole connected narrative. He thinks that in the meantime I should see Rent free, as he has seen a sort of index of her coming and going of the Count. I hardly see this yet, but when I get at the dates I suppose I shall. What a good thing that Mrs. Harker put my considerations into type. We never could have found the dates otherwise. . . .

I found Rent free sitting alone in his room with his hands folded, sitting wearily. At the moment he seemed as sane as any one I ever saw. But I was at a loss with him, for of his subjects and of which he treated naturally. He then of his own accord spoke of going home, a subject he has never mentioned to my knowledge. I think his son is here. In fact he spoke quite calmly of getting his son's son at home. I believe that

had I not had the chat with Barker and read the letter and he dares not
 his in his six I should have been prepared to sign for him after a brief
 time of observation. As it is I am fairly well satisfied. At how one breaks
 were in some way taken with the picture of the Count. What he does
 this absolute content mean? Can it be that his interest is satisfied as to the
 capture of his man? May he be a little more satisfied as to the
 wild sayings of the Count? I have seen no further of him.
 However, after a while I came away my friend was at the same at
 present to make it safe to probe his two deep with questions. He might
 begin to think and then—So I came away I trust my best friend
 of his will have given me the count and the count's value and to
 have a strict watchman ready in case of need.

JONATHAN HARKER'S JOURNAL

24 September, in train to London. When I received Mr. B's first
 courteous message that he was giving me any information in his power I
 thought it best to go down to White and make on the spot such inquiries
 as I wanted. It was in my eyes to trace the history of a great Count's
 to his place in London. Later we may be able to deal with a B's on
 [unclear] a time had met me at the station and brought me to his father's
 house, where they had decided that I must stay the night. They are
 hospitable with true Yorkshire hospitality, give a good evening and
 leave him free to do as he likes. They all know that I was busy and that my
 stay was short, and Mr. B's on had ready on his table all the papers
 concerning the conveyance of the boxes. He gave me also a letter to see
 again one of the letters which I had seen on the Count's table before. I
 knew of his death was many. Everything had been carefully thought out
 and done with the same as with precision. He seemed to have been
 prepared for every obstacle which might be placed in his way. He was
 of his interest in being arrested at London. America and he had taken
 no chance, and he also the accuracy with which his own actions were
 to be carried out was the highest. This case I saw the house and
 took note of it. His cases of death on earth were used for experimental
 purposes. Another copy of letter to Father. Father's reply to both of these I got copies. It was at the information Mr. B's on
 could give me so I went down to the port and saw the Count's table, the
 Count's letters and the harbor master. They had a something of a
 of the strange entry of the ship, which was only taking its place in the
 tradition, but no one could add to the simple description. His cases of
 on death. I then saw the station master, who kindly put me in
 communication with the men who had already received the boxes. Their
 tale was exact with the list and they had nothing to add except that the
 boxes were many and most heavy, and that working them was dry
 work. One of them added that it was hard times that there was a
 gentleman, such as a very well known, a very well known sort of a
 man of his efforts to a high level, a high level, a high level, a high level
 then generated was such that even the time which had elapsed I had not
 completely passed. Needless to say I took care to be ready to go to
 ever and adequately this source of reproach.

25 September. The station master was good enough to give me a letter
 to his old companion the station master at King's Cross, who when I

arrived there in the morning I was able to ask him about the arrival of the boxes. He then put me at once in communication with the proper officials, and I saw that their tally was correct with the original invoice. The opportunities of acquiring an abnormal list had been here missed, a noble use if them had, however, been made, and again I was compelled to deal with the result in an *ex post facto* manner.

From thence I went on to Carter Paterson's central office, where I met with the utmost courtesy. They looked up the transaction in their day-book and letter-book, and at once telephoned to their King's Cross office for more details. By good fortune, the men who did the teaming were waiting for work, and the officials at once sent them over, sending also by one of them the way-bill and all the papers connected with the delivery of the boxes at Cartax. Here again I found the tally agreeing exactly; the carriers' men were able to supplement the paucity of the written words with a few details. These were I shortly found connected almost solely with the dusty nature of the job, and of the consequent dirt engendered in the operations. On my affording an opportunity, through the medium of the currency of the realm of the a-living, at a later period, this benefit was even one of the men remarked.

That ere house-guy, not is the funniest I ever was in. Blimey, but it ain't been touched since a hundred years. There waydint that thick in the place that you might have stepped on it without hurting of yer bones, an the place was that neglected that yer might have smothered old Jerusalem in it. But the one chapel—that took the cake—that did. Me and my mate, we thought we wouldn't never git out quick enough. Lor, I wouldn't take less nor a quid a moment to stay there after dark.

Having been in the house, I could wed he jive him, but if he knew what I know, he would, I think, have raised his terms.

Of one thing I am now satisfied, that all the boxes which arrived at Whitby from Varna in the *Demeter* were safely deposited in the old chapel at Cartax. There should be fifty of them there, unless any have since been removed—as from Dr. Seward's diary I fear.

I shall try to see the carrier who took away the boxes from Cartax when Rentfield attacked them. By following up this clue we may learn a good deal.

Letter.—Mina and I have worked all day, and we have put all the papers into order.

MINA HARKER'S JOURNAL.

30 September.—I am so glad that I hardly know how to contain myself. It is, I suppose, the reaction from the haunting fear which I have had, that this terrible affair and the reopening of his old wound might act detrimentally on Jonathan. I saw him, ease for Whitty with as brave a face as I could, but I was sick with apprehension. The effort has, however, done him good. He was never so resourceful, never so strong, never so full of vigorous energy as at present. It is just as that dear good Professor Van Helsing said, he is true grit, an the improves under strain that would kill a weaker nature. He came back tired, but cheerful and determined, we have got everything in order for to-morrow. I feel myself quite wild with excitement. I suppose one ought to pity any thing so human as is the Count. That is just it, it is a thing so human, not even beast. To read

Dr. Seward's account of poor Lucy's death, and what followed, is enough to dry up the springs of pity in one's heart.

Later.—Lord Godalming and Mr. Morris arrived earlier than we expected. Dr. Seward was out on business, and had taken Jonathan with him, so I had to see them. It was to me a painful meeting, for it brought back all poor dear Lucy's hopes of only a few months ago. Of course they had heard Lucy speak of me, and it seemed that Dr. Van Helsing too has been quite "blowing my trumpet," as Mr. Morris expressed it. Prior to now, neither of them is aware that I know all about the proposals they made to Lucy. They did not quite know what to say, or do, as they were ignorant of the amount of my knowledge, so they had to keep on neutral subjects. However, I thought the matter over, and came to the conclusion that the best thing I could do would be to put them in affairs right up to date. I knew from Dr. Seward's diary that they had been at Lucy's death—her real death—and that I need not fear to betray any secret before the time. So I told them, as well as I could, that I had read all the papers and diaries, and that my husband and I, having typewritten them, had just finished putting them in order. I gave them each a copy to read in the library. When Lord Godalming got his and turned it over, it does make a pretty good pile—he said.

Did you write all this, Mrs. Harker?

I nodded, and he went on:—

I don't quite see, he distrusts it, but you people are all so good and kind, and have been working so earnestly and so energetically, that all I can do is to accept your ideas, without and try to help you. I have had one lesson already, in accepting facts that should make a man humble to the last hour of his life. Besides, I know you loved my poor Lucy. Here he turned away and covered his face with his hands. I could hear the tears in his voice. Mr. Morris, with immense delicacy, just said a hasty "for a moment or two's shelter," and then walked quietly out of the room. I suppose there is something in woman's nature that makes a man free to break down before her, and express his feelings, in the tender or emotional side, without feeling it derogatory to his manhood. But when Lord Godalming found himself alone with me, he sat down on the sofa and gave way utterly and openly. I sat down beside him and took his hand. I hope he didn't think it forward of me, and that if he ever thinks of it afterwards he never will have such a thought. There I stood for him. I know he never will be a too true a gentleman. I said to him, but I could see that his heart was breaking.

I loved dear Lucy, and I know what she was to you, and what you were to her. She and I were like sisters, and now she is gone, will you not let me be like a sister to you in your trouble. I know what sorrows you have had, though I cannot measure the depth of them. If my pity and pity can help in your affliction, won't you let me be of some little service, for Lucy's sake?

In an instant the poor, tear-frenzied man was overwhelmed with grief. It seemed to me that all the grief he had been suffering in silence found a vent at once. He grew quite hysterical, and raising his open hands, beat his palms together in a perfect agony of grief. He stood up and, bent double again, and the tears rained down his cheeks. I felt an infinite pity for him, and I opened my arms with a cry. With a sob he laid his head on my

of a set and I feel like a wretch. But what he shook with me, that

We women have something of the mother in us that takes just as a love struck matron when the mother was so shocked for thinking something that she had resting on her as though it were that of her husband as she did my love and my honour and struck my hand as though he were my own child. I never thought at the time it was strange that way.

After a little of his sorrowful and he raised himself with an apology though he made no excuse. I was not at all. He told me that for five and ten years past weary days and sleepless nights he had been unable to speak with anyone as a man and speak to his wife as a man. There was now nothing with which to comfort him, and he was now with his own knowledge of the terrible circumstances with which his sorrow was surrounded he could speak freely. I know now how I suffered, he said as he drew his eyes, but I do not know even yet, and I do not think I ever know how much your sweet sympathy has been to me to-day. I shall know better in time and believe me that though I do not regret now my grief, he was grown with my understanding. You will let me be as a father, will you not, for a year or two, but leave a very safe.

For fear I say a sake, I said as we parted hands. As and for your own sake, he added, for if a man's virtue and grace are ever worth the winning, you have won mine to-day. I never before have shown anything to a time when you need a man's help, he said, and you will not be in vain. God grant that no such time may ever come. You break the sunshine of your life, but I shall ever come, promise me that you will let me know. He was so earnest and his sorrow was so fresh that I felt it would comfort him, so I said,—

"I promise."

As I came along the corridor I saw Mr. Murray looking out of a window. He turned as he heard my footsteps. How is it, he said. Then turning my red eyes he went on. Ah! I see you have been out to-night. Poor old fellow, he needs it. No one has a woman at the piano when he is in trouble of the heart, and he had none to comfort him.

He bore his own grief bravely, that is his heart, he told me. I saw he was very plain in his hand, and I knew that when he read it he would realise how much I knew, so I said to him,—

I wish I could comfort you with my heart from the heart. Will you let me be your friend, and will you come to me for comfort if you need it. You will know later on why I speak. He saw that I was earnest and stopping took my hand, and raising it to his eyes, kissed it. It seemed but poor comfort to a brave and a selfish man, and in reply I bent over and kissed him. The tears rose in his eyes and there was a momentary choking in his throat; he said quite calmly,—

I am glad you will never regret that true hearted kindness which you give me. Then he went to the study of his friends.

I thought the very words he had used to me, and though he proved himself a friend.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

DR SEWARD'S DIARY

7 September. I got home at five o'clock and I found that Tom and
at Mrs. Harker had not only arrived but had already started the two-wheeled
the various changes and letters which I had sent at 11 o'clock. My wife had
made and arranged. It was not had not yet returned. I only had visit to the
various men of whom Dr. Breckinridge had written. The Mrs. Harker
gave us a good idea and a car business was that I could be out one since I
have used that. The old house seemed the same. When we had visited
Mrs. Harker said —

But how could I say I ask a favor? I wanted to see your parent Mr. Bentfield. To let me see him. What you have said I think you don't
interest me much. She looked so a few days ago, so pretty that I could
not tell her and there was a question of reason why I should go to look
her with me. What I want is for you to find for me a lady who would
be to see him, which he is only a woman. Why

[illegible]

Countess of Althorpe said she "You see I know you for Dr. Newman that told me that. He said he found the copies of your letter as over 100 years old and almost a fax paper. It took quite a long time. I would not be surprised to find him to pay license after six years for \$200 —

You're in the good luck water, certainly, aren't you. You can't be too lucky at the moment. Mrs. Harker says so, smiling as she responds.

[illegible]

"Then what are you doing here?"

Yes, I was and and I am still a very good Dr. Wendt

"Then don't stay."

"But why not?" I thought at the start of conversation, but then

presented to Max Barker and note that I was a free will member in

It would be a kindness to write to me any time they may wish to contribute some gift. A paper would be turned in every time Mrs. Barker is there, and a card saying that, and again.

What an astound question!

"I don't see that at all, Mr. Renfield," said Mrs. Harker, at once championing me. He repaid to her with as much courtesy and respect as he had shown contempt to me.

[illegible]

We arrived at a little water tower and seeing that he was wearing a white tank top, she said that looking at the eyes on a tank top was negative and that he was not a pup. I was a bit astounded that she addressed him with the question with the negative to do the job of protest so that he just took it and I as always, like when he threatened, started things.

[illegible]

May He bless and keep you."

When I went to the station, I met Mr. Hesketh, the collector, and I got my seat and my berth. I was told that the boat was a good one, and I was told that the weather was good. I was told that the trip would be a long day.

Van Helsing stepped from the carriage with the eager eagerness of a boy. He saw me at once, and rushed up to me, saying—

“Ah, friend John, how goes all? Well, so I have been to say for I come here to stay if need be. An affair is settled with me, and I have much to tell. Madam Mina is with you. Yes, Arthur is with his husband. And Arthur and my friend Quincy, they are with you too, I see.”

As I drove to the house I told him of what had passed, and how my own day had come to be of some use, through Mrs. Harker's suggestion, at which the Professor interrupted me:—

“Ah, that wonderful Madam Mina! She has man's brain—a brain that a man should have were he much gifted—and a woman's heart. The good God fashioned her for a purpose, he never knew when He made that so good combination. Friend John, up to now fortune has made that woman of help to us, after to night she may not have to do with this terrible affair. It is not good that she run a risk so great. We men are determined, may be we not pledged—to destroy this monster, but it is no part for a woman. Even if she be not harmed, her heart may take her in so much, and so many horrors, and hereafter she may suffer, both in waking from her nerves, and in sleep from her dreams. And besides, she is young woman and not young married, there may be other things to think of some time. I must now leave you, for she has written and then she must contact with us, but—now she say good bye to this work, and we go alone. I agreed heartily with her, and her. But then what we had found in his absence, that the house which Dracula had bought was the very next one to my own. He was amazed, and a greater keen seemed to come on him. Of that we had known before, he said, for then we might have tracked him home to save poor Lucy. However, the mark that is spotted does not count afterwards, as you say. We shall not think of that, but go on our way to the end.” Then he fell into a silence that lasted till we entered my own gateway. Before we went to prepare for dinner he said to Mrs. Harker:—

“I am told, Madam Mina, by my friend John that you and your husband have put upon exact order all things that have been up to this moment.”

“Not up to this moment, Professor, the satisfactory ones. Up to this morning.”

“But why not up to now? We have seen by her little how good right all the little things have made. We have to trust secrets, and yet—none who has told is the worse for it.”

Mrs. Harker began to blush, and taking a paper from her pockets she said—

“Dr. Van Helsing, will you read this, and tell me if it is strong. It is my record of to-day. You have seen the need of putting down at present everything, however trivial, but there is it in this except what is personal. Most if you.” The Professor read it over gravely, and handed it back saying:—

“I need not go, and I do not wish it, but I pray that it may. It can but make your husband love you the more, and I tell you, friend, more honest you—as well as more esteemed and loved.” She took it back with another blush and a bright smile.

And so now up to this very hour all the records we have are complete and in order. The Professor took away one copy to study after dinner, and before our meeting, which I have told you of, took the rest of us have

a ready reader every thing we when we meet it he study we shall all be informed as to facts and an arrange our plan of battle with this terrible and mysterious enemy

MINA HARKER'S JOURNAL

7 September. When we met in Dr. Seward's study two hours after dinner which had been at six o'clock we unconsciously formed a sort of board of committee. Professor Van Helsing took the head of the table in which Dr. Seward motioned him as he came into the room. He made me sit next to him on his right and asked me to act as secretary. Jonathan sat next to me. Opposite us were Lord Godalming, Dr. Seward, and Mr. Morris. Lord Godalming being next the Professor and Dr. Seward in the centre. The Professor said:

"I may I suppose take it that we are all acquainted with the facts that are in these papers. We all expressed assent and he went on—

"Then it were I think good that I tell you something of the kind of enemy with which we have to deal. I shall then make known to you something of the history of this man which has been ascertained for me. So we then can discuss how we shall act and can take our measure according.

"There are no feelings as vanities, none of us have evidence that he exists. Even had we not the proof of our own unhappy experience, the teachings and the results of the past give ground enough for sane people. Hadn't that at the first I was wrong. Were it not that the night long years I have trained myself to keep an open mind, I could not have believed until each one of that fact that I feel in my ear. See, see I move, I prove. As Van Helsing known at the first what now I know, may had I ever guess at him, some previous life has been spared to many of us who did love her. But that is gone, and we must so work that other proof will perish not what we can save. The monster do not be like he be when he strong once. He is only stronger, and being stronger, have yet more power to work evil. This vampire which is amongst us is of himself too strong to person as twenty men, he is of stronger more than mortal, for him and the the growth of ages, he have still the only of his kind, which is at his command to pay the liberation by the dead, and at the dead, but he can come again, as for him at command, he is brute, and more, has brute, he is devil, he is man, and the heart of him is not he, an well, it is not, it is apparition, where, and where, and many of the forms, but are to him, he can with his strange direct, he himself, the storm, the fog, the battles, he can command all the meaner things, the rat, and the owl, and the bat, the moth, and the fox, and the wood, he can grow and become small, and he can at times vanish and come unknown. How then are we to begin our strike to destroy him. How shall we find him where, and having found it, how are we to destroy. My friends, this is much, it is a terrible task that we undertake, and there may be consequence to make the brave shudder. But if we fail in this our fight he may win, and then where end we. Fate is nothing, I need but not. But to claim here is not mere idle or death. It is that we become as him, that we henceforward become four things, I the night car, him, without heart or conscience, pursuing in the bushes and the woods of those we love best. I trust if ever are the gates of heaven shut, for who shall open them to us again. We go on, I say, in a hurried

by all a bit of the face of God's anointed, an arrow in the side of Him who died for man. But we are face to face with duty, and duty we have must we shrink from? I say no, but let I am old and die with I punish me his last place, his soul and body his name and I have no other lot. You must be young. Some have seen sorrow, but there are last days yet in store. What say you?

When he was speaking Jonathan had taken his hand. I feared, oh so much, that the approaching glare of our danger was overcoming him when I saw his hand stiffen, but it was left to me to feel its touch so strong myself, that I was soothed. A brave man's hand! and speak for itself, it does not even tremble a woman's heart to hear its touch.

When the Professor had done speaking his husband looked at my eyes, and I in his, there was no need for speaking between us.

I can answer for Mina and myself," he said.

"Come, my Professor," said Mr. Quincy Morris, "come, do you say, I

I am with you," said I, and Jonathan, "for I am, I say, if for no other reason."

Dr. Seward sat motionless. The Professor stood up and, after having his right hand pressed on the table, held out his hand on either side. I took his right hand, and I and Jonathan took his left. Jonathan held his right with his left, and stretched out with Mr. Morris. So, as we all took hands, our little compact was made. I felt my heart very cold, but I did not even so as to let me draw back. We resumed our places, and Dr. Van Helsing went on, with a sort of cheerfulness which showed that his serious work had begun. I was to be taken as given, and it was as successful a way, as any other transaction of life:

Well, you know what we have to contend against, but we need are not without strength. We have on our side power of combination—a power denied to the vampire-kind. We have masters of science, we are free to act and think as they choose. The day and the night are ours, as day. In fact, so far as our powers extend, they are unfettered, and we are free to use them. We have self-devotion, because we are free to achieve which is not a selfish one. These things are much.

Now let us see how far the general powers arrayed against us are restricted, and how the individual limited. If I need not consider the limitations of the vampire in general, and of him, in particular.

As we have no legitimate traditions and superstitions. These do not at the first appear much when the matter is one of life and death. I say I say I more that a matter of life and death. Yet, as we are searched at the first place because we have to be—no other means is available, and secondly, because, after all, these things—tradition and superstition—are every thing. Does not the world of us, pre-empted for others—though not always for us, on their. A year ago, which of us would have received such a possibility in the midst of our scientific, sceptical, matter of fact nineteenth century. We even would a belief that we saw needed under our very eyes. Take it, then, that the vampire and the belief in his limitations and his nature exist for the moment in the same use. For, if the vampire is everywhere that men have been, in old Greece, in old Rome, he is still in Germany, as ever in France, in India, even in the Chinese, and in China, so far from us, as ways, here ever he is, and the people fear him as they do. He has to know the wake of the hermit for a while, he has begotten Hatti, the Slav, the Magyar, the

[illegible]

I know he will help to make it better. I am sure we will be able to do it. I am sure we will be able to do it. I am sure we will be able to do it.

make his record, and from all he means that are he told me of what he has been. He must indeed have been that Vanyu we chased, a who won his name again at the Turk over the great river, on the very frontier of Turkey land. If it be so, then was he no common man, for in that time, and for centuries after, he was spoken of as the cleverest and the most cunning, as well as the bravest of the sons of the land beyond the forest. That mighty brain and that iron resolution went with him to his grave, and late even now areayed against us. The Draculas were, says Arminius, a great and noble race, though now and again were many who were led by their covets to have had dealings with the Evil One. They learned his secrets in the Scholomance, amongst the mountains over Lake Berneau, where he best claims the tenth world as his due. In the records are such words as *strigoi*—witch, or *eg* and *peko*—Satan and hell, and in our manuscript it is very Dracula is spoken of as *wampyr*, which we understand too well. There have been from the lowest to every one great men and good women, and their graves make sacred the earth where alone this formless can dwell. But it is not the least of his terrors that this evil thing is rooted deep, a good thing was barren of his memories it cannot rest.

What they were talking Mr. Morris was looking steadily at the window, and the how got up quietly and went out of the room. There was a little pause, and then the Professor went on:

And now we must settle what we do. We have here much data, and we must proceed to lay out our campaign. We know from the memory of Jonathan that from the day in which Vanyu came fifty boxes of earth, a full which were delivered at Carfax, we also know that at least some of these boxes have been removed. It seems to me that our first step should be to ascertain whether all he rest remain in the house beyond that wall where we look to-day, or whether any more have been removed. If the latter, we must trace—"

Here we were interrupted in a very startling way. Outside the house came the sound of a pistol shot, the glass of the window was shattered, with a bullet which, knocking from the top of the embrasure, struck the far wall of the room. I am at and I am at heart a coward, for I shrieked out. The men jumped to their feet. Lord God, and I flew over to the window and threw up the sash. As he did so we heard Mr. Morris's voice without:—

"Sorry, I fear I have alarmed you. I shall come in and tell you about it. A minute later he came in and said:—

"I was about to go out to see to and I ask your pardon, Missarker, most sincerely. I fear I may have frightened you terribly. But the fact is that when the Professor was talking there came a big bat and sat on the window sill. I have got such a horror of the damned brutes from recent events that I cannot stand them, and I went out to have a shot, as I have been doing of late of evenings, whenever I have seen one. You used to laugh at me for it then, An

But you have—asked Dr. Van Helsing.

"I don't know. I have not, for I flew away to the wood. Without saying any more he took his seat, and the Professor began to resume his statement:—

"We must trace each of these boxes, and when we are ready, we must either capture or kill this monster in his air, or we must wait to speak

sist I see the earth so that I may be an seek safety in it. I have in the end we may find him in his form of man between the heavy of moon and sunset and so engage with him when he is at his most weak.

And now for you, Mr. James Mina, this night is the end of it all, be well. You are too precious to us to have such risk. When we part to night you know me must part soon. We shall find you at in good time. We are men and are able to bear but you must be at our side and our hope and we shall at all the more free that you are not in the danger such as we are.

All the men ever Jonathan seemed relieved but it did not seem to me good that they should have danger and perhaps lessen their safety strength being the best safety. I thought of it of me but their minds were made up and though it was a bitter pill for me to swallow I could say nothing save to accept their charitable care of me.

Mr. Morris resumed the discussion.

"As there is not time to lose, I vote we have a look at his house right now. Time is everything with him, and swift action on our part may save another victim."

I own that my heart began to fail me when the time for action came so close, but I did not say anything for I had a greater fear that if I appeared as a drag on a language to the work they might even leave me out of their counsel altogether. They have now gone off to the tax with me as to get into the house.

Mr. Morris they had told me to go to bed and sleep as if a woman can sleep when those she loves are in danger. I shall lie down and pretend to sleep lest Jonathan have added anxiety about me when he returns.

DR. SEWARD'S DIARY

1 October 4 a.m. Just as we were about to leave the house an urgent message was brought to me from Renfield to know if I would see him at once as he had something of the utmost importance to say to me. I told the messenger to say that I would attend to his wishes in the morning. I was busy just at the moment. The attendant ad led.

He seems very importunate so I have never seen him so eager. I don't know what if you don't see him soon he will have one of his violent fits. I knew the man would not have said this without some cause so I said, "A night I go now" and I asked the others to wait a few minutes for me as I have to go and see my patient.

"Take me with you, friend John," said the Professor. "His case is your daily interest, he may be of it had bearing too now and again in our case. I should much like to see him, and especially when his mind is disturbed."

"May I come also," asked Lord Godalming.

"Me too," said Quincy Morris. "May I come," said Harker. I nodded and we all went down the passage together.

We found him in a state of considerable excitement, but far more rational in his speech and manner than I had ever seen him. There was an unusual understanding of our case which was unlike anything I had ever met with a lunatic and he took it for granted that his reasons would prevail with others entirely sane. We all then went into the room but none of the others at first said anything. His request was that I would attend to him there. He assented and set down his pen. This he backed up with

and men's regarding his complete recovery, at last, and his own ex-
plaining. I asked him what he said, they were perhaps not
saying a word, or it was so, he was very fastidious and would
not say so much as I thought, that he outlived his condition, a man
that at any time, but when he was at the moment, and besides there was
a certain dignity in his manner, which he had of himself,
that I at once made him a study, and I told him, I had never seen
Homer, Mr. Spenser, Murray of Texas, Mr. Kerneff. He shook hands
with each of them, saying in turn.—

[illegible]

I think we were all staggered. In my own part, I was under the conviction, for the first time, of the greatness of his character and honesty that his reason had not been restored, and I therefore under a strong impression that I was satisfied as to his sanity, and would see about the necessary arrangements for his release in the morning. I thought it better to wait, however, before making a grave statement, but at last I knew the character of a person who told us that his patient was insane. I returned myself with making a general statement that he appeared to be improving very rapidly, but I would have no more that with respect to the morning and would just see what I could do in the direction of meeting his wishes. I finished at 4 o'clock, but he said, "no."

But I fear Dr. Seward has voluntarily parted with I desire to
get at the heart now they have heart it is very much more if I may
be preserved and I am in perfect agreement with him and mother and
in the exercise of the contract I am sure it is necessary to put the new
into a new paper that as Dr. Seward is a man yet so intelligent a
man it is very difficult to get him to do it. He looked at me keenly and seeing the
negatives in my face I asked if he were and he said he had been chosen
Not needing any more to be said he went on.

It is possible that I have created only a straw man.

You have 1 sand at x but at the same time you are at the same time

was a considerable pause—and then he said slowly—

Then I suppose I must wait until my ground is stronger. Let me ask for this necessary human privilege, which you say I am content to purchase. I have not on personal grounds, but for the sake of others, I am not at liberty to give you the whole of my reasons, but you may I assure you take it from me that they are good ones, say I feel a selfish and spring from the highest sense of duty. Could you look into my heart you would approve to the full the sentiments which animate me. Nay more, you would count me amongst the best and truest of your fellows. Again he looked at us at length. I had a growing conviction that his deep change of his entire intellectual method was but yet another former phase of his madness, and was determined to not to give up a true logic, knowing from experience that he would like our studies given to be set away in the end. Van Helsing was gazing at him with a look of almost morbid intensity. His eyes were now as it were merging with the fixed concentration of his look. He said to Renfield in a tone which did not surprise me at the time, but only when I thought of it afterwards, for it was as if one addressing an equal—

Can you not all thank your real reason for wishing to be free to-night? I was well witted that if you will satisfy even me—a stranger without prejudice, and with the habit of keeping an open mind—Dr. Seward will give you at his own risk and on his own responsibility the privilege you seek. He shook his head sadly, and with a look of poignant regret on his face. The Professor went on—

Come, my brother, look you well. You claim the privilege of reason in the highest degree, since you seek to fit less as with your complete reason, although You do this whose sanity we have caused to be so severely and not yet released from medical treatment. For this very defect. If you will not be patient with effort, whose the wiser course, how can we perform the duty which you yourself put upon us. Be wise and be patient, and we can we share and you to achieve your wish. He shook his head as he said.—

Dr. Van Helsing, I have nothing to say. Your argument is complete, and if I were free to speak I should not hesitate a moment, but I am not my own master in the matter. I can only ask you to trust me. If I am refused, the responsibility does not rest with me. I thought it was now time to end the scene, which was becoming too distressing to give, so I went towards the door, simply saying—

Come, my friends, we have work to do. Good night.

As, however, I got near the door, a new change came over the patient. He moved towards me so quickly that for the moment I feared that he was about to make another homicidal attack. My fears, however, were groundless, for he held up his two hands imploringly, and made his petition in a moving manner. As he saw that he very expressly his emotion was increasing against him, by resting his hands on his knees, he became calm and more deliberate. I gazed at Van Helsing, and saw my countenance reflecting in his eyes, so I became a little more frank in my manner, and more strict, and I motioned to him that his efforts were unavailing. That I previously seen something of the same constant growing intensity in him when he had to make some request of which at the time he had longed much to be free, as when he wanted a cat, and I was prepared to see him, as I expected to be, suffering from some

on this occasion. My expectation was not realised. But when he found that his appeal would not be successful, he got into quite a tantrum. He threw himself on his knees and held up his hands, wringing them in pained supplication, and poured forth a torrent of entreaty, with the tears rolling down his cheeks, and his whole face and form expressive of the deepest emotion.—

"Let me entreat you, Dr. Seward, oh, let me implore you, to let me out of this house at once. Send me away how you wish and where you will, send keepers with me, with whips and chains, let them take me in a strait waistcoat, manacled and ironed, even to a gaol, but let me go out of this. You don't know what you do by keeping me here. I am speaking from the depths of my heart, of my very soul. You don't know whom you wrong, or how, and I may not tell. 'Woe is me' I may not tell. By all you hold sacred—by all you hold dear—by your love that is lost, by your hope that lives—for the sake of the Almighty, take me out of this and save my soul from guilt. Can't you hear me, man? Can't you understand? Will you never learn? Don't you know that I am sane and earnest now, that I am no lunatic, in a mad fit, but a sane man fighting for his soul? Oh, hear me! hear me! Let me go, let me go, let me go."

I thought that the longer this went on the wilder he would get, and so would bring on a fit, so I took him by the hand and raised him up.

"Come," I said sternly, "no more of this, we have had quite enough already. Get to your bed and try to behave more discreetly."

He suddenly stopped and looked at me intently for several moments. Then, without a word, he rose and moving over, sat down on the side of the bed. The trillapse had come, as on the former occasion, just as I had expected.

When I was leaving the room, last of our party, he said to me in a quiet, well-bred voice.—

"You will, I trust, Dr. Seward, do me the justice to bear in mind, later on, that I did what I could to convince you to-night."

CHAPTER NINETEEN

JONATHAN HARKER'S JOURNAL

1 October. 7 a.m.—I went with the party to the search with an easy mind, for I think I never saw Mina so absolutely strong and well. I am so glad that she consented to hold back and let us men do the work. Somehow, it was a dread to me that she was in this fearful business at all, but now that her work is done, and that it is due to her energy and brains and foresight that the whole story is put together in such a way that every point is clear, she may well feel that her part is finished, and that she can henceforth leave the rest to us. We were, I think, all a little upset by the scene with Mr. Renfield. When we came away from his room we were silent till we got back to the study. Then Mr. Morris said to Dr. Seward—

"Say, Jack, if that man wasn't attempting a bluff, he is about the sanest lunatic I ever saw. I'm not sure, but I believe that he had some serious purpose, and if he had, it was pretty rough on him not to get a chance." Lord Godalming and I were silent, but Dr. Van Helsing added—

Friend John you know more of matters than I do and I'm glad of it for I fear that if it had been to me to decide I would before that last hysterical outbreak have given him free. But we're at death and to our present task we must take no farther as my friend Quincy would say. As it best as they are. Mr. Neward seemed to answer them both in a dreamy kind of way:—

I don't know, but that I agree with you. If that man had been an ordinary brute, I would have taken my chance of trusting him; but he seems so mixed up with the Court in an entirely kind of way that I am afraid of doing anything wrong by helping his tails. I am to get how he played with a most respectable rat for a cat, and how tried to tear my throat out with his teeth. Besides, he saved the Court (lord and master), and he may wait to get on to help him in some diabolical way. That horrid thing has the wolves and the cats and boys who kind of help him, so I suppose he isn't above trying some respectable death. He certainly did seem earnest enough. I only hope we have done what is best. These things in connection with the wild work we have in hand, help to convince a man. The professor stepped over, and, laying his hand on my shoulder, said in his grave, hoarse way—

Friendship have no fear. We are trying to do our duty in a very sad and terrible case. We can do it, though we feel it not. What else have we to hope but except the pity of the good God? I lost contact long hard, and away for a few minutes, but now he returned. He he has a little silver whistle, as he remarked.—

That old piece may be found early and late. I've got at a roadside on a rail. Having passed the way we took, it may be he is taking care to keep it. He stands out of the trees in the dawn when the moon is still above him. When we got to the pit, Father Picheant opened his bag and took out a lot of things, which he laid in the steps, sorting them out to lay the ground exactly one for each. Then he spoke:

My friends, we are going into a terrible target, and we need arms of many kinds. Our enemies stand before us. Remember, battle has the strength of two, is then, and that thought, not neck or out with paper are of the common kind, and there are breakable or exorable. I say are not amenable to mere strength. A stronger man, if a body of men, is stronger than a man, can at certain times hold him, but they cannot hurt him as we can be hurt by him. We must therefore guard ourselves from him, which keep this heart and heart, as he spoke he held a silver crucifix and held it out to me. I being nearest to him, put these flowers round your neck. Here he handed to me a wreath of white-red garden blossoms. For other enemies there is no use. This revolver and the knife, and the aid of these weapons are not a gift which you can fasten to your breast, and for an and above all at the last, his which we must not dress are needless. This was a portion of Sacred Water, which he poured on his hands and handed to me. Each of the others was similarly equipped.

Now," he said, "spread John, where are the skunks—kiss. It so that we can open the door, we need not break through the window, as before at Miss Lucy's."

He showed that one of the important keys to a successful text entry is a trigger (starting) time, and instead of re-exploring the same time after a false play back at the two (or more) words and with a false ending shot back. We pressed on the fact that the system was trained at 10 words.

and terrible purpose in which we were involved gave us a strength which rose above merely physical considerations. After the involuntary shuddering movement in the first chamber which we one and all went about our work as though that terrible place were a garden of roses.

We made an accurate examination of the place, the Professor saying as we began:

The first thing is to see how many of the boxes are left; we must then examine every box as to inner and outer packing and see if we cannot get some clue as to what has become of the rest. A glance was sufficient to show how many remained for the great earth-boxes were bulky and there was no mistaking them.

There were only twenty-nine left out of the forty. Once I got a light for seeing Lord Godalming's chest again and looked out of the window down the dark passage beyond I looked too and for an instant my heart almost stood still. Somewhere, looking out from the shadow, I seemed to see the light-gate of the Count's eye face, the edge of the nose, the red eyes, the red lips, the awful picture. I was only for a moment for as Lord Godalming said: "I thought I saw a face but it was only the shadows," and resumed his property, I turned my lamp to the direction and stepped it to the passage. There was no sign of a living soul as there were no cinders in the fire, no signs of a fire and for once he was wrong of the passage there could be no living soul even for him. I took it his fear had helped imagination and said nothing.

A few minutes later I saw Mr. Van Helsing, who sat in a corner which he was examining. We all followed his movements without even the probability of the nervousness was growing on us, and we saw a white drapery of phosgene residue which we called the stars. We all started as they flew back. The whole place was humming and seething with rats.

For a moment or two we stood appalled, a save Lord Godalming who was seemingly prepared for such an emergency. Rushing over to the great iron door of the room which Dr. Seward had found fast in the middle and which I had seen to use, he turned the key in the lock down the long teeth and swung the door open. Then, taking his house key which he had in his pocket, he threw a look at it as I was answered from behind Dr. Seward's house by the seeping of dogs and after about a minute later seeing some dashing toward the corner of the house. (I remember as we had a moment's wait in the door and as we moved I noticed that the shadow of the door was not the same which had been taken out had been brought that way. But even in the middle that had elapsed the number of the rats had vastly increased. They seemed to swarm over the place and at once the lamp light shone on their moving dark bodies, a seething, hissing, hissing, even under the place which a basket of earth set with rat-traps. The dogs dashed in but at the threshold suddenly stopped and seemed and then, with strange lifting their noses, began to howl in a most ghastly fashion. The rats were not flying in thousands and we moved out.

Lord Godalming tried to get the dogs and carrying him replaced him on the floor. The instant his feet touched the ground he seemed to recover his courage and rushed at the rats in a mad way. They fled before him so fast that where he had shaken the dust of a woman, the other dogs who had been there in the same manner had but one prey were the whole mass had vanished.

[illegible]

The meeting was interesting in he said when we tie get from he
 took the car. He said had taken the key. He had taken the key. He
 and asked the car. He said had taken the key. He had taken the key. He
 when he had done

[illegible]

He told me that he was the only white man left in the town, and that he was the only one who was not a Jew. He told me that he was the only one who was not a Jew.

[illegible]

ment. Henceforth our work is to be a sealed book to her—in at least such time as we can tell her that all is finished—and the earth free from a monster of the nether world. I daresay it will be difficult to begin to keep silence after such confidence as ours; but I must be resolute—and to-morrow I shall keep dark over to-night's doings, and shall refuse to speak of anything that has happened. I revolve the whole as much to disturb her.

1 October, later.—I suppose I was not far that we should have all overslept ourselves for the day was a busy one, and the night had no rest at all. Even Mina may have felt its exhaustion, for though I slept, as before, was high. I was awake before her, and had to call her twice before she awoke, and ere she was wakened as yet she for a few seconds she did not recognise me, but looked at me with a sort of blank terror, as one who has been wakened out of a bad dream. She complained of tired feeling, and I gave her rest for a few more days. We now know of twenty-one boxes having been removed, and I hope that several were taken in any of these removals we may be able to trace the real Dracula. Such will, of course, immensely simplify our task, and the sooner the matter is ended to the better. I shall work up the matter during the day.

DR SEWARD'S DIARY

1 October.—It was a fairly noisy when I was awakened by the Professor walking to his room. He was not noisy and cheerful as of late, and is quite evident that last night's work has been a wake-some, if not a troubling weight on his mind. After going over the doings of the night he suddenly said—

"Your patient interests me much. May it be far well you visit her this morning. Oh, that you are, or, or, or, I am glad to hear of it. I have a new experience to her to find a man who can put his own hand to work so well. I had some work to do which pressed well, but I had not had it he would go alone. I would be glad, as then I should not have to keep him waiting, so I called on a telegram and gave him the necessary instructions. Before the Professor left, he said I should not again get into a false impression of my patient. But he answered, I want him to ask of him, I said, of his own mind as to his own mind. I say, He said to Madam Mina, as I see in your diary of yesterday, that he had once had such a heart. Why do you say so, then, I said.

"Excuse me," I said, "but the answer is here. I had my hand on the typewritten matter. When our sane and learned friend made that very statement, I know he used to, or since the last night I was a man's nausety with the flies and spiders which he had eaten, as before Miss Harker entered the room. Van Helsing said in the same word, he said, 'Your memory is true, friend, oh, I should have remembered. And yet it is this very thought of thought, the memory which makes me feel I have such a fascinating study. Perhaps I may get more knowledge out of the body of this man than I shall from the teaching of the most wise. Who knows? I went on with my work, and I did not long was through, but it had. It seemed that the man had been very well, indeed, but there was Van Helsing back in the study. Do I interrupt? he asked just as he stood at the door.

"So that," I answered, "for me. My work is finished, and I am free. I can go with you now, if you like."

"It is needless; I have seen him."

"Well?"

"I fear that he does not appraise me at much. Our interview was short. When I entered his room, he was sitting on a stool in the centre, with his elbows on his knees, and his face was the picture of soiled discontent. I spoke to him as cheerfully as I could, and with as high a measure of respect as I could allow him. He made no reply whatever. Did you know me," I asked. His answer was not reassuring. "I know you well enough; you are the old fool Van Helsing. I wish you would take yourself and your foolish brain theories somewhere else. Don't at all," he heard I had him. "Now, would you more would he say," I said, "if his theory of the matter was as interesting to me as though I had not seen him before now at all." I then departed for this time, my chance of making anything from this interview, made, so I shall go. I am glad, and cheerfully set with a few happy words with that sweet soul, Madam Mina. For, I am, it does rejoice me to speak that she is no more to be pained, no more to be worried with our terrible things. Though we shall much miss her help, it is better so.

"Agree with you with a full heart. I am so earnestly, but I did not want him to weaken in his matter. Mrs. Barker is better, our other things are quite bad enough for a woman of the world, and who have been in many great scenes of the birth and place for a woman, and if she had remained married with the affair it would have done her. This have wrecked her."

"So Van Helsing has gone to enter with Mrs. Barker and Harker. Quincy and Arden are still following up the cases as to the path to key. I shall finish my tonight's work, and we shall meet to night."

MINA HARKER'S JOURNAL

1 October.—It is strange—my eye kept in the dark as I am today, after Jonathan's visit to hide me from many years, to see him manifestly avoid certain matters, and those the most vital of all. This morning I slept as after the fatigue of yesterday, and though it is a half-way day, he was the earliest. He spoke to me before he went, but never more sweetly or tenderly, and he never mentioned a word of what had happened in the visit to the Count's house. And yet he must have known how terribly anxious I was. Poor heart, to know I suppose it must have distressed him even more than it did me. I was always glad that it was best that I should not be drawn further into this sort of work, and I understood, but I think that he keeps a string from me. As now I am crying like a silly fool, when I know it comes from my love and my great love, and from the good, good wishes of those other strong men.

What has come the good. We have seen that Jonathan will tell me all, and lest it was ever so that he should think for a moment that I kept anything from him. I still keep my mouth as usual. But it has been led of my heart, as it will do, I will never, I thought, my heart, and down for his near eyes, I read. I feel strangely sad and sorrowful to-day. I suppose it is the reason from the heart, but I cannot explain it.

Last night I went to bed without a melancholy, only because they told me. I did not feel so, and I did not feel any of my evening anxiety. I kept thinking over everything that has been ever since for a long time, to see me do it, but I did not as seems like a horrible tragedy, with late

pressing it so tenderly to another loved one. I was long that one does
seem to suffer from grief if it is not being in the very thing which is
most to be enjoyed. If I am to die, why, perhaps, not that I do
live in the way I do now. She had to admit, saying he had heard of
cancer and that she had to come here to be cured, now when she would
have wanted here to be sure, and that she had to die here at night and
asleep. I have never seen her face dead, as he had told why not
ever go. What? There now, rising again. I wonder what has come
over me today. I can see it from I can see that he knew that I had
been living with him in that way. I who never died in my own
at that time when he has never used to share a tear. The fear lesson
was not that he had to live, but that he had to die. I do not weep
he should never see. I suppose it is one of the lessons that we poor women
have to learn.

[illegible][illegible]

[illegible][illegible]

CHAPTER TWENTY

JONATHAN HARKER'S JOURNAL

The first evening I found Thomas sleeping in his house at Bethna
 Green. He said he was not at all comfortable in sleeping
 The very prospect of what he expected, and it had passed to him
 had passed the trial, and he had been in the early on his expected
 delivery. He said, however, that his wife, who was in a feverish point
 with that he was in the hospital. She said who of the two was he
 the only one present. No. I drove to Washington and Mr. Joseph
 Smith told me a story of some sickness, and a state of mind. He
 was a secret for a long time, and in a long time, he was a secret workman
 and with a long piece of his own. He then he had a dream of the temple of
 the house, and from a whole long years' work, which he pro-
 posed for some reason, a secret work, and the seat of his house, and
 which had been placed on the ground, and a secret person, he gave
 me the secret of the work. There were he said, in the city, and
 which he took to the California, the California, and Street, Mr. Fred
 New, and another, which he deposited at Jackson, and Beth-
 na Green. He said he had heard of some of these things, and he
 over to him. These papers were to be given to the man of the city, and a letter
 he had to be given to the man. The secret work that it would be
 done, and the work he had done, and he had to be given to the man of the
 city of London. He was now fixed in the area of the northern shore
 and the east of the southern shore, and he was to be given to the man of the
 city, and the west were sure to be given to the man of the city, and the
 the city, and the very heart of the city, and the city, and the city, and the city,
 at first I went back to the city, and asked him if he could be given to the
 city, and the city, and the city, and the city, and the city, and the city, and the city,

He replied:—

Well, I was not very far from the way, as you see. I had given him
 his name right, and I remember I know I heard it again by the name of
 Brown, said it was a name in the Area. I think it is better & very an-
 other, and I was not at all sure, and I was not at all sure of it. There
 was a man, a man, as this man, and I think, that maybe Sam Brown
 and I was not at all sure, I think, I think, I think, I think, I think, I think,
 but I think, if he could get the, he would be worth another
 half a century to him. So he got up, and he said, I have a good sound, as
 strong as the way, and I think, I think, I think, I think, I think, I think,
 he stopped, and said,—

[illegible]

and easily never mind the house the night after.

This was a practical scheme of the character went off with a pen-knife to cut a seven-pence sheet of paper and to keep the paper large. When she came back I had dressed the envelope and stamped it, and when Sunday had again fallen I purchased a post for the address when I found the way to home. We were in the back and bow I am not so good and I was asleep. Mina is fast asleep and looks a little too pale, her eyes look as though she had been crying. That year I've not found it better but to be kept in the back at all I have to take her down at noon about me and be other. But it is best as it is. It is better to be disappointed and worried with a way now than to have her never known. The doctors were perfectly satisfied with her being kept in the back and I was not very interested in the subject with her mother any circumstances. I found it may not be a hard task after all if she herself has been one of the subjects and has not spoken of the Court of his things ever since we have been of our decision.

2 October evening. A long and trying day. By the first post I got a letter in envelope with a five-gram of paper enclosed in which was written with a six-pence's pen in a sprawling hand.

SAR BRAMLEY KERKLEY 4 Pottery Court, Batten Street, Waverley, Ark for the deputy.

I got the letter in bed and I saw when I was waking Mina. She looked happy and sleepy and pale and I at first I was determined not to wake her but that when I should return from this new search I would arrange for her going back to Peter. I think she was in the hospital in our own home with her daily tasks to interest her. I am in being here amongst us and in my name I only saw Dr. Seward or a woman and I do not know where I was. I am promising to come back and I do the rest so soon as I should have found in anything I do see to Waverley and I found with some of the Pottery Court. Mr. Seward's speaking raised me as I asked for Pottery Court and I Pottery Court. However, when I had found the court I had no idea what it was or what it was or what it was. When I asked the man who came to the door for the deputy he shook his head and said I cannot. There are no such a person etc. I never expect to see him again in my day. Don't be in the line of the body of that kind of etc. or anywhere. I don't know whether it is as I read it seemed to me that the reason of the speaking of the names of the court might be the "What are you?" I asked.

In the deputy he answered. I saw at once that I was in the right track. The deputy's speaking had again raised me. A hat was up put the deputy's knowledge at my disposal and I learned that Mr. Bramley who had slept of the remains of the year of the deputy's work at the Court in my hat. I had to work at Pottery at five o'clock that morning. He said that to be where he placed it was a way of stating but he had a vague idea that it was some kind of a new kind of work and with this matter I had to start for Pottery. It was twelve o'clock when I got a satisfactory letter with a message and I got at a coffee shop where some workmen were having their dinner. One of these suggested that there was being erected at Cross Angel Street a new kind of work and I was told that the court had a new kind of work and I at once I went on

An interview with a surly gatekeeper and a rather lo reman, both of whom were appeased with the coin of the realm, put me on the track of Blukarn; he was sent for on my suggesting that I was willing to pay his day's wages to his foreman for the privilege of asking him a few questions on a private matter. He was a smart enough fellow, though rough of speech and bearing. When I had promised to pay for his information and given him an earnest, he told me that he had made two journeys between Cartax and a house in Piccadilly, and had taken from this house to the latter nine great boxes—"ma'n heavy ones"—with a horse and a cart hired by him for this purpose. I asked him if he could tell me the number of the house in Piccadilly, to which he replied:—

"We I giv nor I forgot the number, but it was only a few doots from a big white church or somethink of the kind, not long build. It was a dusty old house, too, though nothin' to the dustiness of the house we tooked the bloomin' boxes from."

"How did you get into the houses if they were both empty?"

"There was the old party what engaged me a waitin' in the house at Purtleet. He helped me to lift the boxes and put them in the dray. Curse me, but he was the strongest chap I ever struck, an' him a old feller with a white mousache, one that thin you would think he couldn't throw a shadder."

How this phrase thrilled through me.

"Why, the look up is end o' the boxes like they was pounds of tea, and me a-puffin' an' a-blowin' afore I could up-end mine anyhow—an' I'm no chicken, neither."

"How did you get into the house in Piccadilly?" I asked.

"He was there too. He must a started off and got there afore me, for when I rang of the bell, he kem an' opened the door hisself an' helped me to carry the boxes into the hall."

"The whole nine?" I asked.

"Yus, there was five in the first load an' four in the second. It was main dry work, an' I don't so well remember how I got on 'em." I interrupted him:—

"Were the boxes left in the hall?"

"Yus, it was a big hall, an' there was nothin' else in it." I made one more attempt to further matters:

"You didn't have any key?"

"Never used no key, not nothink. The old gent, he opened the door hisself an' shut it again when I druv off. I don't remember the last time—but that was the beer."

"And you can't remember the number of the house?"

No, sir. But ye needn't have no blithin' about that. It's a high un with a stone front with a bow on it, an' high steps up to the door. I know them steps, avin' had to carry the boxes up with three carriers what come round to earn a copper. The old gent give them shillins, an' they seen they got so much they wanted more, but he took one of them by the shoulder and was like to throw him down the steps, if the lot of them went away cussin'. I thought that with this description I could find the house, so, havin' paid my friend for his information, I started off for Piccadilly. I had gained a new painful experience, the Count could it was evident handle the earth-boxes himself. It so, time was precious for now that he had achieved a certain amount of distribution, he could by choosing his own

time complete the task unobserved. At Phoenix Court I discharged my cash and walked westward. Beyond the Corner Constitutional I came across the house described, and was satisfied that it was the next of the Mary Ann girls by Dracula. The house looked as though it had been long untenanted. The windows were encrusted with dust, and the shutters were up. As the framework was black with fire and from the top the paint had mostly worn away. It was evident that up to lately there had been a large notice board in front of the doorway, which, however, had long since been taken away. The planks which had supported it were remaining. Behind the notice-board, I thought, I saw there were some loose boards whose raw edges showed where I would have given a good search, had been able to see the notice board intact, as it would perhaps have given some clue to the ownership of the house. I remembered my experience of the investigation and purchases of Carfax, and I could not but feel that if I could find the former owner there might be some means discovered of gaining access to the house.

There was at present nothing to be learnt from the Phoenix side, and nothing could be done so I went round to the back. I saw that a long road could be gathered from this quarter. The news were above the Phoenix houses being mostly in occupation. I asked some of the grocers and butchers whom I saw about it if they could tell me anything about the empty house. One of them said that he heard it had lately been taken, but he could not say for whom. He told me however that previously there had been a notice board of "For Sale" up at it, but perhaps Mr Henry Sons & Candy, the house agents, could tell me something, as he thought he remembered seeing the name of that firm on the board. I did not wish to seem too eager, so I tried not to ask and know anything too much, so, thanking him for the information I stole out away. It was now growing dusk, and he announced it was closing, so I did not come any time. Having learned the address of Mr Henry Sons & Candy from a directory, as he knew it was near at hand, the Little Sacks in Street.

The gentleman who knew me was particularly vague in manner, but an intelligent and capable person. Having once told me that the Phoenix house, which I thought I could interview he said a man named was said he considered his business was closed. When I asked who had purchased it, he opened his eyes a little wider, and paused a few seconds before replying:—

"It is sold, sir."

Paraphrasing I said, with equal politeness, but I have a special reason for wishing to know who purchased it.

Again he paused longer, and raised his eyebrows a little. "It is sold, sir," was again his laconic reply.

"Surely," I said, "you do not mind letting me know so much."

But I did not, he answered. The affairs of their clients are above all safe to be handled by Mr Henry Sons & Candy. This was manifestly a plug of the last word, and there was no use arguing with him. I thought I had best meet him on his own ground, so I said:

"Your clients, sir, are happy in having so wise and a guardian of their confidence. I am myself a professional man. Here I handed him my card. In this instance, sir, I am prompted by courtesy. I act on the part of Lord Godalming, who wishes to know something of the property which was here, understood at a former time, were we by a different opinion on affairs. He said—

[illegible]

I was very sorry to hear that you had
been ill and I hope you are now better.
I was very glad to hear that you were
back home and I hope you are all well.

1. In the story "The Mole" by John Galsworthy, the main character is a mole who is blind and lives in a dark, underground world. He is a very sensitive and intelligent creature, and he is able to navigate his way through the earth with great precision. He is also a very social creature, and he has a large family of other moles. The story is a classic example of a fable, and it is a very well-written and engaging piece of literature.

[illegible]

When I came to Washington, I told the other students that I thought
the situation was better than I had expected. I was wrong, and I was proud of
it. It is the only time the rest of the class ever got a taste of this war.
I was a good student. I had a good job. I was a good student.

[illegible]

We conducted the following research projects:

[illegible]

(1) system are: (a) the system is not a closed system
and (b) the system is not a closed system. (c) the system is not a closed system
and (d) the system is not a closed system.

As a result of the above, the following is a list of the
 names of the persons who were present at the meeting
 of the Board of Directors of the company on the 1st day of
 December, 1911, at the office of the company, at New York
 City, New York.

we sat and smoked discussing the matter in its various lights and bearings. I took the opportunity of bringing this diary right up to the moment I am very sleepy and shall go to bed.

Just a line. Mina sleeps soundly and her breathing is regular. Her forehead is puckered up into a fine wrinkle as though she thinks even in her sleep. She is a good pale but does not look so haggard as she did this morning. To-morrow will I hope mend a little she will be herself at home in every way. Oh! But I am sleepy.

DR. SEWARD'S DIARY

1 October. I am puzzled already about Reade. His mind's change so rapidly that I find it difficult to keep watch of them and as they always mean something more than his own well-being they form a more than interesting study. This morning when I went to see him after his repulse of Van Heusing his manner was that of a man of commanding destiny. He was in fact a commanding destiny. Subjectively he did not really care for any of the things of mere earth. He was—he now is and looked down on all the weaknesses and wants of our poor mortals. I thought I would improve the occasion and learn something so I asked him—

What about the new heresies? He smiled in the most superior sort of way—such a smile as would have become the face of Malvoisie—as he answered me:—

The fly, my dear sir, has one striking feature its wings are typical of the actual powers of the psychical faculty. The ancients did well when they typified the soul as a butterfly!"

I thought I would push his analogy to its utmost logicality so I said quickly:—

Oh it is a soul you are after now is it? His majesty bowed his reason and a puzzled look spread over his face as shaking his head with a decision which I had not seen in him he said:

Oh no—oh no I want no soul. Life is all I want. Here he brightened up. I am pretty indifferent about the present life is all right. I have as I want. You must get a new patient doctor. Try a new study and phage.

This puzzled me a little so I drew him on.

Then you commandate you are a god I suppose. He smiled with an ineffably benign superiority.

Oh no. Far be it from me to arrogate to myself the attributes of the Deity. I am not even concerned in His especially spiritual things. If I may state my unexceptionable position I am so far as concerns things purely terrestrial somewhat in the position which Erich occupied spiritually.

This was a poser to me. I could not at the moment recall Erich's appearance so I had to ask a vague question though I felt that by so doing I was lowering myself in the eyes of the majestic.

"And why with Erich?"

Because he walked with God. I could not see the analogy but did not like to admit it so I harked back to what he had denied.

So you don't care about life and you don't want souls. Why not? I put my question quickly and somewhat sternly in purpose to disconcert him. The effort succeeded for an instant he unconsciously relaxed into his old servile manner then now before me and actually frowned upon me as he replied:—

I don't want any more money, I feel I can't I can't use it and I had then they would be no chance of use to me I couldn't catch on. He said they stopped and then he came back spread over his face like a wide sweep from the surface of the water. A lot of water was what it felt like. When you've got a lot of water and you know that you will never want that you have I'm ready to go, friendly like you do. Now, I said this was said with a sort of help, possible, saying I know what I shall never lack the means of life.

I think that brought the end of news. I was satisfied to see some and I got him to me. He at once felt back on the last ledge of which he was a dogged member. After a short time I saw that for the present it was useless to speak to him. He was weak and so I came away.

Later in the day he sent for me. He said that I would not have come without special reason, but at present I am so interested in him that I would go to make an effort. Besides I am glad to have a strong help to pay the poor Harker's out. I was going up there and was a lot of Goulston and Quincy. At Heving six months study, pouring over the record prepared by the Harker, he seems to think that by accurate knowledge—a details he will get some of the best. He does not wish to be disturbed in his work with the case. I was to have taken him with me to see the patient, says I thought that after his last repulse he might not care to go again. There was another reason. He does not speak with the same old and powerful as when he was. I were alone.

I sat down sitting out in the middle of the floor of his study a pose which is generally indicative of some mental energy on his part. When I came in he said at once as though the question had been waiting in his lips.

What about this? It was evident then that my surprise had been correct. I must have been extra-tired, for he was working even with the final of I believe and I have the final of it. What about then, says I. I asked I believe not to reply for a moment, but looked at me and then said, and down as though he expected to find some explanation for a answer.

I don't want any more, he said. I feel like a sponge now, I have never wanted playing of his mind, and so I don't need to see it. He was only to be kind." So I said.

"You like life, and you want life?"

Oh, yes, but that is a fight you need. I would say that.

But I asked, how are we to get the life without getting the sea? I was seemed to puzzle him, so I showed it up.

After that you have some time when you're flying out there with the sea, with the masses of flies and spiders and bees and wasps, and the twining and crawling and crawling and crawling. You've got them, yes, you know, and you must put up with them some. Something seemed to affect his imagination, or he put his fingers of his years and said it's very strange, they are flying out as a small boy does when his face is being soaped. There was something pathetic in it that touched me, it also gave me a reason for it seemed that before he was a dead, very a child, though the features were worn and the still blue of the jaws was white. I was evident that he was the righting some of the loss of his youth and I knewing how his past moves had the expected things seemingly I might to have said I thought I would let it off his mind as well as I could, and go with him. The first step was to restore confidence, so I asked him

speaking pretty loud so that he would hear me through his closed ears.

"Would you care smoking or getting out pipes for me, Tager?" He seemed to wake up at once, and shook his head. With a laugh he replied:

"Not much. Pipes are poor things after a— After a pause he added: But I don't care then, some buzzing round me, as the same."

"On spiders?" I went on.

"Blew spiders? What's the use of spiders? There isn't anything in them to eat of." He stopped suddenly, as though reminded of a forgotten topic.

"So, so!" I thought to myself. "this is the second time he has suddenly stopped at the word 'spider'—what does it mean? Keble had seemed himself aware of having made a slip, or he had tried to do so, in order to distract my attention from it:—

I don't take any stock at all in such matters. Rats and mice and such animals—as Shakespeare has it—'clucken' (tear) the spider, they might be caught. I'm paying a sort of mouse as you might say we catch an ant to eat the spider, with a pair of chopsticks, as you are interested about the lesser animals, when I know of what's before me."

"I see," said I, "waiting for things that you can make your teeth meet in." How would you like to breakfast on elephants?"

"What odds do you suppose are you making?" He was getting too wide awake, so I thought I would press it hard. I went on: "I said reflectively, 'what an elephant's soul, is like'."

The effect I desired was obtained. For he at once got down from his high horse and became a child again.

"I don't want an elephant's soul, it's a very good one," he said. For a few moments he sat irresponsibly. Suddenly he jumped up, & stared with his eyes staring and a thoroughly intense expression of countenance. "There's with you," said he, "he exalted. "Why do you plague me about some flattery I got enough to worry and pain and distract me already without thinking of more." He looked so hoarse that I thought he was in for another bonanza. So I threw it by him. I'm afraid, however, that I did so he became calmer, and said apologetically:

"Forgive me, Tager. I've got myself into a not necessary heap. I am so worried in my mind that I am apt to be mistaken. If you only knew the problem I have to face, and that I am working out, you would pity and understand and pardon me. Please do not put me to extra waste of time. I want to think and I cannot think free when my body is out of use. I am sure you will understand." He had evidently said enough, when the attendants came and then he not only did as they wished to do. Retired and watched them go, when the door was closed he said, with considerable dignity and sweetness:

"Dr. Newland, you have been very considerate towards me. Believe me I am very, very grateful to you. I thought it well to have him in his room at two I came away. There is certainly something ponderous even in this man's state. Several points seem to make what the American interviewer says a story of the sort that you get then in proper order. Here they are:—

Will not mention "drinking."

Feels the thought of being disturbed with the weight of anything.

He is not afraid of waiting, or of the future.

Disposes the means for its state altogether, though he is ready being haunted by their souls.

Logically all these things point one way—he has assurance of some kind that he will acquire some higher life. He dreads the consequence—the burden of a soul. Then it is a human life he longs to

And the assurance—?

Merciful God! the Count has been to him, and there is some new scheme of terror afoot.

Later—I went after my round to Van Helsing and told him my suspicion. He grew very grave—and, after thinking the matter over for a while, asked me to take him to Renfield. I did so. As we came to the door we heard the lunatic with his singing gaily—as he used to do in the time which now seems so long ago. When we entered we saw with amazement that he had spread out his sugar as of old—the flies, lethargic with the autumn, were beginning to buzz into the room. We tried to make him talk of the subject of our previous conversation, but he would not attend. He went on with his singing just as though we had not been present. He had got a scrap of paper and was folding it into a notebook. We had to come away as ignorant as we went in.

His is a curious case indeed—we must watch him tonight.

LETTER FROM MITCHELL, SONS & CANDY TO LORD GODALMING.

"My Lord,

"1 October

"We are at all times only too happy to meet your wishes. We beg with regard to the desire of your Lordship expressed by Mr. Harker on your behalf to supply the following information concerning the sale and purchase of No. 347, Piccadilly. The original vendors are the executors of the late Mr. Archibald Winter-Suttie. The purchaser is a foreign nobleman, Count de Vile, who effected the purchase himself paying the purchase money in notes over the counter, if your Lordship will pardon us using so vulgar an expression. Beyond this we know nothing whatever of him.

"We are, my Lord,

"Your Lordship's humble servants,
MITCHELL, SONS & CANDY."

DR. SEWARD'S DIARY

2 October—I placed a man in the corridor last night, and told him to make an accurate note of any sound he might hear from Renfield's room, and gave him instructions that if there should be anything strange he was to call me. After dinner, when we had all gathered round the fire in the study—Mrs. Harker having gone to bed—we discussed the attempts and discoveries of the day. Harker was the only one who had any result, and we are in great hopes that his clue may be an important one.

Before going to bed I went round to the patient's room and looked in through the observation trap. He was sleeping soundly, and his heart rose and fell with regular respiration.

This morning the man on duty reported to me that a little after midnight he was restless and kept saying his prayers somewhat loudly. I asked him if that was all he reported that it was all he heard. There was

something about his manner so suspicious that I asked him point blank if he had been asleep. He denied sleep but admitted to having dozed for a while. It is too bad that men cannot be trusted unless they are watched.

To-day Harker is out following up his clue, and Art and Quincy are looking after horses. Godalming thinks that it will be well to have horses always in readiness, for when we get the information which we seek there will be no time to lose. We must sternise all the imported earth between sunrise and sunset: we shall thus catch the Count at his weakest, and without a refuge to fly to. Van Helsing is off to the British Museum looking up some authorities on ancient medicine. The old physicians took account of things which their followers do not accept, and the Professor is searching for witch and demon cures which may be useful to us later.

I sometimes think we must be all mad and that we shall wake to sanity in strait-waistcoats.

"Later."—We have met again. We seem at last to be on the track, and our work of to-morrow may be the beginning of the end. I wonder if Renfield's quiet has anything to do with this. His moods have so followed the doings of the Count, that the coming destruction of the monster may be carried to him in some subtle way. If we could only get some hint as to what passed in his mind between the time of my argument with him to-day and his resumption of fly-catching, it might afford us a valuable clue. He is now seeming quiet for a spell. Is he?—That wild yell seemed to come from his room . . .

The attendant came bursting into my room and told me that Renfield had somehow met with some accident. He had heard him yell, and when he went to him found him lying on his face on the floor, all covered with blood. I must go at once.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

DR. SEWARD'S DIARY

7 October. Let me put down with exactness all that happened, as well as I can remember it, since last I made an entry. Not a detail that I can recall must be forgotten. In all calmness I must proceed.

When I came to Renfield's room, I found him lying on the floor on his left side in a guttering pool of blood. When I went to move him, it became at once apparent that he had received some terrible injuries: there seemed none of that anarchy of purpose between the parts of the body which marks even lethargic sanity. As the face was exposed I could see that it was horribly bruised, as though it had been beaten against the floor. Indeed it was from the face wounds that the pool of blood originated. The attendant who was kneeling beside the body said to me as we turned him over,—

"I think his back is broken. See, both his right arm and leg and the whole side of his face are paralysed. How such a thing could have happened puzzled the attendant beyond measure. He seemed quite bewildered, and his brows were gathered in as he said

I can't understand the two things. He could not look his face like that by beating his own head on the floor. I saw a young woman, but once at the Evanses and Asys, and before anyone could lay hands on her. And I suppose he might have struck his neck by falling on it, but the girl ran away and took him to the street and I can't imagine how the two things happened. If his back was broke, he could not rest his head on the floor. His face was the last before the fall, not of his head, there would be marks on it. I said to him—

Look, Dr. Van Helsing, an Irish nurse, kindly come here at once. I want him without an instant's delay. The man ran off, and within a few minutes the Professor, in his dressing-gown and slippers, appeared. When he saw Rendell on the ground, he looked keenly at him a moment and then turned to me. I think he recognised my thought in my eyes, for he said very quietly that tests for the cause of the attendant—

Ah, a sad accident. He will need very careful watching and much attention. I shall stay with you myself, but I shall first dress myself. If you will remain I shall in a few minutes join you.

The patient was now breathing stertorously, and it was easy to see that he had suffered some terrible injury. Van Helsing returned with extraordinary celerity, bearing with him a surgical case. He had evidently been thinking and had his mind made up. For a moment before he looked at the patient, he whispered to me—

Send the attendant away. We may be alone with him when he becomes conscious after the operation. So I said.

I think that will do now, Sirs. We have done all that we can at present. You had better go over to Mr. and Dr. Van Helsing will operate. Let me know instantly if there be anything unusual anywhere.

The man with drew, and we went into a strict examination of the patient. The wounds of the face were superficial; the forehead was a depressed fracture of the skull extending right up to the upper motor area. The Professor thought a moment and said—

We must rest the pressure and get back to normal conditions as far as can be. The rapidity of the effusion shows the terrible nature of the injury. The whole motor area is affected—the extension of the brain will increase quickly, we must operate as soon as it can be done. As he was speaking there was a soft tapping at the door. I went out and opened it and found in the corridor without Arthur and Quincy in pajamas at his feet. He did not speak.

I heard your man call out, Van Helsing and I had heard an accident. So I woke Quincy to take her case, for him as he was not asleep. Things are moving too quickly and too strangely for me to sleep for any of these times. I've been thinking that to-morrow night will not see things as they have been. We have to work quick—and I want to be more than we have done. May we come in a moment and hear the doctor open? They had entered, then I closed it again. When Quincy saw the attitude and state of the patient and noted the horrible position he took, he said softly—

My God, what has happened to her! Poor poor devil! I told him briefly and added that we expected the worst. Very seriously, as after the operation, for a short time at a moment. He went at once and lay down on the edge of the bed with his face to the head, but we watched in patience.

"We shall wait," said Van Helsing—just long enough to fix the best spot

for trephining so that we may most quickly and perfectly remove the blood clot. For it is evident that the hemorrhage is increasing.

The minutes during which we waited passed with fearful swiftness. I had a horrible sinking in my heart, and from Van Heusing's face I gathered that he felt some fear of apprehension as to what was to come. I dreaded the words that Renfield might speak. I was positively afraid to think, but the conviction of what was coming was on me, as I have read of men who have heard the death-wail. The poor man's breath long came in uncertain gasps. Each instant he seemed as though he would open his eyes and speak, but then would follow a prolonged error, as if he had, and he would reapse into a more fixed insensibility. It tried as I was sick body and death. This suspense grew and grew upon me. I could not hear the beating of my own heart, and the blood surging through my temples sounded like blows from a hammer. The silence became more agonising. I looked at my companions one after another, and saw from their flushed faces and dainty brows that they were enduring great torture. There was a nervous suspense over us all, as though over head some dead bell would peal out powerful strokes when we should least expect it.

At last there came a time when it was evident that the patient was sinking fast; he might die at any moment. I looked up at the Professor and caught his eyes fixed on mine. His face was sternly set as he spoke—

"There is no time to lose. His work is may be worth many lives. I have been thinking so as I stood here. It may be here is a man's sake. We shall operate just above the ear."

With that another word he made the operation. For a few moments the breathing continued to be stertorous, when there came a breath so prolonged that it seemed as though it would ear open his chest. Next his eyes opened, and became fixed in a wild, helpless stare. This was continued for a few moments, then he uttered a long, agony cry, and from the lips came a sigh of relief. He moved his arms, as if as he did so, said—

"Is he quiet, Doctor? Tell them to take off the strain-wrest coat. I have had a terrible dream, and I have felt so weak that I can not move. What's wrong with my face? I feel as if I were dead, and I want to read my Bible and turn my head, but even with the effort it is ever seemed to grow glassy again, so I gently put it back. Then Van Heusing said in a quiet grave tone—

"Tell us your dream, Mr. Renfield. As he heard the voice his face brightened through his convulsion, and he said—

"That is Dr. Van Heusing. How good it is of you to be here. Give me some water, my lips are dry, and I shall try to tell you. I dreamed—he stopped and seemed fuming. I cannot get it to Q. A. T. ex. The brandy—it is in my study—quick. He drew a drenched cloth across the forehead of the man, and a carafe of water. We moistened the parched lips, and the patient quickly revived. It seemed, however, that his poor injured brain had been working in the interval, for when he was quite conscious, he looked at the protesting with an agonised confusion, which I shall never forget, and said:—

"I do not now perceive myself; it was no dream. I am a great coward. Then his eyes raved round the room, as they laugh, and that the two fig. reviving patients on the edge of the bed he wrote—

"If I were not sure already, I would know from him. For again, in his

eyes closed, but with pain or sleep he was tarry, as though he were hanging at his faculties to heat when he opened them he said, "but now, and with more energy than he had yet known."

Quick! Deaf! Quick! I am dying. I feel I have been a few minutes at death, I'm going back to death now, Mr. Wren. I was that that's again. I have something that I must say before I die. It will be my part of shed from this world. I thank you. It was that night after you told me when I explored your secret they saw away. I can't speak then to let my tongue wasted, but I was as sure then except in the way as I am now. I was an agent of despair for a long time after you told me it seemed hours. Then there came a sudden peace to me. My brain seemed to become new again, and I realised where I was. I heard the dogs bark behind me, but I did not know where he was. As he spoke Van Helsing's eyes never blinked, but his hand came out and mine were as gripped. I said, He did not, however, betray himself. He nodded slightly and said, Go on, in a low voice. Rentfield proceeded.

He came up to the window in the way as I had seen him often before, but he was wild then—not a ghost—and his eyes were burning like a man's when angry. He was laughing with his teeth in his mouth, the way that teeth grated in the moonlight when he tried to look back over his shoulder at them, to where the dogs were barking. I would not ask him to come in at first, though I knew he wanted to—just as he had wanted to come. Then he began pushing his things out, and was about to go, when he was interrupted by a word from the little demon.

"How?"

By making them happy—just as he used to set off the flies when the sun was shining, treating fat ones with sugar and sapid treacle on their wings and big morsels of beef right with skin and marrow bones on their backs. Now, the young pulled it out, as he always did for the old, scowling

the patient would not be out of bed for

even he began to whisper. Ray rats ray rats leads the same
mimes after and every one after and dogs to rat her at last so
At last a red hood with seats in a room at night they
laughed at last he I wanted to see what he could do. Then the dogs
flowed away beyond the dark trees of his house. He beckoned me to
watch. I got up and took to it and he raised his hands and seemed to
call out without using any words. A dark mass came over the glass
topping and like the voice of a man of fire and he began to see the
thing that I did and I saw that there were thousands of rats with
their eyes blazing to like his eyes in a room. He led to a box and I
then a stopper and I thought he seemed to be saying. A horse would
I give you as and many more and greater things for messages if you
will lay down and worship me. And let a red hood like the hood of
himself seemed to come over my eyes and before I knew what I was doing
I found myself opening the sash and saying to him. I am your and thy
Master. The rats were all gone but he said to me come out of the
sash though it was in a spot at night wide as the Moon. He said I
then came in through the open cracks and I lay out where the fire had
size and splendour."

His voice was weaker and he never felt powerful like Andy again and he understood himself as being a bit more of a bad guy in working

in the interval his story was further advanced. I was about to call him back to the point, but Van Helsing whispered to me: "Let him go on. He is not telling you, he is telling us back, and as he cannot proceed at all if once he loses the thread of his thought. He proceeds."

All day I wanted to hear from him, but he did not send me anything, not even a line, and when the moon got up I was pretty angry with him. When he stalked through the window, though it was shut, and did not even knock, I got mad with him. He sneered at me, and his white face looked out of the mist with his red eyes glaring, and he went on as though he owned the whole place, and I was no one. He didn't even smile the same as he went by me. I couldn't hold him. I thought that somehow Mrs. Harker had come into the room."

The two men sitting on the bed stood up, and came over, standing behind him so that he could not see them, but where they could hear better. They were both silent, but the Professor started and paled, his face, however, grew grimmer as I uttered my remark. He went on without noticing us.

When Mrs. Harker came in to see me, this afternoon she was the same. It was like tea after the tea-pot had been watered. Here we all moved, but no one said a word. He went on.

"I didn't know that she was here, so she spoke, and she told me the same. I don't care for the pale people. I take them with notes I brought in them, and they had all seemed to have turned out. I didn't think of it at the time, but when she went away I began to think, and I made the mad to know that he has been taking the life out of her. I could see that he had quivered, as I did, but we remained otherwise silent. So when he came tonight I was ready for him. I saw the mist streaming in, and I grasped it tight. I had heard that mad men have almost a strength, and as I knew I was a madman—at times a show—I resolved to use its power. As and he felt that for he had come and he is to struggle with me. I heard light, and I thought I was going to win. But I didn't mean to take any more of her life, not I saw his eyes. They burned into me, and my strength became air water. He stopped to fight, and when I tried to ring to him he raised me up and flung me down. There was a red cloud before me and a noise like thunder, and the mist seemed to stream away under the door. His voice was becoming fainter and his breath more stertorous. Van Helsing stood up instinctively.

"We know the worst now," he said. "He is here, and we know his purpose. It may not be so far. Let us be armed—the same as we were the other night, but now is time. There is not an instant to spare. There was no need to put our fear, nay, our conviction, into words—we shared them in our hearts. We are armed and took from our pockets the same things that we had when we entered his Count's house. The Professor had his ready, and as we met in the corridor he pointed to them with a look as he said:

"They never leave me, and they shall not in this. It is my business over. Be wise as to my friends. It is no common enemy that we deal with. As you say that that dear Madam Maza should suffer. He stopped, his voice was breaking, and I do not know if rage or interest predominated in my own heart.

Outside the Harker's door we paused. Art and Quincy bent back, and the latter said:

"Should we disturb her?"

We'll get Van Helsing and us. If the door be locked, I shall break it in.¹⁰

May it not frighten her terribly? It is only a little girl in a lady's room!"

And he sang and whistled. "You are a wavy-guy, but this is life and death. A wave he said once to the boat of a - ever were they not they are as one to the - I want to be a friend like when I start the handle of the boat the - you just go down and down and down and you too, my friends. Now!"

He turned the machine as he spoke, but the fuel did not quit. We threw
ourselves again, still with a gas cylinder perched and a hose trailing behind
us, the road. The fuel tank had a hole in it. I saw a cylinder as he
gathered himself to throw it at the others. What I saw, however, was I
felt that the machine was in the back of my neck and my heart seemed
stand still.

[illegible]

[illegible]

I was at a point just such as we know the Vampires to produce. We came down with poor Macam Moya for a few moments, & she recovered her senses. I must wake him. He fainted he said. I gave him cold water and I with it began to tick him on the face. His wife as he while holding her face between her hands and wailing in a way that was heart-breaking to hear. I raised he up and looked at him with awe. There was a ghastly expression and as I looked I saw a gleam. At this point as the law of a hole house for the shadow of a great vision. It puzzled me to think why he was doing this and at the instant I heard Harker's quick exclamation as he was to put in a strong view and I turned to see and the his face as here might well be was a look of wild amazement. He seemed fazed for a few seconds and then a woman now seemed almost just behind a door and he started up. How it was accused to be quick movement. I saw the light in his wild eyes. He red out as though to embrace her. Instantly however, we flew the man again and putting her to us together, held her hands where her face and she seemed to be held beneath her shawl.

He took a chance what does he mean. Harker met it. "Oh, Seward, Dr. Van Helsing, what is it? What has happened? What is wrong? Maria, dear, what is it? What does that woman mean? My God, my God, have I come to this?" and, raising himself on his knees, he beat his hands wildly together. "Good God, be my help, be my help, be my help! With a quick movement he expected to be, and again, pressed his forehead, as he remained awake at the need for instant exertion. What has happened? In a moment after it, he met with no answer. "Dr. Van Helsing, save me! Maria, I know, I'll do something for you, but if I cannot save you, I will save you when I can find a way. This was the height of her terror and hopelessness. Estrella saw some white, angelic face, that of a young girl, her own grief, she seized hold of him, and the next

N. Now I can't say I am so poor as I have collected enough tonight and know with me the dead it has I am saying. You must stay with me. Stay with these friends who will watch over you. Her expression became frazzled as she spoke and he was long to her she placed her hand over her mouth he had said and going to her eyes.

Van Helsing and I are then told: "The Professor brought up his little girl, a poor, sad, and well-mannered creature."

He told her not to fear. We are here, and I will stay with you. I will find something, anything, to help you. You are safe here, and I will be with you, and she came close to her. She stepped forward and was bent forward, her head to her husband's breast. When she rose, her face was pale, and she was married with blood where her eyes had been, and where he had put his hand. Her back had been to his, and she had been to his. The next day she said she knew what to do, and she whispered at night, looking at him.

There is another thing that I think you should know. I think that I should tell you that I have a new house to live in. I think that I should tell you that I have a new house to live in. I think that I should tell you that I have a new house to live in.

Neuerse, M. J. A. (1994). *Neuerse, M. J. A. (1994). Neuerse, M. J. A. (1994).*

hear it at you, and I shall not hear it from you. May God judge me by my deserts, and punish me with more bitter suffering than even this hour, if by an act of war it means anything ever coming between us. He put up his arm and folded her to his breast, and for a while she lay there weeping. He looked at us over her bowed head, with eyes that seemed damp above his quivering nostrils; his mouth was set as steel. After a while her sobs became less frequent and more faint, and then he said to me, speaking with a stilled calmness which I attributed his nervous power to the utmost—

And now, Dr. Seward, tell me all about it. I know I know the broad fact, it is true at what has been. I know how exactly what had happened, and he listened with seeming impassiveness, but his nostrils twitched and his eyes flashed as I told how the ruthless hands of the Count had held him while in that terrible and horrible position, with her mouth to the open wound in his breast. It interested me, even at that moment, to see that, when the face I while set passion worked convulsively over the bowed head, the hands tenderly and lovingly stroked the ruffled hair. Just as I had finished Quincey and I, entering knocked at the door. They entered in obedience to our summons. Van Helsing asked at me questioningly. I understood him to mean, if we were to take advantage of their coming to divert, if possible, the thoughts of the unhappy husband and wife from each other, and from themselves, we were not to give assistance to him; he asked them what they had seen or done. I, which Lord Godalming answered—

I could not see him anywhere in the passage, or in any of our rooms. I looked in the study, but, though he had been there, he had gone. He had, however—He stopped suddenly, looking at the poor drooping figure on the bed. Van Helsing said gravely—

Good friend Arthur, we water here no more couragements. Our hope now is in knowing do. I do, I say. No, Art went on—

He had been here, and though it could only have been for a few seconds, he made rate hay of the place. As the manner of it had been hurried, and the true flames were smothering amongst the white ashes, the cylinders of your phonograph were thrown on the fire, and the wax had helped the flames. Here I interrupted. I think that there is the other copy in the safe. His face lit to a moment, and he again as he went on. I ran downstairs then, but could see no sign of him. I looked into Renfield's room, but there was no trace there except—Again he paused. Go on, said Harker himself, so he bowed his head and mouthing his lips with his tongue added, except that the poor fellow is dead. My Harker raised her head, looking from one to the other of us as she said solemnly—

God's will be done. I could not but feel that Art was keeping back something, but, as I took it that it was with a purpose, I said nothing. Van Helsing turned to Mina and asked—

And you, friend Quincey, have you any to tell?

A little, he answered. It may be much eventually, but at present I can say I thought I well to know, if possible, where the Count would go when he left the house. I did not see him, but I saw a shadow of him in Renfield's window, and flap westward. I expected to see him in some shape go back to Carfax, but he evidently sought some other lair. He will not be back tonight, for the sky is red, and it is to be east, and the dawn is

close. We must work to-morrow!"

He said that he was very tenderly on Mrs. Barker's head.

And now Martin Luther says that Martin Luther is
 really what a person like him would do. I don't know how far
 he is from that. But we know that he is not a man who has
 done quick and dirty, and that is what he is. He is a man
 must end all that. It may be that he is not a man who has
 learn."

The two ladies then rose and I saw the two small feet peep out as they stepped past my seat. I went to her at the other head-table and knew a little of her story. She raised her head slowly and looked out over the lake to the house which stood on the hill and after stopping and kissing reverently the feet that the other lady was kissing, she turned to the husband who held her the other side of the protecting screen. And a pause in which she was expected to say "good night" to the lady.

[illegible][illegible]

So, in 1970, I made a small lake to see if fish would move at
all. It was very small, and it was a small lake, and it was
about 1/2 of a mile long, and the forest on the land was very old.

and I heard the light faded out of his eyes, the other saying as he did so, "First a little refreshment to reward my exertions. You may as well be quiet; it won't be the first time in the second half of the century that a peasant has killed a king, and I am as good as a king. I did not want to hinder him; I suppose it is a part of his duty. He says that such a woman has no business to have a man. And so my love, my love, give me the same! It is refreshing to my eyes, my dear. Her hair is said to grow well again. She despised his hand, I hear, and looked at him going away as if he were the damned one, and went on.—"

I felt my strength failing away, and I was in a hot fever. If I could only hold the king as he did the woman, but it seemed that a long time must have passed, when he took his gun and his shooting pouch away. I saw it all up to the fresh wound—the remembrance seemed for a while to overpower her, and she fell as dead and would have sunk down, but for her husband's sustaining arm. With a gasp that she has never before I felt went on.—

Then he spoke to the monks. And when the monks would pray our brains against mine. You would help these men to tempt me and to initiate me in his designs. You know how, and they know a part already, although I know not before long what that is worth to you. They should have kept their eyes for me, as we have done. When you are placed with against me—against me who am regarded by hundreds of years as one they were fools. I was content to keep them. And when they first turned me away from the flesh of the flesh, I found that the monks, like all monks, were pressed for a while, and that the later of my company was a thing to be put. You shall never again see me. I shall use you then, as that minister to your needs. But as yet you are to be put ahead of what you have done. You have asked me, I was telling you, how you shall come to my aid. When my brain says to me, "You shall never again see me," and I shall be a man, and to that end, his. With that he passed over his shirt, and with his long sharp hands opened a vein of his breast. When he found he began to say it out, he took my hand to come. His blood, he thought, and with it he then seized my neck and pressed my nose to the wound, so that I must either breathe or swallow some of his blood. God, my God, what have I done. What have I done of devils such as are. I who have tried to walk in truth and rightness, as my father and God put me. I look down on a poor woman whose hands were pure, and in mercy put those to whom she is dear. Then she began to rub her eyes as though to cleanse them from pollution.

As she was telling her tale, the eastern sky began to grow warm, and everything became more and more warm. Father was so, and I was, but over his face, as he and his attractive went on, came a greyish which deepened and deepened in the morning light, so when the first red streak of the coming dawn showed the flesh and dark red against the whitening hair.

We have arranged that one of us may stay with it, about the unhappy pair, so we can meet together and arrange about taking action.

(C) My father said, he can meet today in the morning, and he will see the great found of its day's course.

it must be of new hope or of new stage come. Var Helsing was looking at her face as she spoke and said with tears in her eyes:

But dear Madam Mica, are you not a lady, and I say so, not for others to do so, but after what has happened. Her face grew set to its iron but her eyes shone with the tears of a lady as she answered:

"Ah no, for my mind is made up!"

For that, he asked guests what we were all very much to reach our own was we had a sort of sag and said what she meant. Her answer came with her eyes more as though she were simply saying a fact.

Because I love my wife and I shall watch her as long as she lives, I shall do no harm to any that I love, I shall do

Yours, we would not like to see + the doctor to get us

I went to the store where the man who would save me with a gun and a desperate effort. She looked at him staring as she spoke. He was sitting down, but now he rose and came closer, hot and gay, his hat on his head as he said, "Welcome."

My father there & with an eye to where he was going but I never could hear it in my ears. With that I said what an extraordinary man ever at his time and I were first. Now were I a man I should have a moment he seemed to and a great deal more which I thought he put it down and went on.—

There are here some who would stand between you and I teach. You must not be. You may not be swayed but at least stand by your own. Unto the other who has been led by a sweet friend to lead you astray and die for it he will with his quick hand lead your death would make you even as he is. No you must live. You must struggle and strive to live though death would seem a much to make of. You must fight death himself though he come to your part of way by the day or the night in safety if it per. This war thing will I charge you that you do not die. Say not that of death for I's greatest joy is that the poor dear grew white as death and shook and shivered as I have seen a quaked shake and shiver at the meeting of the tide. We were at then we could do nothing. At length she grew more calm and turning to him said sweetly but oh so softly why as she held his hand

I promise you, my dear friend, that I could well become like a slave to do so. It may be so. His good wife, this hour, may have passed away from me. She was so good and brave that we acted that our hearts were strengthened to work as she would for her, and we began to discuss what we were to do. I told her that she was to have all the papers in the safe, and all the papers of notes and photographs we might thereafter use, and was to keep the second as she had before her. She was pleased with the prospect, and I, too, was pleased. So we used to converse with so grim an interest.

As usual Van Helsing had thought ahead - I never see one and I was prepared with an extra set of goggles and work.

It is perhaps well he said that at our meeting after our visit to Cuzco we decided not to do anything with the earth in the hands there. That we found the land must have guessed our purpose and we should not now have taken measures to deal about it. I have such an effect with regard to the criteria of it now he does not know our intentions. Nevertheless it is probable he does not know that such a power exists. It is as if we use his words with him at not use them as if it. We are now

much farther advanced in our knowledge as to their disposition than when we have examined the house in Piccadilly, we may track the very last of them. To-day then is only a question of time and hope. The man that rose in our way this morning gets his just reward. Let it set to right that monster must retain whatever form he now has. He is chained with the immutability of his earthly essence. He cannot melt into thin air nor disappear through cracks or chinks or crevices. If he go through a doorway, he must open the door like a mortar. And so we have this day to hunt out all his ways and strengthen them. So we shall. We have not yet caught him and destroyed him. Let us hunt him down some place where he is catching and he destroying shall be in time vain. Here I started up for I could not contain myself at the thought that the minutes and seconds of precious vacation with Mina were and happiness were flying from us since whilst we talked action was impossible. But Varley was holding up his hand warning. "Nay, friend Jonathan, he said, it is by the quickest way home is the longest way to your prison-house. We shall act and act with desperate quickness when the time has come. But think it all probable the key of the situation is in that house in Piccadilly. The Clerk may have many houses which he has bought. Of them he will have deeds of purchase, keys and other things. He will have papers that he will write on, he will have his book of addresses. There are many belongings that he must have somewhere, why not if this place were so convenient, where he come and go by the front or the back at a hour when in the very vast of the traffic there is none to notice. We shall go there and search that house and when we learn what it holds, then we do what our friend Arthur said in his phrases of hunt, stop the cat's paw, we run down our cat's paw, so, is it not?"

"Then let us come at once," I cried, "we are wasting the precious precious time." The Professor did not move, but simply said:

"And how are we to get into that house in Piccadilly?"

"Any way," I cried. "We shall break it if need be."

"And your police, where will they be, and what will they say?"

"I was staggered, but I knew that if he wished to delay he had a good reason for it. So I said as quietly as I could:

"Don't wait more than need be, you know I am sure what torture I am in."

"Ah, my child, that I do, and indeed there is no wish of mine to add to your anguish. But—think what can we do—must at he would be at movement. There will come our time. I have thought and thought and I seem to come that the simplest way is the best of all. Now we wish to get into the house, but we have no key, is it not so?" I nodded.

"Now suppose that you were in truth the owner of that house, and I could not get it, and think there was to you no conscience of the housebreaker, what would you do?"

"I should get a respectable locksmith, and set him to work to pick the lock for me."

"And your police, they would interfere, would they not?"

"Oh, no, not if they knew the man was properly employed."

"Then," he looked at me as keenly as he spoke, "at that is made by the conscience of the employer, and the head of your government, as to whether or no that employer has a good conscience or a bad one. Your police may indeed be reasonable as I never yet saw yet, in rating

the heart that they read the measureless sufferance. No one, not even Jonathan, would take the look that had led me into this secret land, and of any, as if the world was a vast play and things are really done, and at the time when I was a ghost, were no one will believe. I have read of a gentleman who, when a soldier, he was in the front of a battle when he went on through the danger to Switzerland and took up his house some big at home and he he would wait and get in when he went and he spent the night in the room and I was out and in through the door, he was the very eyes of the power. Then he have an auction, that house and he used it and put up big notice and when the day came he saw it was a great a number of the gentry had other men who saw them. Then he go to a bidder and he said that house making an agreement that he put it down and take it away with a certain time. And that price and other a number he put them as they can. And when that when come back to the house in Switzerland he find only an empty house where his house had been. This was a done in the night and that work was that he was to do. We did not go we eat that the power men who have their own of that been strange, but we did go a terrible look when the man came and about a day with the gentry would be done with we indeed, a number of the house.

I could not but see how right he was and the terrible despair of Mina's face became relaxed in thought, there was to be no such good counsel. Van Helsing went on.—

When we were in the house we made more fires at any rate some of the fire was here where he rest in the other places where here he more earth boxes, at Bernadine's and Mrs. F.'s.

For the last thing would of the house of some use here, he said, I had write to my people to have horses and carriages where they will be most convenient."

Look here, my dear, said Mrs. F., it is a capital idea, have at ready use we want to go, no backing, but do you think having one of your stumpy carriages will do here? In what time is it a way of Walsby's? The find was I attract of much a terrible of it purposes. I want to me to as we ought to be able when we go with it east and ever leave them somewhere near the neighbourhood we are going to.

The doctor was going to say to the Professor, "It is a very good idea, in place with the horse. It is a very good thing that we go to do, and we do not want the people to watch us if we do it."

Mina took a growing interest every day and I was rejoiced to see that the exasperation of this was being her to forget for a time the terrible experience of the night. She was very very pale, and of ghosts and so that her lips were drawn away, showing her teeth in somewhat of persistence. I did not mention this time and I should give her new new party, but it made my blood hot and in my veins to think of what had occurred with poor Lucy when the Count had sucked her blood. As yet there was no sign of the terrible thing that was at the time as yet was short, and there was time for fear.

When we came to the discussion of the sequence of our journey and of the disposition of our forces, here were new sources of dread. It was finally agreed that before starting for Paris we should wait for the Count's arrival at that time, and I should not go on with us, we should go on by the sea, ahead of us, to go with it, lest we should be present in

his pale, spectral shape, and as his weakest might gave us some new clue.

As to the disposal of her, it was suggested by the Professor, but after a consultation we should rather enter our protest, not only that he two doctors and I should remain there, why should Godfrey and Quincy, two fine fellows, be worth a dead Macabre? I destroyed her. It was possible, if not likely, the Professor might suggest that he himself might appear in Pecos, as doing his duty, and that if we were going to be together, we would then and there. As a rule we might be able to follow him if I were in this place, I then, my companion, as far as was going was concerned, for I said that I later left to say a word to Mina. I thought that my mind was made up of the subject, and Mina would not mention my opinion. She said that she might be some law matter in which I could be useful, that amongst her books I might find some law which I could understand, I said I was experienced in Texas law, and that, as it was all the strength we could muster, was required to cope with the local extraordinary power, I had to give in. For Mina knew, not was and she said, but I was the last hope for her that we should be with together. As for me, she said, I have no fear. Things have been as bad as they can be, and whatever may be my misfortune, some element of hope is left for me. Can my husband, God can't, if he wishes it, go to me as well as me as with any one present. So I started up, saying, "Then, if God's name be not come at once, or we are losing time, the train may come to Pecos, I fear, but we look."

"Not so," said Van Helsing, holding up his hand.

"But why?" I asked.

"Do you forget," he said, with a slow smile, "that last night he haunted—haunted—and we weep at it."

"Oh, I forget that," I exclaimed. "Can any of us ever forget that terrible scene? Mina struggled hard to keep her brave countenance, but the pain overmastered her, and she put her hands before her face, and shook her head, what she moaned. Van Helsing's heart started to reach her, to try to expiate it. He had seen a last sight of her and her part in the affair, in his life, a last sight. When I struck him what he said, he was horrified at his thoughtless action, he tried to comfort her. "Oh, Maria, Maria," he said, "dear, dear Maria, why that I of all who so reverence you should have said anything so together. These stupid old laws of mine are too strong and too hard, and not reserve you, but you will forget it, why you not." He bent his head beside her as he spoke, she took his hand, and looking at him through her tears said, "I will not."

"No, I will not forget for it was, but I remember, at least, that I have so much in memory of you, that is sweet, that I take it all together. Now you must be going soon. Breakfast is ready, as I have made a treat, but we may be strong."

Breakfast was a strange meal to us. We tried to be cheerful, and encourage each other, and Mina was the strongest and most cheerful of us. When it was over, Van Helsing stood up and said:

"Now, my dear friends, we get to the point of our enterprise. Are we gathered, as we were to do, at night when first we started, at eleven, at a time I go, as you say, is at a dark. We are gathered here. Then it is we. Now, Maria, Maria, you are all, are you quite safe here, and the sunset, and before, for we shall return it. We shall return. But we are

we go, let me see you armed against personal attack. I have myself a little vocabulary newly prepared, and I am set by the power of things, of which we know, so that he is as no matter. Now let me know you set this out for ahead. I must, this piece of Sacred Water as the nature of the Father, the Son, and the

There was a brief scream when a thousand hearts beat. As he had planned, the Water of Níma's forehead had seared it. Had burned free, he felt, as though he had seen a power of which he was afraid. My poor darling's face had looked not the slightest worse of the last as quickly as he believes that and the pain of it and the two were everywhere that her eyes were right that she had known it that she had a scream. But the words to her though, and she knew, he felt, he knew, had not ceased to ring. He all when there came, he knew, and she saw, her knees on the floor, and again, a shattering. Putting her hands, had over her face, as the tears came, his mother, she waited out.

As you start to increase the length of the string, you will find that the first few characters of the string are the most important. The first few characters of the string are the most important. The first few characters of the string are the most important.

They all praised him for his wisdom and courage, but he only shook his head and said, "I am not a hero, I am only a man who has learned to live with his pain." He then turned to the crowd and said, "I am not a hero, I am only a man who has learned to live with his pain." He then turned to the crowd and said, "I am not a hero, I am only a man who has learned to live with his pain."

It may be that you may have heard that martyr saint Harsee died as He now says that on the judgment day I feel I was wrong of the rich and of the poor. I feel that He has placed the cross & the Ma-Lin-Mu-a-my dead my dear, that as we will have you here to see what that text was, through the light of God's knowledge of what has been, that pass away, & I have not released as pure as the light we know. But now, as we are at least, I pass away when God sees clearly that He has set that is his testimony. I pass away when we see that as the Son of God, in obedience to His Will, I may be that we are to set our own life, through the passion, and that we are to die to His being as that other through stripes and shame, through tears and blood, through thorns and nails, at a cost that makes the difference between God and man.

There was hope & love & a deep unity and they traded their resignation. Mr. and Mrs. H. T. and Mrs. Jones & we each took one of the outstretched hands and then over and kissed the lips without a word we all bowed together and all our loving hearts were to be true to each other. We then pledged ourselves to save the very world with the head of her whom each of us was to love and we prayed to be paid & to grace it, the terrible task which lay before us.

I was that time to start we I said later on. After a putting which
ne he other side take to eat bying his and we set out

I spent the day reading papers and we continued Mr. and Mrs. Davis's tour of the city. As they could not know a better hotel where to stop, we took the best one, the Hotel de la Ville. The next day was the first of the festival, and we went to the fair. The fair was very large, and we saw many things. The fair was very large, and we saw many things. The fair was very large, and we saw many things.

[illegible]

already we knew. Had not our minds been made up and had there not been terrible memories to expiate as our work? I hardly have proceeded with our task. We found no papers or insignia of sect in the house and in the old chapel the great boxes looked just as we had seen them last. Dr. Van Helsing said they were just as we found before them.

And now, my friends, we have a duty here to do. We must consecrate this earth we sacred of holy memories—that he has brought from a far distant world for such to use. He has chosen this earth because it has been holy. Thus we defeat him with his own weapons. For we make it more holy yet. It was sanctified to such use of man; now we sanctify it to God. As he spoke he took from his bag a screw-driver and a wrench and—very soon the top of one of the cases was thrown open. The earth inside trembled and rose, but we did not witness as seemed to us its first exaltation. It was concentrated in the Professor. Taking from his box a piece of the Sacred Water he laid it reverently on the earth and then stopping down the lid began to screw it home, we aiding him as he worked.

One by one we treated in the same way each of the great boxes and left them as we had found them, each appearing as if in each was a portion of the Host.

When we closed the door behind us, the Professor said solemnly:

So much is already done. It may be that with all the others we can be successful; then the vessel of this evening may shine on Madam Mina's forehead as white as ivory and with no stain.

As we passed across the lawn on our way to the station, a coachman that we could see the front of the autumn. I looked eagerly at it, for he would of his own truth saw Mina. I waved my hand to her, and smiled to her that our work here was almost accomplished. She looked at me as if to show that she understood, she said I saw she was waving her hand in farewell. I was with a heavy heart that we sought the station and just caught the train, which was steaming in as we reached the platform.

I have written this in the train.

Pardon's 12.3.1894. "At 1st before we reached Fenchurch Street Lord Godalming said to me:

"Quincey, as I write this to you, I had better not say with you in case there should be any difficulty. For under the circumstances it would seem better for us to break into a empty house. But you are a scientist and the Incorporated Law Society might tell you that you should have known better. I don't mind saying any longer even if I don't like it. Besides, it would be a great pity if there are not too many of us. My rule will be to go along with the police and with any policeman that may be among you. You had better go with Jack and the Professor and stay in the Green Park somewhere in sight of the house and when you see the door open, call out. He shall have gone away, do you agree? Now we shall be in the house for ever, and I shall see you in."

The advice is good. And Van Helsing so we said. Quincey Godalming and Morris handed out to us, we following each other. After a short walk to the Green Park, we found a good place to stand in the Green Park. My heart beat as I saw the house, for which so much of our hope was centred, looking so good and so quiet, its lights and not at all against its more busy and more looking neighbors. We sat down on a bench

with a good view, and began to smoke cigars as well as to attract as much attention as possible. The natives seemed to pass with ardent feet as we waited for the coming of the others.

At length we saw a man, whether free or not, in the latest fashion, go down Containing and Morris, and down from the box descended a thick-set working man with his cash woven basketed coat. Morris paid the cabbie, who touched his hat and drove away. Together the two ascended the steps, and Lord Containing pointed out what he wanted done. The workman took off his satisfaction and hanging it on one of the spokes of the car, gave something to a policeman who sat there nervously testifying. The policeman made a gesture, and the man began to dig down, passing his bag round him. After searching through it he took out a selection of tools with which he proceeded to, as became him in a clever fashion. Then he went to work on the keyhole, but without a turning screw, and we made some remark. Lord Containing smiled, and the man held a good-sized bar of brass, selecting one of them, he began to probe the lock, and feeling his way with it. After turning about a bit, he tried a second, and then a third. At last, after the door opened a few inches, he pushed out, and he and the two others entered. He had, we saw, his own cigar, but not a match, but Van Helsing's went and lit a cigarette. We waited patiently as we saw the workman come out and bring a tin of tools. Then he bent he took out a key, starting it with his knees, what he tried a key to the lock. This he tried, and he said to Lord Containing, who took out his purse and gave him something. The man took the thing that took his bag put on his cap and departed, not a word with the slightest notice of the whole transaction.

When the man had fairly gone, we three crossed the street and knocked at the door. It was immediately opened by Quincey Morris, beside whom stood Lord Containing, giving a signal.

The place was very dark, but he waited as we came in. It did indeed prove very dark, the only light, and after a while, with previous experience it was plain to us that the Count had been using the place pretty long. We moved to explore the house, keeping together in case of attack, but we knew we had a strong ally, with energy to deal with, and as yet we did not know whether he could do enough to do in the house. In the dining room, which lay at the back of the hall, we found eight boxes of match-light boxes, and one of the time which we sought. That work was not over, and would never be, we should have found the missing box. First we opened the drawers of the window which looked out across a narrow street, flagged with a dark face of a statue, joined to look like the front of a miniature house. There were no words, and it was we were not afraid of being seen, and we did not see any more, excepting the chest. With the tools which we had brought with us we opened them, one by one, and treated them as we had treated those others, the only paper I saw, and it was that the Count was not at present in the house, and we proceeded to search for any of his effects.

After a hasty glance at the tray of the Count's room, having returned to the main room, we saw that the dining room contained any effects which might be of the Count's, and so we proceeded to search them, examining them as in a sort of chess, and so, in the great dining room, there were no more to be found. The house was a great house, and we had to go to the house of the Count, and then to the

several note-paper envelopes and pens and ink. All were covered up in thin wrapping paper to keep them from the dust. There were also a clothes brush, a brush and comb and a jug and basin—the latter containing dirty water which was reddened as if with blood. Last of all was a little heap of keys of all sorts and sizes, probably those belonging to the other houses. When we had examined this last find, Lord Godalming and Quincey Morris, taking accurate notes of the various addresses at the houses in the East and the South, took with them the keys in a great bunch, and set out to destroy the boxes in these places. The rest of us are, with what patience we can, waiting their return—or the coming of the Count.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

DR. SEWARD'S DIARY

3 October.—The time seemed terrible long whilst we were waiting for the coming of Godalming and Quincey Morris. The Professor tried to keep our minds active by using them at the time. I could see his beneficent purpose, by the side glances which he threw from time to time at Harker. The poor fellow is overwhelmed in a misery that is appalling to see. Last night he was a frank, happy-looking man, with strong youthful face, full of energy, and with dark brown hair. To-day he is a drawn, haggard old man, whose white hair matches well with the hollow burning eyes and grief-written lines on his face. His energy is still intact; in fact, he is like a living flame. I have never seen his salvation for it all goes well; it will tide him over the despairing period; he will then, in a kind of way, wake again to the realities of the Poor fellow. I thought my own trouble was bad enough, but his—! The Professor knows this well enough, and is doing his best to keep his mind active. What he has been saying was, under the circumstances, of a nothing interest, so, well as I can remember, here it is.

I have studied over and over again since they came into my hands all the papers relating to this monster, and the more I have studied, the greater seems the necessity to utterly stamp him out. All through there are signs of his advance, not only of his power, but of his knowledge of it. As I learned from the researches of my friend Arminius of Buda-Pesth, he was in life a most wonderful man, soldier, statesman, and alchemist, which latter was the highest development of the science knowledge of his time. He had a mighty brain, a learning beyond compare, and a heart that knew no fear and no remorse. He dared even to attend the Schismance, and there was no branch of knowledge of his time that he did not essay. Well, in him the brain powers survived, the physical death, though it would seem that memory was not as complete. In some faculties of mind he has been, and is, only a child, but he is growing, and some things that were childish at the first are now of man's stature. He is experimenting, and I am glad, and I feel it had not been that we have crossed his path, he would be yet. He may or yet I we fear, the father, or furtherer of a new order of beings, whose road must lead through Death, not Life.

Harker groaned and said, "And this is all, as I read again of my darling? But how is he experimenting? The knowledge may help us to defeat him."

[illegible]

Flat-topped, dark and black weaves. Old for more part in
the background and some are very high.

[The Professor said his hand tenderly on his shoulder as he spoke]

[illegible]

When the waves began to rise we were startled by a knock at the door. Just the door is just at the back of the room and it was a knock on the door. We went to see what it was and found a young man standing at the door. He was a student of the school and he was holding a book. He said that he had a letter for me. I took the letter and opened it. It was a letter from my mother. She was asking me to write to her. I wrote her a letter and she was very happy. The professor closed the door again and a few minutes later the door was opened and read aloud.

(Crank out) (D) He has at now 144 million that at a hundred's
and 144 million a week to the South. He sees it as going the round and may
want to see you. Mina

$\left| \frac{f(x) - f(y)}{x - y} - f'(x) \right| \leq \frac{1}{2} \left| \frac{f(x) - f(y)}{x - y} - f'(y) \right| + \frac{1}{2} \left| \frac{f(x) - f(y)}{x - y} - f'(x) \right|$

Now (said he) let us see how you do. Van Helsing entered to him quickly and said —

There is a lot of information in the book, and it is very interesting to read. The book is written in a very clear and concise manner, and it is easy to read. The book is a good read for anyone who is interested in the history of the United States.

I have been doing a few sweetbreads, ever since I was
four years old and I have been making them ever since.

[illegible]

a I devoted to this cause and to-day shall see the end. The time is coming for action to-day this Vampire is created to the power of man and at sunset he may not change. It will take him time to arrive here—see it is twenty minutes past one—and there are yet some times before he can hither come—he he never says so. What we must hope for is that my Lord Arthur and Quincey arrive first."

About half an hour after we had received Mrs. Harker's telegram there came a quiet resolute knock at the hall door. It was just an ordinary knock such as is given hourly by the hands of gentlemen, but it made the Professor's heart and mine beat loudly. We looked at each other and together moved out into the hall—we each held ready to use our various armaments—the spiritual in the left hand, the mortal in the right. Van Helsing posted back the latch and holding the door half open stood back, having both hands ready for action. The gallantries of our hearts must have shown upon our faces when on his step close to the door we saw Lord Godalming and Quincey Morris. They came quickly in and closed the door behind them, the former saying, as they moved along the hall—

"It is all right. We found both papers safe, however, each and we destroyed them all."

"Destroyed?" asked the Professor.

For him. We were silent for a minute, and then Quincey said—

"There is nothing to do but wait here. If, however, he does not turn up by five o'clock we must start off, for it won't do to leave Mrs. Harker alone after sunset."

He will be here before long now, said Van Helsing, who had been consulting his pocket book. You have in Madam's telegram he went south from Carfax, that means he went to cross the river, and he could only do so at slack of tide, which should be something before one o'clock. That he went south has a meaning for it. It is a very ominous suspicion, and he went from Carfax first to the place where he would suspect interference east. You must have been at Bermondsey only a short time before him. That he is not here already shows that he went to the Strand next. It has taken him some time, for he would then have to be carried over the river in some way. Beieve me, my friends, we shall not have long to wait now. We should have ready some plan of attack so that we may throw away no chance. Hush, there is no time now. I have a voice at my side ready. He held up a warning hand as he spoke, for we all could hear a key with inserted in the lock of the hall door.

I could not but admire, even at such a moment, the way in which a dominant spirit asserted itself. It is a most curious thing, parties and adventures in different parts of the world. Quincey Morris had always been the one to arrange the plan of action, and Arthur and I had been accustomed to obey him implicitly. Now the old habit seemed to be renewed instinctively. With a swift glance around the room, he at once laid out our planned attack, and without speaking a word, with a gesture, placed us each in position. Van Helsing, Harker, and I were just behind the door, so that when it was opened the Professor could guard it whilst we two stepped between the monster and the door. Godalming behind and Quincey in front stood out of sight ready to move in front of the window. We waited in a suspense that made the seconds pass with a ghastly slowness. The slow cautious steps came along the hall, the Count was evidently prepared for some surprise—at least he feared it.

[illegible]

We passed over at last to a large subject, that he gave us the history of the steps — rose, he takes said and pushed gently he made clear. There he turned and spoke to us,—

[illegible][illegible]

I make a fire. Nothing here was bound up to him. I wish he returned. As he spoke he put the money remaining in his pocket, took the five deeds of the snake as Barker had left them, and swept the remaining things in the open fireplace where he set fire to them with a match.

Constance and Murray had finished on the beach and Barker had lowered himself from the window to the water. He had, however, failed to raise the door and by the time they had turned it open there was no sign of him. Van Helsing said: "I tried to make a party at the back of the house, but the view was deserted and no one had seen him depart."

It was now late in the afternoon and a sunset was not at all. We had to recognise that our game was up. With heavy hearts we agreed with the Professor when he said.—

“Getting back to Matam Mina—poor poor dear Matam Mina! We can do as much as we can, and we can here at least protect her. But we need not despair. There is still one more card to play, and we must try to trust it when that is done it may yet be won. I don’t see that he speaks as brave as he would seem to be. He has the two lions with him, broken down now and again he gave a howl which he could not suppress—he was thinking of his wife.”

With sad hearts we came back to his house, where we found Mrs. Blaxter waiting us with a pleasant and friendly smile which did homage to her bravery and self-sufficiency. When she saw our faces, her own became as pale as death for a second, for two her eyes were closed and she wore an eager, eager, and then she said cheerily:—

I can never mark you enough for this punishment. As she spoke, she took her husband's eyes from his hands and kissed them. Lay your punishment there as a rest. And when we hear God's voice, protect us. If He will, it is His good and great. The punishment is saved. There was no place for words in his agonizing heart.

[illegible]

_____ the _____ of _____ at _____

to look of love and tenderness. I am that dead, and you are my true, true friend. I want you — bear something in mind through all this dreadful time. I know that you must fight, that you must destroy even as you destroyed the false I — so that the true I may live hereafter, but it is not a work of hate. That poor soul who has wrought all this misery is the saddest case of a — I ask you what will he know when he is destroyed in his weaker part that his better part may have spent all its strength? You must be patient with him, too, though it may not hold your hands from his destruction."

As she spoke I could see her husband's face darken and draw together as though the passions in him were striving his being to increase. Instantly his grasp on his wife's hand grew tighter, his knuckles looked white. She did not look up from the pain which I knew she must have suffered but looked at him with eyes that were more appealing than ever. As she stopped speaking he leaped to his feet, almost tearing his hand from hers as he spoke:

May God give him to my hand, just let it go enough to testify that
earth is not him which we are aiming at. It is beyond it I could send his
will for ever and ever to testify he I would do it.

Oh hush oh hush in the name of the good God. Don't say such things. I rather my husband at your side. I ask not with fear and he too for I think my dear I have been thinking so this long long day of it that perhaps some day I too may need such pity and that some other day you—and I with you—a care will be a gift—may I tell it to me. Oh my husband—my husband—indeed I would have spared you such a thought had there been another way. But I pray that God may not have treasured your word words except as the heart broken way. If a very kind and sorry stricken man. Oh God let these poor white hairs be in evidence of what he has suffered who a sin he has done no wrong and on whom so many sorrows have come.

We men were all in tears now. There was no resisting them and we wept openly. No wept, in, to see that her sweetest course had, revealed. Her husband, lying beside him, on his knees beside her, and putting his arms round her, hid his face in the folds of her dress. And leaving he began to sing. I wept that of the rough, teasing, the two loving hearts alone with their God.

Before they retired the Professor fixed up the two magazines coming of the Vampire and I assisted Mrs. Baker. But she is a good rest in peace. She tried to show herself the best and made them to her to satisfy make tried to seem content. It was a brave struggle and was I think a triumph not without its reward. Van Brunting had placed at hand a bowl which either of them was to use in case of any emergency. When they had retired Quincy, Cora and I arranged the washstand sitting dividing the night between us and watching over the safety of the two women as they slept. The first watch I have of Quincy so the rest of the night I tried as soon as we can Cora and I have a ready turned in for his is the second watch. Now that my work is done I too shall go to bed.

JONATHAN HARKER'S JOURNAL

I hope you are enjoying the trip. I hope you are all well and happy.

wake would be to find things changed and that any change must now be for the better. Before we parted, we discussed what our next step was to be but we could arrive at no result. All we knew was that the earth-box remained and that the Count alone knew where it was. He certainly would not tell—he may had the key or keys, at least in the meantime. The thought was horrible. I am not thinking of it even now. It is a pity that I ever there was a woman who was a perfection—that she was a poor winged darling. I love her all the same—more for her sweet pity of last night—a pity that made my own hatred of the monster seem despicable. Surely God will not permit the world to be the poorer by the loss of such a creature. It is to be pitied. We are all drifting reefwards now, and faith is our only anchor. Thank God, Mina is sleeping and sleeping with calm dreams. I fear what her dreams might be like with such terrible memories to grieve them in. She has not been so calm with this sleeping since the sunset. Then for a while there came over her face a repose which was like spring after the blays of March. I thought at the time that it was the witness of her red sunset on her face, but somehow now I think it has a deeper meaning. I am not sleeping myself, though I am weary—wearied to death. However, I must try to sleep for there is no more to think of and there is no rest for me until . . .

Later.—I must have fallen asleep, for I was awakened by Mina, who was sitting up in bed with a startled look on her face. I could see easily that we did not leave the room in darkness; she had placed a watching lamp over my couch, and now she whispered in my ear—

"Hush, there is some one in the corridor. I got up softly and, throwing the room, gently opened the door.

"Just outside, stretched on a mattress, lay Mr. Morris wide awake. He raised a warning hand for silence as he whispered to me.

"Hush, go back to bed, it is all right. One of us will be here all right. We don't mean to take any chances."

His look and gesture forbade discussion, so I came back and told Mina. She sighed and put over a shadow of a smile to her over her poor, pale face as she put her arms round me and said softly.

"Oh, thank God for good brave men. With a sigh she sank back again to sleep. I wrote this now as I am not sleeping, though I must try again.

4 October, morning.—Once again during the night I was awakened by Mina. This time we had at last had a good sleep, for the grey of the coming dawn was making the windows in a sharp oblong, and the gas flame was like a speck in her chamber. I was up at once. She said to me hurriedly—

"Go call the Professor. I want to see him at once."

"Why?" I asked.

"I have a notion, I suppose it must have come in the night and I am tired with this trying knowing it. He must be moved to bed, or he will die, and then I shall be able to speak for quick. I fear it, he time is getting close. I went to the door. Dr. Seward was resting on the mattress and, seeing me, he sprang to his feet.

"Is anything wrong?" he asked in alarm.

"No, a request," said Mina, wanting to see Dr. Van Helsing at once.

"Two go," he said, and hurried to the Professor's room.

In two or three minutes later Van Helsing was in the room, with a

dressing gown, and Mr. Murray and Lord Godalming were with Dr. Seward at the door asking questions. When the Professor saw Mina a smile—a positive smile—crossed his anxiety of his face, he rubbed his hands as he said:

"Oh, my dear Madam Mina, this is indeed a change. See, friend Jonathan, we have got our dear Madam Mina at last and back to us today. I had thought to her, he said, heartily. And what am I to do for you. For at this hour you do not wait time for nothing."

"I want you to hypnotize me," she said, "about before he dawn, for I feel that then I can speak and speak freely. Be quick, for the time is short. Without a word he motioned her to sit up in bed.

Looking fixely at her, he commenced to make passes in front of her, from over the top of her head downwards, with each hand in turn. Mina gazed at him for fully five or a few minutes, during which his own heart beat like a trip hammer, for I felt that some crisis was at hand. Gradually her eyes closed, and she sat stock still, only by the gentle heaving of her bosom—not one knew that she was alive. The Professor made a few more passes and then stopped. He could see, that his forehead was covered with great beads of perspiration. Mina opened her eyes, but she did not seem the same woman. There was a faraway look in her eyes, and her voice had a sad dreaminess which was new to me. Raising his hand to impose silence, the Professor motioned to me to bring the others in. They came on up the passage the door behind them, and stood at the foot of the bed, looking on. Mina appeared not to see them. The stupor was broken by Van Helsing's voice speaking in a low tone—one which would not break the current of her thoughts—

"Where are you?" The answer came in a neutral way—

"I do not know. Sleep has no place it can call its own. For several minutes there was silence. Mina sat rigid, and the Professor stood staring at her. Finally, the rest of us began to breathe. The room was growing lighter, without taking his eyes from Mina's face. Dr. Van Helsing motioned me to put up the blind. I did so, and he lay seemed out upon us. A red streak shot up, and a ray of light seemed to diffuse itself through the room. On the instant the Professor spoke again—

"Where are you now?" The answer came dreamily, but with attention, it were as though she were interpreting something I have heard her use the same tone when reading her short-hand notes.

"I do not know. It is as strange to me."

"What do you see?"

"I can see nothing, it is all dark."

"What do you hear?" I could detect, he strain in the Professor's patient voice.

"The ringing of water falling, the sighs, and the waves sweep. I can hear them on the outside."

"Then you are in a ship?" We all looked at each other, trying to glean something each from the other. We were attracted to think. The answer came quick—

"Oh, yes!"

"What else do you hear?"

"The wheel of the ship, stamping, vibrating as they go about. There's the creaking of a chain at the wheel, the creak of the capstan falls into the ratchet."

"What are you doing?"

I said, oh, yes. It's the death. The vine lies away in a deep
 breath as it is sleeping, and the young ones bud again.

By the time I was laid down, and I was at a very late hour, Dr. Van Helsing placed his hands on Mrs. Ashcroft's head, and her head dropped down on her pillow. She lay like a sleeping child for a few moments, and then, with a long sigh, awoke, and stated it would be to see a doctor, but I have I been taking of my sleep. I was at the end. She seemed, however, to know her situation without saying though she was eager to know what she had lost. The Professor repeated the conversation, and she said:

Then there is not a minute left now. I may not be very accurate. Mr. McCreary and I had been just started for the door but the Professor's sharp voice called them back.—

Stay, my friends. That ship where our way was was going a-hor when she spoke. I were afraid that ship was going to her a-thor then in your way out Port of London. Which do them say that you seek to do he has said he we have no right a-one thought whether it may lead as we know not. We have been blind so much that we do not see the matter of it first since when we can look back we see what we ought have seen looking forward we had seen able to see what we ought have seen. And but that we were is a-and he is not. We can know now what was in the Countess mind when he seize that money though she had no better knife put him in the danger that ever he was. He mean escape that night 1st Apr. He saw that with that one earth they left at a back of men from the dogs after a fox they under way in place of him. He have take his way. I was in war last night and he have the same. He have escape to the well know him. Lady H. ask me if I know any way when he is a-bayed from the north a way out of the way and we will show him with him. I know any way and I can know of a way to where. In the future we may try and find a peace but there are waters between us which he do not want to pass and which he could not if he were to witness for they were to touch the sail and then only at the risk of a tide. See and he can not stand and as far as I can see it is for us like bath and dress and have for us what we need and which we can pass on to take since he is not in the same land with us. My answerd a bit happier than as she asked —

But why not? we ask. But rather, what has gone away from us. He took her back and put her as he required.

Ask the man to get up. When we have breakfast, then I answer a few letters. He would say no more, and we separated in tears.

After breakfast Mr. A. appeared for a session. He looked at her gravely for a minute and then said sorrowfully:

Because my dear dear Ma and Ma now think that even though we had fun even though we have to know that is the worst thing. She grew pale as she asked faintly —

Why

However, he answered when I said he had not forgotten, and very
are for mortal wounds. The wound will be healed, since now the part of
mark upon your throat."

It was as if she had been at the bottom of the sea for a long

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

NEWSPAPER IN BRITAIN, SIR JOHN VAN HELSING

This to Jonathan Harker

[illegible]

VAN HELSING

JONATHAN HARKER'S JOURNAL

4 October. When I read to Mya Va Hteing's message of the morning after, his post got brightened up considerably. A ready certainty that the Council is on his side has given her comfort and confidence enough to let, for my own part, now that I should not dare to not face to face with us, it seems almost impossible to believe in it. Even my own terrible experiences in Castle Deceit seem like a long forgotten dream here in the mist and darkness of the night tonight.

Was how, at historic Lehigh, nestled in a tight, my eye for in the
red seat on my post-dating, what it ahead. What, I, lastly there, at

be no dissent. And afterwards the very memory of it will keep fairly crystal clear. Mina and I fear to be idle, so we have been over a lot of duties again and again. Somehow, although he really seems greater each time, the pain and the fear seem less. There is something of a guiding purpose that lasts throughout, which is comforting. Mina says that perhaps we are the instruments of ultimate good. I may be. I shall try to think as she does. We have never spoken of each other yet of the future. It is better to wait till we see the Professor and the others after their investigations.

The day is running by more quickly than I ever thought a day could run for me again. It is now three o'clock.

MINA HARKER'S JOURNAL

5 October. A pm.—A big meeting for report. Present, Professor Van Helsing, Lord Godalming, Dr Seward, Mr Quincey Morris, Jonathan Harker, Mina Harker.

Dr Van Helsing described what steps were taken during the day to discover on what boat and whether howd Count Dracula made his escape—

As I know that he wanted to get back to Transylvania I felt sure that he must go by the Danube mouth, or by somewhere in the Black Sea, since by that way he came. I was a dreary hawk that was before us. Some *gnotum promugitum* and so, with heavy hearts we started. I had thirty leave for the Black Sea last night. He was in a sailing ship, since Madam Mina told of sailing being set. These not so important as going up your list of the shipping in the *Times*, and so we go by suggestion of Lord Godalming to your Livadia, where are none of our ships that sail, however so small. There we find that only one Black Sea-bound ship goes out with the tide. She is the *Carrina Catherine*, and she sails from Dumbries Wharf for Varna, and thence on to other parts and up the Danube. So I sail. This is the ship whereon is the Count. So off we go to Dumbries Wharf, and there we find a man in an office. From him we inquire of the going of the *Carrina Catherine*. He swears much, and he red face and redder nose, but he gives us all the same, and when Quincey gave him something from his pocket which raked as he took it, and put it in a so small bag which he have hid deep in his clothing, he says, better fellows and better servants to us. He come with us, and ask many men who are rough and bold, these be better fellows too when they have been in more thirsts. They say much of blood at noon, and of others which I comprehend not, though I guess what they mean, but nevertheless they tell us all things which we want to know.

They make known to us among them how fast after noon at about five o'clock comes a man so hairy. A tall man, thin and pale, with high nose and teeth so white, and eyes that seem to be burning. That he be a man in black, except that he have a band of straw which binds his hair at the time. That he want his money in making good inquiries as to what ship sails for the Black Sea and for where. Some took him to the office and then to the ship, where he will not go aboard but wait at shore end of gang plank, and ask that the captain come to him. The captain come when told that he will be pay well, and though he swear much at the first he agrees to terms. Then the thin man goes and some money, him where horse and cart can be hired. He goes there and soon he come again, himself in a good cart on which a great

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

$$1 - \frac{1}{2} \left(\frac{1}{2} \right)^n = 1 - \frac{1}{2^{n+1}}$$
[illegible][illegible]

has been hunted?²⁴

$$A_{12} = \begin{bmatrix} 1 & 0 & 0 \\ 0 & 1 & 0 \\ 0 & 0 & 1 \end{bmatrix} + \begin{bmatrix} 0 & 0 & 0 \\ 0 & 0 & 0 \\ 0 & 0 & 0 \end{bmatrix} = \begin{bmatrix} 1 & 0 & 0 \\ 0 & 1 & 0 \\ 0 & 0 & 1 \end{bmatrix}$$

him. Your man eater, as they of India call the tiger who has once tasted blood of the human race no more for the other prey, but prowls, waiting till he get him. It is that we had to do, my old friend, get him a man eater, and he never cease to grow. Nay, in himself he is not one to retire and stay afar. In his life, his very life, he goes over the lakes, frontier and attack his enemy on his own ground, he be beaten back, but did he stay. No. He come again, and again, and again. Look at his persistence and endurance. With the best brain that was to him he have long since conceived the idea of conquering greatness. What does he do? He find out the place of all the world most of promise for him. Then he deliberately set himself down to prepare for the task. He find patience, not how is his strength and what are his powers. He study new tongues. He learn new societies, new environments of all ways the people, the law, the finance, the science, the habit of a new land and a new people who have come to be since he was. His impulse that he have had, what his appetite craves and enkindle his desire. Nay, it help him to grow as to his brain, but it all prove to him how right he was at the first in his intuition. He have done this alone, all alone, from a ruin, from a forgotten, and what more may he not do when the greater world of thought is open to him. He that can smile at death, as we know him, who call out of it the midst of diseases that kill off whole peoples. Oh, if such an one way to come from God, and not the Devil, what a force for good might he not be in this cruel world of ours. But we are pledged to set the world free. Our time must be his use, and our efforts must be set to his, his brought to edifice, when men believe not even what they see. Their doubting, I was men would be his greatest strength. It would be a cone his breath and his strength, and his weapons to destroy us, his enemies, who are willing to perish even our own souls for the safety of one we love—for the good, I think, and for the honour and glory of God."

After a general discussion it was determined that for to-night nothing be definitely settled, that we should all sleep on the facts and try to think of the proper conclusions. Tomorrow, at breakfast, we are to meet again, and after making our views more known to one another, we shall decide on some definite course of action.

—I feel a wonderful peace and rest to-night. It is as if some haunting presence were removed from me. Perhaps.

My surprise was not finished, could not be, for I caught sight in the mirror of the red mark upon my forehead, and I knew that I was a vampire.

DR. SEWARD'S DIARY

31 October.—We all rose early, and I think I all sleep as much for each and all of us. When we met at early breakfast there was more general cheerfulness than any of us had ever expected to experience again.

It is really wonderful how much better than their former state of mind. Let any contrasting cause to what he removed, in any way, even by death, and we is back to first principles of hope and optimism. More than once as we sat at table he said his eyes open, "I wonder whether the whole of the past days had not been a dream." I was only when I caught sight of the red mark on Mrs. Harker's forehead, that I was brought back to reality. Even now, when I am gravely reviewing the

matter. It is almost impossible to realise that the cause of a fainting fit is so simple. Even Mrs. Harker seems to lose sight of her true life for whole spells. It is only now and again when something breaks it to her mind that she thinks of her terrible war. We are to meet here in my study in half an hour and decide on our course of action. I see only one immediate difficulty. I know it by instinct rather than reason, we shall have to speak frankly, and yet I fear that in some mysterious way poor Mrs. Harker's tongue is tied. I know that she is in a confusion of her own and from all that has been I can guess how brilliant and how true they must be, but she will not or cannot give them utterance. I have mentioned this to Van Helsing, and he and I are to talk it over when we are alone. I suppose it is some of that horrid poison which has got into her very beginning to work. The Count had his own purposes when he gave her what Van Helsing called 'the Vampire's baptism of blood.' Well, there may be a poison that distorts the food of good things in an age when the existence of phantasies is a mystery we should not wonder at anything. One thing I know, that if my instinct be true regarding poor Mrs. Harker's weakness, then there is a terrible unknown danger in the work before us. The same power that compels her silence may compel her speech. I dare not think further, for so I should in my thoughts dishonour a noble woman.

Van Helsing is coming to my study a little before the others. I shall try to open the subject with him.

Later.—When the Professor came in we took over the state of things. I could see that he had something on his mind which he wanted to say, but let some hesitations about broaching the subject. After beating about the bush a little, he said suddenly—

But let us say there is something that you and I must talk of alone just at the first at any rate. Later, we may have to take the others into our confidence. Then he stopped, so I waited, he went on—

Marion Mina told me that Marya Mina was changing. A cold shiver ran through me to find my worst fears thus reversed. Van Helsing continued—

With the sad experience of Miss Lucy, we must this time be warned before things go too far. Our task is now in reality more difficult than ever, and this new trouble makes every hour of the day of importance. I can see the characteristics of the vampire coming in her face. It is now but very, very slight, but it is to be seen. If we have eyes to notice without to prejudge. Her teeth are more sharpened, and at times her eyes are more hard. But these are not all, there is a hot electric glow about her as was with Miss Lucy. She did not speak, even when she wrote that which she wished to be known later. Now my fear is that it be that she can, by our hypnotic trance, tell what the Count sees and hears with it more true that he who have hypnotise her first, and who have drunk of her very blood and make her drunk of his should, if he will, compel her mind to confess to him that which she knows. I rounded acquiescence, he went on—

Then what we must do is to prevent her with my keeper's guardianship of our interest, and so she cannot tell what she knows not. This is a painful task. Oh, so painful, that it heart-breaks me to think of it, but it may be. When to-day we meet, I must tell her that for reasons which we will not to speak she must not more be of our council, but be simply guarded by us. He

wiped his forehead, which had broken out in profuse perspiration at the thought of the pain which he might have to inflict upon the poor woman. I was satisfied. I knew that it would be some sort of comfort to him if I told him that I also had come to the same conclusion. For at any rate it would take away the pain of doubt. I told him, and the effect was as I expected.

It was now close to the time of our general gathering. Van Helsing has gone away to prepare for the meeting, and his part is past. If it I really believe my purpose is to be a seer to pray alone.

Later—At the very moment of our meeting a great personal relief was experienced by both Van Helsing and myself. Mrs. Harker had sent a message by her husband to say that she would not join us at present, as she thought it better that we should be free to move as our movements without her presence is essential to us. The Professor and I looked at each other for a moment, and somehow we both seemed relieved. For my own part, I thought that if Mrs. Harker feared the danger herself, it was much pain as we, as much danger averted. Under the existing circumstances we agreed, by a questioning look and answer with finger on lip, to preserve silence in our suspicions, until we should have been able to confer alone again. We went at once into our Plan of Campaign. Van Helsing thought it put the facts before us first—

The *Countess Catherine* left the Thames yesterday morning. It was like her at the quickest speed she has yet made at least three weeks to reach Varna, but we can travel as fast to the same place in three days. Now if we allow for two days less for the ship's voyage, owing to such weather and currents as we know that the Countess is likely to meet, and if we allow a whole day and night for any delays which may occur, then we have a margin of nearly two weeks. That is, if we let us be quite sure we must leave here on Friday at latest. Then we can, at any rate, be in Varna a day before the ship arrives, and then to make such preparations as may be necessary. Of course we shall engage a medical man, a good steady strong sportsman as well as physician. Here Quincey Morris added:

"I understand that the Count comes from a wolf country, and it may be that he shall get there before us. I propose that we add Winchester to our armament. I have a load of bullets in a Winchester when there is a very strong chance that we shall meet those creatures. And when we find the pack at rest, as at Iohann. What would you have given her for a repeater apiece?"

"Good," said Van Helsing. "Winchester is what we Quincey's heart is level at a times, but most so when there is to fight, metaphor he more disbeliever to science than wolves be of danger to man. In the night, now we can do nothing else, and as I think that Varna is not far from us, I say why not go there more soon. It was long to wait here as there. I thought and I thought we might get ready, and then, if he were we fear can set out on our journey."

"We four," said Harker, interrogatively looking from one to another of us.

"Of course," answered the Professor, "as you insisted upon it, I will take care of your sweet wife." Harker was so excited and pale and her said in a hollow voice:—

"Let us ask of that part of it, for morning. I want to convey with

Mina. I thought that now was the time for Van Helsing to warn him not to disclose our plans to her, but he took no notice. I looked at him significantly and coughed. For answer he put his finger on his lip and turned away.

JONATHAN HARKER'S JOURNAL

1 October, Wednesday. I am some time after our meeting this morning. I could not think. The new phases of things leave my mind in a state of wonder which allows no room for active thought. Mina's determination not to take any part in the discussion set me thinking, and as I could not argue the matter with her, I could only grieve. I am as far as ever from a decision now. The way the others received it so puzzled me. The last one we asked of the subject we agreed that there was no more rational ground of anything amongst us. Mina is sleeping now, calmly and sweetly, as a child. Her lips are curved and her face bears a happy expression. I thank God there are such moments for her.

Later. — How strange it is, is I sit watching Mina's happy sleep, and cannot see her as being happy. It is as I suppose I shall ever be. As the evening drew on, and the harsh black shadows from the sun sank lower, the silence of the room grew more and more oppressive. At last once Mina opened her eyes, and looking at me tenderly, said—

Jonathan, I want you to promise me something on your word of honour. A promise made to me, but made before my eyes were closed, and if I be broken through I should go down on my knees and implore you with bitter tears. Quick, say, must I make it to you at once?

Mina. I said, 'I promise you that I cannot make it now. I may have no right to make it.'

But fear me, she said with a desperate look, for her eyes were like poor wares of a child who wishes and is not permitted. You can ask Dr. Van Helsing if I am not right. The disagreeable may always come. Nay, more, I will agree, later you are allowed to do the promise.

I promise, I said, and for a moment she looked so peacefully happy, though to me a happiness which was denied by the red stain on her forehead. She said—

Promise me that you will not use me as a thing of the past, formed for the campaign against the Count. Not by word or interference or implication, not at any time when I have been gone, and she solemnly pointed to the wall. I saw that she was earnest, and I said solemnly—

I promise, and as a seal of the pact, I said that a foot had been shut between us.

Later, midnight. Mina has been lying flat, & heedless, all the evening. So much so that at the first severe shock she came straight up, as if struck with what with her gaiety, as a result even I must fear as if the pain of guilt which weighs us down were somewhat alleviated. We agreed to leave Mina sleeping as a child, but it is a wonderful thing that her hours of sleep remain so perfect in the night, that she can be so true. I thank God for it, for then at least she can forget her fate. Perhaps her example may affect me, as her gaiety did not. I shall try it, too. For a dreamless sleep.

6 October morning — Another surprise. Mina woke me early, about the same time as yesterday, and asked me to bring Dr. Van Helsing. I thought that it was another occasion for hypnotism, and without hesitating went for the Professor. He had evidently expected some such call, for I found him dressed in his room. His door was ajar, so that he could hear the opening of the door out to me. He came at once. As he passed it to the room, he asked Mina if the others might come too.

No," she said quite simply, "it will not be necessary. You can tell them just as well. I must go with you on your journey."

Dr. Van Helsing was as startled as I was. After a moment's pause he asked —

"But why?"

You must take me with you. I am water with you, and you shall be water too."

But why, dear Madam Mina? You know, how your safety is our dearest duty. We go into danger, to which you are, or may be, more liable than any of us from — from circumstances — things that have been. He paused, embarrassed.

As she replied, she raised her finger and pointed to her forehead —

I know. That is why I must go. I can tell you now, while he is not coming up. I may not be able again. I know that when the Count will be I must go. I know that if he tells me to come in secret, I must come by way, by any device to hoodwink, even I may have. I saw the look that she turned to me as she spoke, and I there beheld indeed a Keen-seeing Angel. Her look, I noted to her everlasting honour. I could not say, as perhaps I did. I could not speak, my emotion was too great for even the relief of tears. She went on.

You men are brave and strong. You are strong in your numbers, for you can defy that which would break down the human endurance of one who had to guard alone. Besides, I may be of service, since you can hypnotise me and swear to that which even I myself do not know. Dr. Van Helsing said very gravely:—

Madam Mina, you are, as always, most wise. You shall with us, come, and together we shall do that which we go forth to achieve. When he had spoken, Mina's long spell of silence made me look at her. She had fallen back on her pillow as if asleep, she did not even wake when I had pulled up the bed and let in the sunlight which flooded the room. Van Helsing motioned to me to come with him quietly. We went to his room, and within a minute I was conferring with Dr. Seward and Mr. Morris were with us also. He told them what Mina had said, and we went on.

In the morning we shall leave for Varna. We have now to deal with a new factor, Madam Mina. Oh, but her soul is true. It is a cherishing mystery to us so much as she has been. But it is most right, and we are warned in time. There must be no chance for us. At Varna we must be ready to act the instant when that ship arrives."

What shall we do, exactly? asked Mr. Morris anxiously.

The Professor paused before replying.

We shall at the first word that shall then when we have identified the box, we shall have a search of the word is secret. As we can listen, for when it is there no one can emerge, so at least says the superstition. And to superstition must we turn, at the first it was man's fault, in the early and it

have its root in faith still. Then, when we get the opportunity that we seek, when none are near to see, we shall open the box—and—and all will be well."

"I shall not wait for any opportunity," said Morris. "When I see the box I shall open it and destroy the monster, though there were a thousand men looking on, and if I am to be wiped out for it the next moment. I grasped his hand instinctively and found it as firm as a piece of steel. I think he understood my look. I hope he did."

"Good boy," said Dr. Van Helsing. "Brave boy. Quincey is a man. God bless him for it. My child believe me none of us shall lag behind or pause from any fear. I do but say what we may do—what we must do. But indeed, indeed we cannot say what we shall do. There are so many things which may happen, and their ways and their ends are so various that until the moment we may not say. We shall all be armed in a few ways, and when the time for the end has come, our effort shall not be lack. Now let us to-day put all our affairs in order. Let all things which touch on others dear to us, and who on us depend, be complete, for none of us can tell what, or when, or how, the end may be. As for me, my own affairs are regulated, and as I have nothing else to do, I shall go make arrangements for the travel. I shall have all tickets and so forth for our journey."

There was nothing further to be said, and we parted. I shall now settle up all my affairs of earth, and be ready for whatever may come.

Later. It is all done, my will is made, and all complete. Mina if she survive is my sole heir. If it should not be so, then the others who have been so good to us shall have remainder.

It is now drawing towards the sunset. Mina's uneasiness calls my attention to it. I am sure that here is something on her mind which the time of exact sunset will reveal. These occasions are becoming harrowing times for us all, for each sunrise and sunset opens up some new danger—some new pain, which, however, may in God's will be means to a good end. I write all these things in the diary since my darling must not hear them now, but if it may be that she can see them again, they will be ready.

She is calling to me.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

DR. SEWARD'S DIARY

11 October, Evening. Jonathan Harker has asked me to note this, as he says he is hardly equal to the task, and he wants an exact record kept.

I think that none of us were surprised when we were asked to see Mrs. Harker a little before the time of sunset. We have of late come to understand that sunrise and sunset are other times of peculiar freedom when her old self can be manifest without any controlling force subduing or restraining her, or inciting her to action. This mood or condition begins some half-hour or more before actual sunrise or sunset, and lasts until either the sun is high, or, if the clouds are so thick low with the rays streaming above the horizon. At first there is a sort of negative condition, as if some tie were loosened, and then the absolute freedom quickly follows, when

however, the freedom raises the chance that a response comes quickly
 please don't be a speed-waiting game

I thought when we met she was worried and constrained at first as the signs of an internal struggle I put it down to her making a violent effort to restrain herself, as she could do so. A very few days, however, gave her complete control of herself, then, monitoring her husband's attitude beside her, in the way that when she was bedridden, she made the rest of us bring things to her. Taking her husband's hands in hers began

We are at her cottage here, freed in, for perhaps he has the ink on
 clear ink, so that you may always see with me to the end. This was other
 he said when he had had as we could see (I guess) you here. He
 nothing we go with you on, task and find as one knows what may be in
 store for a while. You are going to be so good to me as to take me with
 you. I know that a hat have not seen before you, but a poor weak woman,
 whose soul perhaps is just as you do not yet, but is at all at stake, you
 would. But you must remember that I am not as you are. There is a purpose
 in my soul, in my work, which I may not give me, but it is desire, my
 own, something to do, something to do. Oh, my friends, you know as we ask it
 that my soul is at stake, and though I know there is one way out for me,
 you may not as I must not take it. She would appear to you as an in-
 tuit, but it is a good deal of a good deal with her husband.

What's that," asked Nat. He sang it a trill or two. "What's that way which we must not—may not—take?"

"That I may be now either very well, or that I am other, before the greatest exercise they will give I know, and you know, that were I once drawn out, and a few others, they will make a sport even as you did, as you are now. Were death in the way of death, the only thing that would, he was I was distressed, I like to be here now, and by the friends who have me, they lead over me, and must be here, he is doing such a good when there is hope, better than a better, ask me, done, a story will, where he is, and put give up here, he certainly, better, and a good, and to the ask who, may be, he has lost, to go for the world, and the rather with friends. We were a great, we knew, no, so far, but this way, only a friend. The days, the others were set, and Barker's grew, ashen grey, perhaps he guessed better than any, it is what was coming. She continued.—

[illegible]

What is that one? The sour was Quince's, but I was new and strained.

[illegible]

Quincy was the first to rise after the pause. He knelt down before her and taking her hand in his said sweetly—

"I am a rough fellow, who has perhaps lived as a man should to with a bad emotion, but I swear to you by all that I hold sacred and dear that should the time ever come I should not flinch from the duty that you have set as Anna's promise, or that I should make a certain fond I am only doubtful if I should take it that the time has come."

My true friend— was all she could say and her face falling tears as bending over, she kissed his hand.

"I swear the same, my dear Madam. Maria!" said Van He sing.

And I— said I and Constantine each of them in turn kneeling to her to take the oath. I followed myself. Then her husband turned to her, was eyed and with a greenish pallor which belated the snowy whiteness of his hair, asked—

And must I not make such a promise, oh my wife?

"You do, my dearest," she said, with infinite yearning of pity in her voice and eyes. "You must not shrink. You are nearest and dearest of all in the world to me, our souls are knit into one. I would die with you. I think dear that there have been times when brave men have killed their wives and their women-kind to keep them from falling into the hands of the enemy. Their hands did not take any the more, because those that they loved imposed them to do so then. It is men's duty towards those whom they love in such time of sore trial. And oh my dear, if it is to be that I must meet death at any hand, let it be at the hand of him that loves me best. Dr. Van He sing, I have not forgotten your mother and your father's case to him who loved— she stopped with a flying blush, and changed her phrase— to him who had best right to give her peace. If I can but stay come again, I look to you to make it a happy memory of my husband's life. He it was his loving hand which set me free from the awful trial upon me."

Again I swear— came the Professor's tremulous voice. Mrs. Harker smiled, positively smiled, as with a sigh of relief she seated back and said—

And now the word of warning, a warning which you must never forget this time, it never come may come quickly and unexpectedly, and in such case you must use no time in losing your opportunity. At such a time I may be right to say that the time ever comes, he, he, leagued with your enemy against you.

One more request— she became very solemn as she said this— it is not vital and necessary like the other, but I want you to do one thing for me if you will. We all requested, but no one spoke, there was no need to speak—

I want you to read the Bible Service. She was interrupted by a deep groan from her husband, taking his hand as hers, she held it over her heart and continued— You must read it over me some day. Whatever may be the word that I may utter at such a time, I will be a sweet thought for some day. You my dearest will I hope read it to me when I will be in your arms in my memory for ever— come what may.

But oh my dear one— he pleaded— death is at hand to me, you—

Nay— she said, holding up a warning hand— I am deeper in death at this moment than if the weight I am carrying gave my heavy coffin me.

Oh my wife, must I read it— he said, before he began—

It would comfort me, my husband," was all she said, and he began to read when she had got the book ready.

How can I—how could any one—ten of that strange scene, its solemnity, its gloom, its sadness, its horror, and, what, its sweetness. Even a skeptic, who can see nothing but a thrave of bitter truth in anything holy or emotional, would have been moved to the heart had he seen that true group of living and devoted friends kneeling round that stricken and sorrowing lady, or heard, he tenfold passion of her husband's voice, as in tones so broken with emotion that often he had to pause, he read the surpical. I heard it in service to in the Burial of the Dead. I—I cannot go on—words—and—v-voice—f-fail in me!

She was right in her instinct. Strange as it all was, bizarre as it may hereafter seem even to those who felt its potent influence at the time, it comforted us much, and the surpice, which showed Mrs. Harker venturing respite from her freedom of mind, did not seem so fatal or despair to any of us as we had dreaded.

JONATHAN HARKER'S JOURNAL

18 October, Varna. We left Charing Cross in the morning of the 12th, got to Paris the same night, and took the places secured for us in the Orient Express. We traveled night and day, arriving here at about five o'clock. Lord Godalming went to the Consulate to see if any telegram had arrived for him; whilst the rest of us came on to this hotel, "the Odessa." The journey may have had its tediums. I was, however, too eager to get on to care for them. Until the *Carmina Catherine* comes on, port there will be but interest for me in anything in the wide world. Thank God! My nerves, and my life, be getting stronger, her coming is coming back. She sleeps a great deal, though, in the journey she slept nearly all the time. Before sunrise and sunset, however, she is very wakeful and alert, and it has become a habit for Van Helsing to hypnotise her at such times. At first some effort was needed, and he had to make many passes, but now she seems to yield at once, as it by habit, and scarcely any action is needed. He seems to have power at these particular moments to simply will, and her thoughts obey him. He always asks her what she can see and hear. She answers to the first,—

"Nothing, as is dark." And to the second—

"I can hear the waves lapping against the ship, and the water rushing by. Canvas and cordage strain and masts and yards creak. The wind is high. I can hear it in the shrouds, and the bow throws back the foam." It is evident that the *Carmina Catherine* is still at sea, hastening on her way to Varna. Lord Godalming has just returned. He had four telegrams, one each day since we started, and all to the same effect, that the *Carmina Catherine* had not been reported to Lloyd's from anywhere. He had arranged before leaving London that his agent should send him every day a telegram saying if the ship had been reported. He wanted to have a message even if she were not reported, so that he might be sure that there was a watch being kept at the other end of the wire.

We had dinner and went to bed early. To-morrow we are to see the Vice-Consul, and to arrange, if we can, a boat getting on board the ship as soon as she arrives. Van Helsing says that our chance will be to get on the

boat between sunset and sunset. The Captain ever the same the first of a late autumn loss. He is saving water of his own ration and we cannot leave the ship. As he dare not change to man's form without suspicion which he evidently wishes to avoid he must remain in the box. If then we can come on board after sunrise he is at our mercy. For we can open the box and make sure of him as we did of poor Lucy before he wakes. What mercy he shall get I do not know more and for much. We think that we did not have much trouble with the day in the sea yet. I think too that is the country where he lies and anything at all we are well supplied with money. We have only to make sure that the ship cannot come this part between sunset and sunrise without our being warned and we shall be safe. Judge Moneybag will settle this case. I think.

16 October. Moneybag reports the same drifting water and rising water darkness and falling winds. We are evidently in good time and when we hear of the *Chairman* arriving we shall be ready. As the man says the *Dardanelles* we are sure to have some report.

17 October. Everything as yet as we fixed on. I think to write him the Captain in his letter from his last floating and he says that he has heard that the box was about to get to some something even for a time of his and it is a half of a set. But he says it is a box on a box. The owner gave him a paper telling the Captain of the box and saying nothing whatever he has on his mind. He says and says that at a time of our own. It is a agent at Varna. We have seen the agent who was much of pressed with the box and says that he is not to be and we are at satisfaction that whatever he has done and not money will be done. We have already arranged what to do in case we get the box. If the Captain is there Van Heusing and Sewall will be at his head and I have a stake through my heart. Money and Goddard and I shall prevent interference even if we have come to a point which we shall have to pay. The Professor says that if we can get the Captain's body it will be worth all the trouble that. If such case there would be no evidence against our case and suspicion of murder were aroused. But even if it were not we should stand to be by our act and perhaps some day later we should be evidence to our between some of us and the Professor. I should take the chance of it with a risk of it were come. We must leave no stone at the country but not intent. We have arranged with the Captain that the man the *Chairman* is seen we are to be informed by a special messenger.

24 October. A whole week of waiting. Daily telegrams to Goddard but only the same story. No yet reported. Moneybag and evening by night answer is unvaried. Lapping waves rising water and breaking masts.

TELEGRAM RECEIVED FROM LONDON (LONDON 11 OCTOBER)
TO: MRS. MARY ANN OF THE B. M. V. C. C. S. S. L. V. A. R. A.

24 October. *Chairman* reported this morning from *Dardanelles*.

DR SEWARD'S DIARY

24 October. How I miss my phonograph! To write diary with a pen is tiring to me. But Van Helsing says I must. We were all wild with excitement yesterday when Luciani brought his telegram from London. I know now what men feel in battle when the cannon's heard. Miss Harker, a member of our party, did not show any signs of emotion. After all, it is not strange that she did not. For we took special care not to let her know anything about it, and we all tried not to show any excitement when we were in her presence. In our days she would, I am sure, have noticed no matter how we might have tried to conceal it, but in this way she is greatly changed during the past three weeks. The lethargy grows upon her, and though she seems strong and well, and is getting back some of her colour, Van Helsing and I are not satisfied. We talk of her often, we have not, however, said a word to the others. It would break poor Harker's heart, certainly his nerve, if he knew that we had even a suspicion on the subject. Van Helsing examines her to him, her teeth very carefully, what she is in the hypnotic condition. But he says that so long as they do not begin to sharpen there is no active danger of a change in her. If this change should come, it would be necessary to take steps. We both know what those steps would have to be, though we do not mention our thoughts to each other. We should be there, it is the link from the task, as to, though it be to contemplate. I thank you, an excellent aid, a comforting word. I am grateful to whoever inserted it.

It was about 24 hours sail from the *Dardanelles* to here, at the rate the *Count Dracula* has come from London. She should, therefore, arrive some time in the morning, but as she cannot possibly get in before then, we made a late dinner to-night. We shall get up at one o'clock, as to be ready.

24 October. Noon. No news yet of the ship's arrival. Miss Harker's hypnotic report this morning was the same as usual, so it is possible that we may get news at any moment. We men are all at a fever of excitement, except Harker, who is calm. His hands are cold as we, and an hour ago I found him when tying the edge of the great *Chonka* knife which he now always carries with him. It would be a sad accident for the loss of the edge of that knife, never touched by the hand, driven by that stern, cold hand!

Van Helsing and I were a little alarmed about Miss Harker to-day. About noon she got into a sort of lethargy which we did not like, although we kept silence to the others; we were neither of us happy about it. She had been restless at the morning, so that we were at first ignorant that she was sleeping. When, however, her husband mentioned, casually, that she was sleeping so soundly that he could not wake her, we went to her room to see for ourselves. She was breathing naturally and peacefully, and peaceful is that we agreed that the sleep was better for her than anything else. Poor girl, she has so much to forget that a woman under that sleep, if it brings it down to her, does her good.

Later. That opinion was justified. For when, after a refreshing sleep of some hours, she woke up, she seemed brighter and better than she had

been ten days. At sunset she made the usual hypnotic report. Wherever he may be in the Black Sea, the Count is hurrying to his destination. To his doom, I trust!

26 October. Another day and no findings of the *Carmia Catherine*. She ought to be here by now. That she is still journeying somewhere is apparent. For Mrs. Harker's hypnotic report at sunrise was still the same. It is possible that the vessel may be lying by at times, for fog—some of the steamers which came in last evening reported put by at fog both to north and south of the port. We must continue our watching, as the ship may now be signalled any moment.

27 October. Noon. Most strange, no news yet of the ship we wait for. Mrs. Harker reported last night and this morning as usual—lapping waves and rushing water—though she added that the waves were very faint. The telegrams from London have been the same—no further report. Van Helsing is terribly anxious, and told me just now that he fears the Count is escaping us. He added significantly—

"I did not like that lethargy of Madam Mina's. Souls and memories can do strange things during trance." I was about to ask him more, but Harker just then came in, and he held up a warning hand. We must try to-night at sunset to make her speak more fully when in her hypnotic state.

TELEGRAM RECEIVED FROM SMITH FLOYD'S LONDON TO LORD
GORDON, IN CARE OF H. B. M. VICE-CONSUL, VARNA.

"28 October. *Carmia Catherine* reported entering Galatz at
one o'clock to-day."

DR. SEWARD'S DIARY

28 October. When the telegram came announcing the arrival in Galatz I did not think it was such a shock to any of us as might have been expected. True, we did not know whence, or how, or when the bolt would come, but I think we all expected that something strange would happen. The delay of arrival at Varna made us individually satisfied that things would not be just as we had expected; we only waited to learn where the change would occur. None the less, however, was it a surprise. I suppose that nature works—such a hopefulness that we believe against ourselves that things will be as they ought to be, not as we should know that they will be. Transcendentalism is a danger to the angels, even if it be a wall to the wasp to man. It was an odd experience and we all took it differently. Van Helsing raised his hand over his head for a moment, as though in remonstrance with the Almighty, but he said not a word, and in a few seconds stood up with his face sternly set. Lord God's ming grew very pale, and sat breathing heavily. I was never so half-stunned and looked in wonder at one after another. Quincy Morris tightened his belt with that quick movement which I knew so well in our old wandering days it meant action. Mrs. Harker grew ghastly white, so that the scar on her forehead seemed to burn, but she folded her hands meekly and looked up in prayer. Harker smiled—actually smiled—the dark, bitter smile of one who is without hope, but at the same time his action belied his words, for his

himself—strictly my mouth the best of the great black knife and rested there. “Where does he rest?” I asked. “I don’t know,” said Van Helsing; “but generally.”

“And so, to-morrow morning—” We all started for the answer, and then Mrs. Harker—

“How on earth do you know?” said Art.

“You forget—or perhaps you do not know, though Jonathan does and we both do,” Van Helsing said, “that I am the train friend. At home in Exeter I always used to take up the late ladies’ waste paper baskets and I found it was useful sometimes that I always make a study of the late ladies’ notes. I knew that if anything were to take us to Castle Dracula we should go by Carfax, and as it ran through Bucharest, so I learned the times very carefully. So happily there are not many to wait as the only train to-morrow leaves as I say.”

Wonderfully well we understood the Professor.

“Can we get a special?” asked Jonathan. Van Helsing shook his head. “I fear not. They said yes when I was in contact with them, even if we did have a special, it would probably not arrive as soon as our regular train. Moreover, we have so much to prepare. We must think. Now let us organize. You, friend Art, go to the train and get the tickets and arrange that you be ready for us to go in the morning. Do you, friend Jonathan, get the agent of the ship and get him to let us enter—he agent is Carfax with authority to make search, he ship is as it was here. Morris Quincey, you see the Vice Consul and get him and his staff to go to Carfax and have the cat’s paw make our way known. So that—so that he put what over the damme. Jonathan stay with Madam Mordecai and me, and we shall consult for what he is doing, you may be pleased and two or three times when he will set some of his men with Madam to make report.”

And I—and Mrs. Harker brightly and more like her old self, that she had been for many a long day—stayed to be these things said and then I think and wait for you as I used to do. Something is stirring to come in some strange way, and I am freer than I have been in late. The three younger men look at each other at the corner as they seemed to share the significance of her words, but Van Helsing and I turn to each other, not each a glance at a troubled glance. We said nothing at the time, however.

When the three men had gone out to their tasks Van Helsing asked Mrs. Harker to look up the copy of the letters which had been the part of Harker’s story at the Castle. She went away to get it, while the door was shut upon her he said to me:—

“We mean the same! speak out!”

“There is some change. It is a hope that makes me sick, but it may deceive us.”

“Quincey! Do you know why I asked her to get the manuscript?”

“No,” said I, “unless it was to get an opportunity of seeing the article.”

“You are in part right, true,” Jonathan says in part. “I want to tell you something. As you do my friend Jonathan is a great water-borne risk and I have never forgot. In the morning when Madam Mordecai—how would that arrest both out of her walking and in question came to me. In the matter of three days ago the Count’s sister’s spirit—created her mind. I am more like he took her—over her death to my head—with water to my—just as it goes free at five a year—so it. He said, but that we are here, but

she have more to see if he is open. He with eyes to see and ears to hear than he shut as he is in his little box. Now he make his most effort to escape us. At present he want her not.

He is sure with his so great knowledge that she will come at his call but he will not take her as he can do out of his own power, that so she come not to him. Ah—here I have hope that our great orators that have been of man so long and that have got now the grace of God with one higher than his old brain that is of this sort of 19th century that grow not yet in our statute and had done us worse service and heretofore than I here comes Madam Mura not a word to her of her trainer. She know it not and it would overwhelm her and make despair, not when we want a—her hope as her courage when most we want as her great brain which is trained like man's brain but of a sweet woman and have a special power which the Count give her and which he may not take away a to get her though he think now. Hush let me speak and you shall learn. Oh John my friend we are in a—oh steady I fear as I never feared before. We can only trust the good God. Sooner here she comes.

I thought that the Professor was going to break down and have hysterics just as he had when Lucy died but with a great effort he controlled himself and was at perfect nervous poise when Miss Harker slipped into the room bright and happy looking and in the doing of work verily forgetting all her misery. As she came in she handled a number of sheets I happened to be handing to Van Helsing. He looked over them gravely his face brightening up as he read. Then holding the pages between his finger and thumb he said

Friend John to you with so much of experience a ready—and you too dear Madam Mura that are young—here is a lesson do not fear ever to think. A hat thought has been buzzing after in my brain but I fear to let him loose his wings. Here now with more knowledge I go back to where that hat thought come from and I find that he be no hat thought at all but he a whole thought though so young but he is not yet strong as use his own wings. Say like the Ugly Duck of my friend Hans Andersen he be not duck thought at all but a big swan thought that can be by on big wings when the time come for him to try them. See I read here what Jonathan have written

That other of his race who in a later age again and again brought his forces over The Great River into Turkey land who when he was beaten back came again and again and again though he had to come alone from the beauty field where his troops were being slaughtered since he knew that he alone could ultimately triumph.

What does this mean? Not much, no. The Count's child thought see nothing therefore he speak so free. Your man thought see nothing, no man thought see nothing, no just now. No. But here comes another word from some one who speak without thought because she truly know not what it mean—what it might mean—just as there are elements which rest yet when in nature's course they move on their way and they touch—then pool—and there comes a flash of light heaven-wise that blind and kill and destroy some—but that showing at earth below for leagues and leagues is a row so. We—I shall explain. To begin have you ever study the philosophy of time? Yes and No. You John yes for it is a study of insanity. You no Madam Mura for time touch you not—not but once. Still your mind works true and argues not a particularly un-*un-
un-
un-*

There exists personality in the—as it were—mineral, also, but they are at a distance that even people who know a good deal from philosophy come to know it empirically, that is, that it is to be enjoyed. The mineral always work at one time—that is the true mineral who seems predestinate to crime, and I know of no other. The vermin, however, has not a man's brain. He is clever and cunning and resourceful, but he is not a man's master as a brain. He has a head, but it is not his. Now this mineral shows a predestinate to crime also, he too has done that, and tried the way to do what he have done. The vermin, however, he could not, the mineral, however, not by principle, but empirically, and when he learns to do that, there is to the granite to start from to do more. The poet said Archimedes gave me a factor, and I shall give, he would say, to come is the factor whereby a fish brain become man's brain, and now he have the purpose to do more, he continue to do the same again every time, just as he have done before. Oh my dear, I see that your eyes are opened, and that even the lightning flash show as the leagues. But Miss Barker began to clap her hands and her eyes sparkled. He went on:—

Now you shall speak. I am a worldly man; it were no what you see with those so bright eyes. He took her hand and held it whilst she spoke. His finger and thumb closed on her pulse, and thought incessantly, and unconsciously, as she spoke:—

The Court is a fitting and fitting place. Norman and Lombroso would be wise to him, and give you that he would perfectly formed mind. It is in addition to he has to seek something in his past is a one, and the one page of it that we know, and that from his own work it is that once before, when it what Mr. Morris would call a right place, he went back to his own country from the land he had tried to invade, and hence with the old purpose, prepared himself for a new effort. He came again better equipped than his work, and won. So he came to London to receive a new award. He was beaten, and when all hope of success was lost, and his existence is larger, he fled back over the sea to his home, and as a matter of fact he had fled back over the Danube to his Turkey land.

Count good oh yes sweetly said Van Helsing enthusiastically as he stopped and kissed her hand. A moment later he said to me as calmly as though we had been having a sick-room consultation.

Here is the first and final encounter I have hope I am going to
her again he said with keen expectation

But you, if I do not, there will be no tent at all. Be not afraid, John, and I know I do not, because and that I tell you, I you are right. Speak without fear!"

1. $\frac{1}{2} \log \frac{1}{2} = -0.5$

Say that just you must be engaged to it and you that we talk

Then, as he was returning to his study, and as his intellect is allayed by his actioned-based selfishness, he could never have, for one purpose, that purpose is righteousness. As he tied back over the Dan, for leaving his horses to be cut to pieces, so now he is intent on being safe via righteousness. So his own selfishness tries to, and somewhat tries to, be a more power which he acquires over the unholy and evil thought. For, I told it. I thank God for His goodness. My words try to, and has been since that last hour, and I, but for the fire of a heat test of some nation to dream he may have used his knowledge for his ends. The Professor stood up;—

"He has so used your mind, and by it he has left us here in Varna, whilst the ship that carried him rushed through enveloping fog up to Galatz, where doubtless he had made preparation for escaping from us. But his chad mind only saw so far, and it may be that, as ever it is in God's Providence, the very thing that the evil-doer most reckoned on for his selfish good, turns out to be his chiefest harm. The hunter is taken in his own snare, as the great Psalmist says. For now that he think he is free from every trace of us all, and that he has escaped us with so many hours to him, then his self-shielded brain will whisper him to sleep. He think too, that as he cut himself off from knowing your mind, there can be no knowledge of him to you, there, wherever he lay. That terrible baptism of blood which he give you makes you free to go to him, in spirit, as you have as yet done in your times of freedom, when the sun rise and set. At such times you go by my vocation and not by his, and his power to good of you and others, you have won from your suffering at his hands. This is now all more precious that he know it not, and to guard himself have even cut himself off from his knowledge of our where. We, however, are not selfish, and we believe that God is with us through all this blackness, and these many dark hours. We shall follow him, and we shall not flinch, even if we perish; yes, that we become like him. Friend John, this has been a great hour, and it have done much to advance us on our way. You must be scribe and write him all down, so that when the others return from their work you can give it to them, then they shall know as we do."

And so I have written, whilst we wait their return, and Mrs. Harker has written with her typewriter all since she brought the MS. to us.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

DR. SEWARD'S DIARY

29 October. This written in the train from Varna to Galatz. Last night we all assembled a little before the time of sunset. Each of us had done his work as we has he could, so far as thought and endeavour, and opportunity go; we are prepared for the whole of our journey, and for our work when we get to Galatz. When the usual time came round Mrs. Harker prepared herself for her hypnotic effort, and after a longer and more serious effort on the part of Van Helsing than has been usually necessary, she sank into the trance. Usually she speaks on a hint, but this time the Professor had to ask her questions, and to ask them pretty resolutely before we could learn anything, at last her answer came.

"I can see nothing, we are void, there are no waves lapping, but only a steady swirl of water so it is running against the hawser. I can hear men's voices calling, near and far, and the rind and creak of oars in the rowlocks. A gun is fired somewhere, the echo of it seems far away. There is tramping of feet overhead, and ropes and chains are dragged along. What is this? There is a gleam of light. I can feel the air blowing upon me."

Here she stopped. She had risen, as if impulsively, from where she lay on the sofa, and raised both her hands, palms upward, as if lifting a weight. Van Helsing and I looked at each other with understanding. Quincey raised his eyebrows slightly and looked at her intently, whilst

Harker's hand exquisitely moved round the back of her neck. There was a long pause. We all knew that the time when she would speak was passing, but we felt that it was unnecessary to say anything. And then she sat up, and as she opened her eyes, said sweetly:

Why don't you make a cup of tea. You must all be so tired. We mustn't make her happy and well-served. She bustled off to get tea when she had gone. Van Helsing said:

You see it's foolish. He is sure to find he has left his ear in the chest. But he has yet to get on shore. In the night he may be hidden somewhere. But if he be not away from shore, and if he sleep, and not watch, he cannot achieve the end of his wish, as he cannot see in the night. Judge his form and that of a poor fisher's child, as he did at Whittier. But if the day come before he get on shore, then surely he has a friend, he can not escape. And if he be alone, then he must try to find a way to cover what the box contains. It is not clear. The owner of the store is caught before dawn. There will be the same day as this. We may then at the time find he escape not at night, but at day. But if he is faster, he can get on at night. For he is a poor fisher's child, and he is sure to be awake and to see, as he has covered.

There was no more to be said, we waited to participate in the lawn at which time we might learn more about Mrs. Barker.

Fast forward to 1997, when we married. I was worried, with beautiful anxiety, for her response. I felt I was a little bit of a show-off. I thought, "My stage was never bigger than this before, and when I came home, I was talking about it with you." We were in a room that we began to occupy. As Hwang stepped to the window where we had our first date, she said, "I'm not sure if this was the right reply."

A is back forest along water level with no and some back forest
about 100 yds. and the red forest is 100 yds. from water level.

And so it is that we are traveling towards God in an agony of expectation. We are locked alive between two and three, between the past and the future. At this moment we are three because we are all possibly getting the word after a while. Thus we shall have two more important messages from Mrs. Barker, either of them as possibly how to strengthen on what is happening.

Later — Sunset has come and gone but it didn't come at a time when there was no distraction. For had it we need what we were at a station we might not have seen it. He necessarily said a lot of words. Miss Barker visited — the hygienic of her ever less ready than this morning. I am afraid that her power of taking the train is so small as to make the away — at when we want it most. I seem to me had her that had a big right to work. What she has been in the range of her to she has not yet heard to the surprise of facts. If this goes on it may — as yet it is ready. If I thought that the train is power — yet her will — the away equally with her power of knowledge it will be a happy thing to be afraid but it may not be so. When she is speak her words were not good.

Some young girl. I feel like I passed the sound of her heart beat far off, far into the woods, as if she's taking in a large, long, grey, I see, taking water, and the howling of waves. She's pulled and a sudden fan through her, increasing it in intensity for a few seconds, but at the end she shakes her head and says, She said to me, I never in answer to the Professor's imperative of expecting. When she went on the train, she says, I feel exhausted, a young girl, but her mind was a giant. She

could not remember anything had asked what she had said when she was told she pondered over it deeply for a long time and in silence.

3 October. "Yes." We are near Coatzacoatz now, and I may not have time to write later. Sunrise this morning was anxiously looked for by us all. Knowing of the increasing difficulty of procuring the hydrographic transfer Van Heusing began his passes earlier than usual. They produced no effect, however, until the regular time, when she succeeded with a still greater difficulty, only a minute before the sun rose. The Professor lost no time in his questioning; her answer came with equal quickness—

"A dark, I hear water swirling by, level with my ears, and the creaking of wood on wood. Can you hear it? There is another sound, a queer one like . . ." She stopped and grew white, and whiter still.

"Go on, go on! Speak, I command you!" said Van Heusing in an agonised voice. At the same time there was despair in his eyes, for the risen sun was reddening even Mrs. Harker's pale face. She opened her eyes, and we all started as she said sweetly and seemingly with the utmost unconcern—

"Oh, Professor, why ask me to do what you know I cannot? I don't remember anything. . . ." Then, seeing the look of amazement on our faces, she said, turning from one to the other with a troubled look—

"What have I said? What have I done? I know nothing, only that I was lying here, fast asleep, and heard you say 'go on,' speak, I command you! It seemed so funny to hear you order me about, as if I were a child, that . . ."

"Oh, Madam Mina," he said, sadly, "it is proof, if proof be needed, of how I love and honour you, when a word for your good, spoken in my earnest than ever, can seem so strange because I say to order her whom I am proud to obey!"

The whistles are sounding, we are nearing Coatzacoatz. We are on fire with anxiety and eagerness.

MINA HARKER'S JOURNAL

3 October. — Mr. Morris took me to the house where our rooms had been ordered by telegraph, he being the one who could best be spared, since he does not speak a foreign language. The forces were distributed much as they had been at Yucatan, except that Don Costa being went to the Vice-Consul, as his rank might serve as an immediate guarantee of some sort to the official, we being in extreme hurry. Jonathan and the two doctors went to the shipping agent to learn particulars of the arrival of the *Carina Catherine*.

4 October. — Lord Godalming has returned. The Consul is away, and the Vice-Consul is sick, so the rest of the work has been attended to by a clerk. He was very obliging, and seemed to do anything in his power.

JONATHAN HARKER'S JOURNAL

11 October. — At nine o'clock Dr. Van Heusing, Dr. Seward, and I called on Messrs. Mackenzie & Stead, the agents of the London & Lancashire Lloyd. They had received a wire from London in answer to Lord Godalming's telegraphed request, asking them to show us as a very favour

their power. They were more than kind and courteous and took us at once on board the *Carina* a schooner which lay at anchor out in the river harbor. There we saw the Captain, whose real name, when I asked, his voyage. He said that in all his life he had never had so favorable a reception.

Mar. he said, but it made us afraid for we expected that she should have to pay for it at some rate, piece of it, or a whole, as to keep up the average. It was a pity for in fact I could not see the Black Sea was not about as bad as though the Healy had been broken up ever since for his air purpose. At the time we could not speed a thing for we were high up on a point or a head and a fog to be us and there we was it when a net it had died and we looked at the dead thing and we see. We ran by the star without being about sight at all we were to be [hardened] and had to wait to get out just to pass we never were within half a sight. At last I decided to back off and beat about it the fog was lifted but when I think I had it the Healy was ordered to get us to the Black Sea quick he was ordered to do it whether we would or no. If we had a quick voyage it would be to our miscredit with the owners or to their credit. It was the old Mar who had set out his air purpose was he secretly grateful to us for his term him. This mixture of vanity and cunning of superstition and commercial reasoning caused Mr. Healy, who said—

Many feared that Dece would never that he is thought by some and he knew what he must do. The skipper was not displeased with the compliment, and went on.—

When we got past the How-do-ers the men began to go on the shore. Some of them, the R. Ammans, came and asked me to leave my boat and a big box which had been put on board by a queer looking old man. Just before we had started the Ammans had seen them spear at the How-do-put out their two fingers when they saw him, to go and again at the ex-ese. Man, but the persistence of the gerts is perfectly extraordinary. I sent them a note, their business pretty quick, but as it was a big case for me, I let a week out as they had given some time though I was not to say it was against the big box. We were on the way and as the box was not yet for the day I must let the wind carry it, as for if the He would to get somewhere, well, he would let it up a tree. And he did not, well, we'd keep a sharp look out anyhow. So, enough, we had a bad way and deep water at the time, and two days ago, when the morning came through the fog, we found ourselves in the river opposite Casa. The R. Ammans were wind and wanted me right if wrong, make out the box and bring it in the river. I had a cargo with them about, with a hat box, as when he asked them to get the deck with his head, the hand I had on, and then they came over to me, save the property and let us see. His owners were better in my hands than in the river. Day we. They had not yet taken the box on the deck ready to bring it, and as it was marked Casa, in Varna, I thought I'd let them to see the bagged in the port, to get to the bag. But we didn't to touch near it that day, as had to remain, he right at anchor, but in the morning, when at a boat, he let us see a man came aboard and we at once were on shore to the bag and a tree, as a box marked for me from Dava. So, enough, he was not the really to his hand. He had his papers a tree, and glad I was to be told the same thing for I was being in case, I was uneasy at it. If the He had have a box, I'd take a world of the paper, the way was, for that, that same

his face all wrinkled up with the concentration of his thoughts. Oh! If I could only help at all. . . . I shall do what I can.

I have asked Dr. Van Helsing, and he has got me all the papers, but I have not yet seen. . . . Whilst they are resting I shall go over all carefully, and perhaps I may arrive at some conclusion. I shall try to follow the Professor's example, and think without prejudice on the facts before me. . . .

I do believe that under God's providence I have made a discovery. I shall get the maps and look over them.

But more than ever sure that I am right. My new conclusion is ready, so I shall get our party together and read it. They can judge that it is well to be accurate, and every minute is precious.

MINA HARKER'S MEMORANDUM—

Entered in her Journal.

Ground of inquiry. Count Dracula's problem is to get back to his own place.

a. He must be brought back by some one. This is evident, for had he power to move himself as he wished he could go either as man or wolf or bat or in some other way. He evidently fears discovery or interference in the state of helplessness in which he must be—confining as he is between dawn and sunset in his wooden box.

b. *How is he to be taken?* Here a process of exclusions may help us. By road, by rail, by water?

1. *By Road.* There are endless difficulties, especially in leaving the city. There are people, and they are curious and investigate. A hint or a surmise or a doubt as to what might be in the box would destroy him.

2. There are, or there may be, customs and frontier officers to pass. 3. His pursuers might follow. This is his highest fear, and in order to prevent his being betrayed he has repelled, so far as he can, even his victim—me.

4. *By Rail.* There is no one in charge of the box. It would have to take the chance of being delayed, and delay would be fatal with enemies on the track. It is, he might escape at night, but what would he be able to do in a strange place with no refuge but the cold sky? This is not what he intends, and he does not mean to risk it.

5. *By Water.* Here is the safest way, in one respect, but with most danger in another. On the water he is powerless except at night, even then he can only surmount fog and storm and snow and his wolves. But were he wrecked, the rising water would engulf him, he would drown, and he would need no rest. He could have the vessel drive to land, but if it were an inhospitable land wherein he was not free to move his position would still be desperate.

We know from the record that he was on the water, so what we have to do is to ascertain *what water*.

The first thing is to realize exactly what he has done as yet, we may then get a light on what his water task is to be.

Finally. We must differentiate between what he did in London as part

of his general plan of action when he was pressed for moments and had to arrange as best he could.

Secondly—We must see, as well as we can surmise it from the facts we know of, what he has done here.

As to the first, he evidently intended to arrive at Galatz and send a note to Varna to devise as best we should ascertain his means of exit from England; his immediate and sole purpose here was to escape. The proof of this is the letter of instructions sent to Immortale Hadesheim to clear and take away the box before sunrise. There was no instruction to Petrof Skitsky. These we must only guess at, but there must have been some letter or message, since Skitsky came to Hadesheim.

That so far his plans were successful we know. The Countess Catherine made a phenomenally quick journey, so much so that Captain Dobson's suspicions were aroused, but his persistence ended with his attempting the Count's game for him, and he ran with his favourable wind through fog and adrift, he brought up beached at Galatz. That the Count's arrangements were well made has been proved. Hadesheim carried the box, took it off, and gave it to Skitsky. Skitsky took it, and here we lose the trail. We only know that the box is somewhere on the water, moving along. The customs and the patrol, if there be any, have been avoided.

Now we come to what the Count must have done after his arrival on land, at Galatz.

The box was given to Skitsky before to use. As surmise the Count could appear in his own form. Here we ask why Skitsky was chosen at all to do the work. In my husband's diary, Skitsky is mentioned as dealing with the Slovaks who trade down the river to the port, and, he may remark, by the manner way he work of a Slovak, showed the general feeling against his race. The Count wanted isolation.

My surmise is this, that in London the Count decided to get back to his castle by water, as the most safe and secret way. He was brought from the castle by Segans, and probably they delivered their cargo to Slovaks who took the boxes to Varna, for there they were shipped for London. Thus the Count had knowledge of the persons who could arrange this service. When the box was on land before surmise, or after sunset, he came out from his box, met Skitsky, and instructed him what to do as to arranging the carriage of the box up some river. When this was done, and he knew that all was in train, he hurried out his traces, as he thought, by murdering his agent.

I have examined the map and find that the river most suitable for the Slovaks to have ascended is either the Pruth or the Sereth. I read in the typescript that in my trailer I heard a low low and water was rising over with my ears and the creaking of wood. The Count in his boat, then, was in a river in an open boat, propelled probably either by oars or poles, for the banks are near and it is working against a stream. There would be no such sound if floating down stream.

Of course it may not be either the Sereth or the Pruth, but we may possibly investigate further. Now of these two, the Pruth is the more easily navigated, but the Sereth, at E—, is joined by the Bystriza which turns past the Borgo Pass. The loop it makes is manifestly as close to Dracul's castle as can be got by water.

MINA HARKER'S JOURNAL— continued

When I had done reading Jonathan took me in his arms and kissed me. The others kept shaking me by both hands, and Dr. Van Helsing said:

"OUI, *dear Madam Mina*, a voice more fit to cheer. Her eyes have been where we were before. Now we are on the track once again, and this time we may succeed. This enemy is at his most helpless, and I will lay on him by day, on the water, and at last will we over. He has a start, but he is powerless to hasten, as he may not leave his box lest those who carry him may suspect. For then we expect to move, we to prompt them to throw him in the stream where he perishes. This he knows, and will not. Now men to our Count of War. For here and now we must plan what each and all shall do."

"I shall get a vessel at once and follow him," said Lord Godalming.

"And I horses to follow on the bank, lest by chance he land," said Mr. Morris.

"Good," said the Professor, "both good. But neither must go alone. There must be force to overcome force if need be. The Slovak is strong and tough, and he carries twelve at his. At the men armed, for amongst them they carried a small arsenal." Said Mr. Morris:

"I have brought some Winchesters, they are pretty handy in a crowd, and there may be wolves. The Count will remember. Look some other precaution, while he makes some arrangements in others that Mrs. Harker could not quite hear or understand. We must be ready at all points," Mr. Seward said.

"I think I had better go with Quincey. We have been accustomed to butt together, and we two are armed, will be a match for whatever may come along. You must not be alone, Art. It may be necessary to fight the Slovaks, and a chance that, for I don't suppose these fellows carry guns—wouldn't account for it. There must be no chance this time, we shall not rest on the Count's head and body have been separated, and we are sure that he cannot regenerate. He looked at Jonathan as he spoke, and Jonathan looked at me. For I see that he poor dear was torn a new in his mind. Of course he wanted to be with me, but then, he had service would probably be the one which would destroy the—the

the—Van Helsing. Why didn't he hesitate to write he would. He was silent awhile, and during his silence Dr. Van Helsing spoke:

"Friend Jonathan, I have a story for two reasons. First, because you are young and brave and can fight, and a few energies may be needed at the last, and again that it is your right to destroy him—that which has wrought such misery on and you. Be not afraid for Madam Mina, she will be my care, if I may. I am old. My legs are not so quick to run as once, and I am not used to ride so long or to pursue as need be, or to fight with lethal weapons. But I can be of other service. I can fight in other way. And I can do it need be, as we lay you gentlemen. Now let me say that what I would is this: when you, my Lord Godalming and friend Jonathan go in your vessel to the steam boat of the river, and when John and Quincey guard the bank where perchance he might be landed, I will take Madam Mina right into the heart of the enemy's country. Whilst the count is in his box, floating on the rushing stream whence he cannot escape to land, where he dares not leave the aid of his other box, lest his Slovak carriers should in

fear leave him to perish. We shall go up the track where Jonathan went
 from Kingston over the Bergen, and find our way to the castle of Diavola.
 Here Martam Minas's hypnotic power will surely help, and we shall find
 our way as dark and unknown otherwise after the first sunrise when
 we are near his latest place. There must be to be done, and other places
 to be made sanctuaries, so that the nest of vipers be obliterated. Here
 Jonathan is buried, and him bury.

The second to say Professor Van Helsing that you would bring Mina in her sad case and that he has to wish that day, as he says right in the jaws of his death thro', "Not for the world, Not for Heaven or Hell." He became almost speechless for a minute, and then went on:

Do you know what the place is? Have you seen that wonderful old church lately - with the very magnificent windows that are a feast to the eye? I tell you that when you see the windows of our new members' - Have you felt the Nation's wrongs pour into you? Here he turned to me, and as he was pointing to the church, he drew up his arms with a cry. Oh my God, what have we done to have this terrible spirit - and he sank down on the sofa in a collapse of misery. The Professor's voice, as he spoke in that sweet tones, which seemed to vibrate in the air, calmed us all.

Oh my friend, it is because I would save Madam Maria from that awful place that I would go. God forbid that I should take her into that place. There is work, as I work, to be done there, that her eyes may not see. We men here, as I say Jonathan, have seen with their own eyes what is to be done here, in that place, and he knows. Remember that we are to see the stars. If the Count escape us this time, and he is strong and subtle and cunning, he may choose to keep him for a country and then in time, my dear one, he took my hand, would come to him to keep him company, and would be as those others that you Jonathan saw. You have told us of their going, yes, you heard their trial laugh as they caught the moving bag, but the Count threw it to them. You shudder, and well may it be. I forgive me that I make you so much pain, but it is necessary. My friend is strong and he needs for he which I am giving possibly my life. If it were that any one went into that place to stay, it is I who have to go to keep them company."

...as you will," said Jonathan, with a sob that shook him. "Over we are in the hands of God!"

Later I told him I did not want to see the way that these brave men worked. How can women be plowing men when they are so weary, and so true and so brave. And he it made me think of the wonder of power of money. What can it not do when it is properly directed and what might it do when badly used. I felt so happy that I forgot to be angry with him and that both he and Mr. Morris who also has plenty of money are willing to spend it on me. I say that if they did not put the expense on my trip, I should rather be prompt as we were engaged as it was within another hour. It is not three hours since it was arranged what part each of us was to do, and now Lord Godfrey, Mr. Jonathan Chase a nice steam launch with Mr. Chase's ready to start and a motor car from Mr. Seward and Mr. Morris have had a first class horse we have pointed. We have a fine map and appliances. I am so happy that at last he had Professor Van Helsing and I are to leave by the 4 o'clock train for Veres where we are to get a carriage to drive to the Borg Pass. We are bringing a dog and a cat and

money, as we are to buy a carriage and horses. We shall drive ourselves, for we have no one who can we call—trust in the matter. The Professor knows something of a great many languages, so we shall get on all right. We have all got arms, even for me a large calibre revolver. Jonathan would not be happy unless I was armed like he rest. As I cannot carry the arm that the rest do, the scar in my forehead forbids that. Dear Dr. Van Helsing comforts me by telling me that I am fully armed as there may be wolves. The weather is getting colder every hour, and there are now furies which come and go as warnings.

Later. I took all my courage to say good-bye to my darling. We may never meet again. Courage, Mina, the Professor is looking at you keenly, his look is a warning. There must be no tears now, unless it may be that God will let them fall in gladness.

JONATHAN HARKER'S JOURNAL

October 10 Night. I am writing this in the light from the furnace door of the steam-launch Lord Godalming is firing up. He is an experienced hand at the work, as he has had for years a launch of his own in the Thames, and another on the North & Broadly. Regarding our plans, we finally decided that Mr. Seward's was correct, and that if any waterway was chosen for the Count's escape back to his Castle, the Bereth and then the Boudra at its mouth would be the one. We took it that somewhere about the 47th degree north latitude would be the place chosen for crossing the country between the river and the Carpathians. We have no fear in putting at good speed up the river at night, there is plenty of water, and the banks are wide enough apart to make steaming ever in the dark easy enough. Lord Godalming tells me to sleep for a while, as it is enough for the present for me to be on watch. But I cannot sleep—how can I with the terrible danger hanging over my sailing and being run out into that awful place? My only comfort is that we are in the hands of God. Only for that faith would be easier to die than to live, and to be quit of all the trouble. Mr. Morris and Dr. Seward were off on their long ride before we started, they are to keep up the right bank far enough off to get on higher lands where they can see a good stretch of river and avoid the flowing of its curves. They have for the first stages two men to ride and lead their spare horses—but in all so as not to excite curiosity. When they dismiss the men, which shall be shortly, they shall then see us and alter the horses. It may be necessary for us to join for a while, they can mount our whole party. One of the sad lies has a mouse-horn, and can be easily adapted for Mr. A's if required.

It is a wild adventure we are on. Here, as we are rushing along through the darkness, with the cold from the river seeming to rise up and strike us, with all the mysterious voices of the night around us, it is a creepy horror. We seem to be drifting into unknown places and unknown ways, into a whole world of dark and dreadful things. Godalming is shutting the furnace door . . .

11 October. Still hurrying along. The day has come, and Godalming is sleeping. I am on watch. The morning is bitterly cold, the furnace heat is grateful, though we have heavy furralls. As yet we have passed on a few

open boats but none of them had on board any box or package of anything to the size of the one we seek. The men were waded every time we turned in direction at point, helm, and leeward then knees and prayed.

1 November morning. No news all day. We have found nothing of the kind we seek. We have now passed into the Bahriza, and if we are wrong in our view we are farther gone. We have overhauled every boat, lug and rigger. Early this morning the crew of a bona fide government boat and treated as accountants. We saw in this a way of settling matters with a boat where the Bahriza runs in the Sereth. We got a Roumanian flag which we now fly conspicuously. With every boat which we have overhauled since then, but which has succeeded, we have had every detail shown to us and we are any distance to whatever we hope to ask of it. None of the Sereth is that a big boat passed there going at more than six miles an hour and a dozen men on board. This was but a tiny boat to the Bahriza, but it is not clear whether the boat carried it to the Bahriza or not, and if to the Sereth. At least we could not hear of any such boat as the most have passed there in the night. I am feeling very sleepy. The wind is perhaps beginning to turn with me and we must have rest some time. As a thing exists that he shall keep the boat with him and mess him for all his goodness to poor dear Mina and me.

2 November morning. I should say light. The good fellow would not wake me. He says it would have been a miracle for I slept peacefully and was forgetting it to be. It seems a pity what to me to have slept so long and yet him was to a night, but he was quite right. I am a new man this morning and as I sit here and watch him sleeping I am doing what is necessary both as to mending the engine, steering, and keeping watch. I wonder that my strength and energy are coming back to me. I wonder where Mina is now, and Van Heusing. They should have gone. A vessel about noon on Wednesday. It would take them some time to get the carriage and horses, but they had started and traveled hard, they would be able to go at the King's Fast Lodge, and bring them. I am almost in the dark what has happened. If we could only go faster, but we cannot, the engines are the thing and doing them no more. I wonder how Dr. Seward and Mr. Mearns are getting on. There seem to be no less than a string of down the river at all. I am not sure about it, but they are very large at present, at all events, though they are terrible. I know it well and when the storm comes the boats will not have met in the dark way. I hope that before we get to Strassburg we may see them for this that time we have not mistaken the current. It may be necessary to take counsel together what to do next.

DR. SEWARD'S DIARY

1 November. Three days in the road. No news and no one is without the idea that the every one is in the way. We have had some fine rest, but the horses, but we are both treating it wonderfully. I have a lot of work to do, but they are doing so well. We are just pushing on, we are very happy, but we get the same old thing again.

2 November. We heard at 3 o'clock that the watch had gone off the Bahriza. I wish it was true. There are signs of a storm coming at 3 o'clock.

falls heavy it will stop us. In such case we must get a sledge and go on Russian fashion.

4 November — To-day we heard of the launch having been detained by an accident when trying to force a way up the rapids. The Slovak boats get up all right by aid of a rope and steering with knowledge. Some went up only a few hours before. Goddaming is an amateur flier himself, and evidently it was he who put the launch in trim again. Finally they got up the rapids all right with local help and are off on the chase afresh. I fear that the boat is not any better for the accident; the peasantry tell us that after she got up in smooth water again she kept stopping every now and again so long as she was in sight. We must push on harder than ever; our help may be wanted soon.

MINA HARKER'S JOURNAL

11 October — Arrived at Veresh at noon. The Professor tells me that this morning at dawn he could hardly hypnotise me at all, and that all I could say was "dark and quiet." He is off now buying a carriage and horses. He says that he will later on try to buy additional horses, so that we may be able to change them on the way. We have something more than 70 miles before us. The country is lovely and most interesting, if only we were under different conditions; how delightful it would be to see it all. If Jonathan and I were driving through it alone what a pleasure it would be. To stop and see people, and learn something of their life, and to fill our minds and memories with all the colour and picturesqueness of the whole wild, beautiful country and the quaint people. But alas!

Later — Dr. Van Helsing has returned. He has got the carriage and horses; we are to have some dinner, and to start in an hour. The landlady is putting us up a huge basket of provisions; it seems enough for a company of soldiers. The Professor encourages her, and whispers to me that it may be a week before we can get any good food again. He has been shopping too, and has sent home such a wonderful lot of fur coats and wraps, and all sorts of warm things. There will not be any chance of our being cold.

We shall soon be off. I am afraid to think what may happen to us. We are truly in the hands of God. He alone knows what may be, and I pray Him, with all the strength of my sad and humble soul, that He will watch over my beloved husband, that whatever may happen Jonathan may know that I loved him and honoured him more than I can say, and that my latest and truest thought will be always for him.

each to cheer the other in the doing so we cheer ourselves. Dr. Van Helsing says that by morning we shall reach the Borgo Pass. The houses are very few here now, and the Professor says that the last house we go to will have to go on with us, as we may not be able to change. He got two in addition to the two charged with that, now we have a nice lot in hand. The fear-horses are patient and good, and they go on bravely. We are not worried with other travellers, and so even I can drive. We shall get to the Pass in daylight, we do not want to arrive before. So we take it easy, and have each a long rest to earn. Oh, what will tomorrow bring to us. We go to seek the place where my poor darling suffered so much. I don't grant that we may be gossled at night, and that He would deign to watch over my husband and those dear to us both, and who are in such fearful peril. As for me, I am not worthy of His sight. Alas, I am an idiot to His eyes, and shall be so still. He may deign to let me stand forth in His sight as one of those who have not incurred His wrath.

MEMORANDUM BY ABRAHAM VAN DER SPOEL

4 November.—I write to my good and true friend John Seward, M.D., of Portfleet, London, in case I may not see him. It may explain how I am doing, and I write via fire, which, as he might have kept a secret, Madam Mina adds to me. It is not good, so much that the grey heavy sky will not snow, which when it falls we suffer for a winter as the ground, a hardening to receive it. It seems strange affected Madam Mina, she has worn a heavy of head all day that she may not like herself. She sits up and sleeps, and sleeps. She who is always alert, have done literary nothing all the day, she even have lost her appetite. She make no exertion, her mind fails, she who write so faithfully, a every pause. Something whisper to me that all is not well. However, to night she is more at ease, long sleep all day have refresh and restore her. To-morrow she was sweet and bright as ever. At sunset I try to hypnotise her, but alas with no effect. Her power has grown less and less with each day, and I thought it lay me at large for. Well, that's what we do now, whatever it may be, and what it may lead.

Now to the historical, for as Madam Mina write no more vignettes, I must in my own literary fashion, that so each day of my life may not go unrecorded.

We go to the Borgo Pass, our afternoon yesterday morning. When I saw the gateway, the coach lay ready for the hypnism. We stopper the carriage, and got down so that there might be no disturbance. I make a small talk with Lucy and Madam Mina, sing down, and herself has us a, but more now and more short time than ever, to the hypnism sleep. As before came, he answer, talk now, and he swing of water. Then she wake, bright and radiant, and we go on, it was at dusk we reach the Pass. At that time and place, she become a lunatic with fear, some few glowing power be in her mind, tested, for she point to a road and say:

"This is the way."

"How know you it?" I ask.

Of course I know it, she answer, and I with a pause add: Have not my Jonathan traveled it, and I wrote of its track.

At first I think somewhat strange, but soon I see that there be no one such by road. It is used but little, and very different from the coach road from the Ruckova to Bistritz, which is more wide and hard, and more of use.

[illegible]

Then I arose Master Munda I told her she wake with her children
her and her little boy, and let them sleep. But they sleep not, and as
though I were not. So I say a story to them, and they go to sleep. I
darken I look round at night, that he was having a good sleep. Master
Munda laugh and I tell him a story after. So he went to sleep and as
we were asleep we saw her sister, that was a very fair woman, she was at the
Cavendish house. I am afraid and I am ashamed, but she was right and
tender and I thought that I should get a letter from her. I am
have it now, it is a good one, with a letter, and she, (I am afraid) when I am
the horses and the horses together, is the best of them. Then when I am
of the fire she have my sister, and I am afraid, but she is a
tell me that she have eat a rabbit, that she was a rabbit, but I am
not wait, I am afraid, and I am afraid, and I am afraid, and I am
and so I am afraid. So he goes and I am afraid, and I am afraid, and I am
that I am afraid, the fire, and I am afraid, and I am afraid. But
perhaps I am afraid, I am afraid, and I am afraid, and I am
watch I told her, and I am afraid, and I am afraid, and I am
even then, when she is the same, and I am afraid, and I am
nothing. When I wake I am afraid, and I am afraid, and I am
her eyes, and she is not sleep. The was the day, and I am
and I am afraid, and I am afraid, and I am afraid, and I am
have it. I am afraid, and I am afraid, and I am afraid, and I am
he closed the horses, and I am afraid, and I am afraid, and I am
and I am afraid, and I am afraid, and I am afraid, and I am
And I am afraid, and I am afraid, and I am afraid, and I am
but I am afraid, and I am afraid, and I am afraid, and I am
than these, and we must not flinch.

4. Number missing: 1 (the female that is very high but was
at 1) has been seen since we left. I got her out of the water
that I was holding and she was not there any more and the missing
strain must have been at the last place I saw.

A yesterday we have been keeping water in the tanks and
 moving it to a more and some with a hose and some are great
 for using purposes and for the water and for use to use

[illegible][illegible]

When she saw that the girl had fallen, she stepped forward, and stood as one stricken.

Why not go to Las Vegas. She shook her head and I thought such sad
down with her face. I was looking at her with pity as I saw her
I then sleep. She said so. I did not. I did not. I did not. I did not.
I did not. I did not. I did not. I did not. I did not. I did not. I did not.
I did not. I did not. I did not. I did not. I did not. I did not. I did not.
I did not. I did not. I did not. I did not. I did not. I did not. I did not.

[illegible]

snow flakes as if he had began to whirr, and I stole round him. I could get as though a shadowy glimpse of those women that would have kissed him. And then the horses cowered lower and lower, and moaned, as if it was men that I saw. Ever the darkness of night was not to them, so that they could break away. I feared for my dear Madam Mita when these weird figures drew near and crouched round. I looked at her, but she said not a word, and I turned at me, when I would have stepped to, the fire to repulse it, she caught me and held me back, and whispered like a voice that I heard in a dream, so low it was:—

No! No! Do not go without. Here you are safe. I turned to her, and looking in her eyes, said:—

Why not? It is for you that I fear. Whereat she laughed, and a ghastly and unreal, and said:—

Fear for me. Why fear for me. Nine water is a life would from them that I am, and as I wondered at the meaning of her words, a puff of wind made the flame leap up, and I see the red war in her forehead. Then away I knew. Did I not? I would soon have learned for the wheezing lightes of mist and snow came closer, and keeping ever without the flitting circle. Then they began to materialise. It could have not take away my reason, for I saw it through my eyes, there were before me in actual flesh the same three women that Jonathan saw in the room, when they would have kissed his throat. I knew the swaying round forms, the bright hard eyes, the white teeth, the red lips colour, the voluptuous lips. They smiled ever at poor dear Madam Mita, and as their laugh came through, the vision of the night, they twisted their arms and pointed to her, and said in those so sweet to kissing tones, that Jonathan said were of the most tolerable sweetness of the water-glasses:—

Come, water, come to my home. Come. In fear I turned to my poor Madam Mita, and my heart with gladness leapt like flame. For oh, the terror of her sweet eyes, the repulsion, the horror, the fastness to my heart that was at all hope. God be thanked, she was not yet of them. I seized some of the Water, advanced on them towards the fire. They drew back before me, and laughed then to scorn and laugh. I fed the fire, and feared them not, for I knew that we were safe with our protections. They could not approach me, whilst I remained, but Madam Mita, whilst she remained with the ring which she could not have in it, so that they could enter. The horses had ceased to moan, and as soon as the great light, the snow fell on them softly, and they grew whiter. I knew that there was for the poor beasts no more of terror.

And so we remained in the red of the dawn of day, through the snow growth. I was now safe and at ease, and full of war and terror, but when that beautiful dawn began to melt the frozen air, way to me again. At the first coming of the dawn the horrid figures retired in the whirling of a storm, and he screams of that sparrow grow in his way away towards the castle and were lost.

Instantly with the dawn coming, I turned to Madam Mita, in order to hypnotise her, but she as it a sleep and a deeper sleep, from which I could not wake her. I tried to hypnotise through her sleep, but she made no response, none at all, and the rays broke. I fear yet again, I have made my life and have seen the horses, they are all dead. I could have made to do here, and I keep waiting in the snow, though I there may be places

where I must go, where that sunlight, though snow and mist obscure it, will be to me a safety.

I will strengthen me with breakfast, and then I will to my terrible work. Madam Mina still sleeps, and God be thanked, she is calm in her sleep.

JONATHAN HARKER'S JOURNAL

4 November, evening. The accident to the coach has been a terrible thing for us. Only for it we should have overtaken the bear-sledge, and by now my dear Mina would have been free. I fear to think of her, if on the wilds near that horrible place. We have got horses, and we follow on the track. I hope this whilst God is bringing us ready. We have our army. The Szgany must look out. They must fight. Oh, if only Morris and Seward were with us. We must only hope. If I write no more, God bless Mina! God bless and keep you.

DR. SEWARD'S DIARY

5 November. — With the dawn we saw the body of Szgany before us, dashing away from the river with their letter-wagon. They saw our descent in a cluster, and hurried along as though beset. The snow is falling lightly, and there is a strange excitement in the air. I may be our own feelings, but the depression is strange. Far off I hear the howling of wolves; the snow brings them down to us the great lands, and there are dangers to all of us, and to all our sides. The horses are nearly ready, and we are soon off. We ride to death of some one. God alone knows who, or where, or what, or when, or how it may be.

DR. VAN HELSING'S MEMORANDUM

5 November, afternoon. — I am at last safe. Thank God for that mercy at a life's end, though the pressing I have been dreadfully. When I left Madam Mina sleeping within the Holy circle, I took my way to the castle. The blacksmith hammer which I took in the carriage from Veresti was useful, though the doors were all open. I broke them off the rusty hinges, lest some ill intent or ill-chance should close them, so that being entered I might not get out. Jonathan's bitter experience served me here. By memory of his diary I found my way to the old chapel, for I knew that here my work lay. The air was oppressive; it seemed as if there was some sulphurous fume, which at times made me dizzy. Further there was a roaring in my ears, or I heard afar off the howl of wolves. Then I be-thought me of my dear Madam Mina, and I was in terrible plight. The dilemma had me between his horns.

But I had not time to take into this place, but left safe from the Vampire in that Holy circle, and yet even there would be the wolf! I resolve me that my work lay here, and that as to the wolves we must submit, if it were God's will. At any rate it was either death and freedom beyond, or I choose for her. Had it been for myself the choice had been easy, the maw of the wolf were better to rest in than the grasp of the Vampire! So I make my choice to go on with my work.

I knew that there were at least three graves to find — graves that are inhabited, so I search, and search, and I find one of them. She lay in her Vampire sleep, so fat of life and voluptuous breasts that I shudder as

though I have come to do murder. Ah I doubt not that in old time when such things were many a man who set forth to do such a task as mine found at the last his heart fail him and then his nerve. So he delay and delay and delay to the mere beads and the lamination of the waist. The Un-Dead have hypnotise him and he remains and on the way set come and the Vampire sweep be over. Then the beautiful eyes of the fair woman open and ask leave and the voluptuous mouth present to a kiss—and man is weak. And there remain the mere victim of the Vampire find one more to swell the grim and grisly ranks of the Un-Dead.

There is some lamination surely when I am moved by the mere presence of such an one—ever so long as she lay in a tomb filled with age and heaviness with the dust of centuries though here he had been about such as he attract he could have had. Yes I was moved. I was Heaving with all my purpose and with my motive for hate. I was moved by a yearning for drays which seemed to paralyse my face—nevertheless my very soul. It may have been that the need of natural sleep and the strange oppression of the air were beginning to overcome me. Certain I was that I was lapsing into sleep—the open-eyed sleep of one who yields to a sweet fascination when there came through the snow-streets an alluring low war-sound of woe and pity that woke me like the wail of a clarion. For it was the voice of my dear Madam Mina that I heard.

Then I braced myself again to my bitter task and leant by watching away from sleep one other of the sisters the other I knew I dared not pause to look on her as I had on her sister just once more I should begin to be enthralled but I go on searching—now presently I find in a high great tomb and made to one much beloved—his other fair sister who I have known I had seen to gather beside him of the agony of the past. She was so fair to look on so pale at its beautiful so exquisitely voluptuous that the very instinct of man in me which craves some of my sex—love and to protect ours I have made my head whirling with emotion. But now he that led the way was of my dear Madam Mina had not divested of my ears and before the specter could be wrought further upon me I had nerve myself to my wail work. By this time I had searched all the tombs in the chapel so far as I could get and as here had been my line of these Un-Dead phantoms around as it might I saw it that there were no more of active Un-Dead existent. There was one great tomb more for my labor as the rest though it was and to be properly noted. Ours was but one word.

DRACULA

This then was the Un-Dead horror of the King Vampire to whom so many more were due. Even in my spoken words to make certain what I knew. Before I began to reveal these words to be told as they were through my aching work I said to Dracula's tomb where of the Water and so banished him from it. Un-Dead forever.

I then began my terrible task and I dreaded it. Had it been but one it had been easy to undertake. But there to begin twice more after I had been through a deed of horror that it was extreme with the sweet Miss Lucy who would not be with these strange ones who had survived through centuries and who had been strong hence by the passing of the years who would if they could have fought for their lives.

Oh my friend John! but it was butcher work. Had I not been nerved by thoughts of other dead and of the living over whom hung such a pall of fear, I could not have gone on. I tremble and tremble even yet, though all was over. God be thanked, my nerve did stand. Had I not seen the repose in the first pause and the gladness that stole over it just ere the final dissolution came—as realisation that the soul had been won—I could not have gone further with my butchery. I could not have endured the horrid screeching as the stake drove home—the plunging of writhing form and aping bloody foam. I should have fled in terror and left my work undone. But it is over. And the poor wretches I can pity them now and weep, as I think of them, pauid each in her little sleep of death for a short moment ere fading. For friend John hardly had my knife severed the head of each, before the whole body began to melt away and crumble into its native dust—as though the death that should have come centuries ago had at last assert himself and say at once and loud: I am here.

Before I left the castle I so fixed its entrances that never more can the Count enter there. Un-Dead.

When I stepped into the chamber where Madam Mina slept, she woke from her sleep and, seeing me, cried out in pain that I had endured too much.

'Come!' she said, 'come away from this awful place. Let us go to meet my husband whom I know coming towards us.' She was looking thin and pale and weak, but her eyes were pure and glowed with fervour. I was glad to see her paleness and her illness, for my mind was full of the fresh horror of that ruddy vampire sleep.

And so with trust and hope, and yet full of fear, we go eastward to meet our friends—and him—whom Madam Mina tell me that she knows are coming to meet us.

MINA HARKE'S JOURNAL

6 November. It was late in the afternoon when the Professor and I took our way towards the east whence I knew Jonathan was coming. We did not go fast, though the way was steeply downhill, for we had to take heavy rugs and wraps with us; we dared not face the possibility of being left without warmth in the cold and the snow. We had to take some of our provisions, too, for we were in a perfect desolation, and so far as we could see through the snowfall there was not even the sign of habitation. When we had gone about a mile I was tired with the heavy walking and sat down to rest. Then we looked back and saw where the great one of Dracula's castle cut the sky, for we were so deep under the hill whereon it was set that the angle of perspective of the Capatlian mountains was far below it. We saw it all its grandeur, perched a thousand feet on the summit of a sheer precipice, and with seemingly a great gap between it and the steep of the adjacent mountain on any side. There was something wild and uncanny about the place. We could hear the distant howling of wolves. They were far off, but the sound, ever though coming muffled through the deadening snowfall, was full of terror. I knew from the way Dr. Van Helsing was searching about that he was trying to seek some strategic point where we would be less exposed in case of attack. The rough road was steeled downwards, we could trace it through the drifted snow.

In a little while the Professor signalled to me, so I got up and joined

him. He had found a wonderful spot—a sort of natural hollow in a rock with an entrance like a footway between two crags. He took me by the hand and drew me in. See, he said, here you will be in safety, and if the wolves come I can meet them one by one. He brought out our rats and made a snug nest for me, and got out some provisions and forced them upon me. But I could not eat. To ever try to do so was repulsive to me, and much as I would have liked to please him, I could not bring myself to the attempt. He looked very sad, but did not reproach me. Taking his field-glasses from the case, he stood on the top of the rock and began to search the horizon. Suddenly he cried out:

Look! Madam! Now look! Look! I sprang up and stood beside him on the rock; he handed me his glasses and pointed. The snow was now falling more heavily, and we tried about here & there for a high wind was beginning to blow. However, here were times when there were pauses between the snow-falls, and I could see a long way round. From the height where we were it was possible to see a great distance, and far off beyond the white waste of snow I could see the river, lying like a black ribbon in a narrow cut, as it were, in its way. Straight in front of us, and not far off, in fact so near that I wondered we had not noticed before, came a group of mounted men trotting along. In the midst of them was a cart—a long heavy wagon which swept from side to side, like a dog at walking, with each step, in spite of the road. Chained against the snow as they were, I could see from the men's clothes that they were probably of gypsies of some kind.

In the cart was a great square chest. My heart leaped as I saw it, for I felt that the end was coming. The evening was now drawing close, and now I knew that at sunset, be it long which was a cheer in prisoned here, would take new freedom, and could in any of many forms evade and pursue. In fear I turned to the Professor, a cry of astonishment, however, he was not there. An instant later I saw him, yes, with me. Round the rock he had drawn a circle, such as we had found shelter in last night. When he had completed it he stood before me again, saying:

At least you shall be safe here from now. He took the glasses from me, and at the next fall of the snow swept the whole space before us. See, he said, they come quickly, they are lunging the horses and galloping as hard as they can. He paused and went on in a hoarse voice:

They are racing for the sunset. We must be ready late. Look! now, he done. Then came another hurrying cloud of flying snow, and he whose language was hoarse, in a low, hoarse voice, however, and once more his glasses were fixed on the plain. Then came a sudden cry:

Look! Look! Look! See the horses! and now last coming, from the south, but not the Gypsies, and I, but I take the glass I can but see the snow looks it all out—a look it all out. The two men might be Dr. Seward and Mr. Murray. I knew at a glance that neither of them was friendly. At the same time I knew that neither was not far off. Looking around I saw on the south side of the coming party no other men, riding at break-neck speed. One of them I knew was Jonathan, and the other I took it to me to be Lord Godalming. They now were passing the party with the cart. When I saw the Professor he started up, gave the watch word, and after looking twice at a snow-drift made up it possible he said to Wendenbert the ready, but now again, he knew, for at the spring of the shelter

They are all converging," he said. "When the time comes we shall have gypsies in a circle. I got that my revolver ready to hand. For when we were speaking the howling of wolves rather louder and closer. When he spoke I felt also a motion. I was looking again. It was strange to see the snow falling in such heavy flakes, how close and how fast. They were falling more and more brightly as it sank lower towards the far mountain tops. Sweeping the glaze around us as I could see here and there bits of jagged rocks and in two and three and at last numbers—the wolves were gathering for their prey.

Every instant seemed an age whilst we waited. The wind came now in fierce bursts, as if the snow was driven with fury as it swept upon it in circling eddies, as if we could not see at all by its strength alone but at others, as the blizzards were swept by, as if it seemed to beat the air space around us so that we could see at all. We had of late been so accustomed to watch for sunrise and sunset that we knew with fair accuracy when it would be, and we knew that before long the sun would set. It was hard to believe that such was the case, it was less than at first that we waited in that rocky shelter before the various bodies began to converge close upon us. The wind came now with fiercer and more better sweeps, and more steadily from the north. It seemed as if it drove the snow on with it, as if with it or among bursts, the snow fell. We could distinguish clearly the advance of each party, the pursued and the pursuers. Strange enough those pursued did not seem to tire, or at least to care that they were pursued. They seemed, however, to hasten with redoubled speed as the sun dropped lower and lower on the mountain tops.

Closer and closer they drew. The Professor and I crouched down behind our rock and held out weapons ready. I could see that he was determined that they should not pass. One at least were quite unaware of our presence.

At about two o'clock, in to. Hark! One was my Jonathan's raised in a high key of passion, the other Mr. Murray's in a low, severe tone of quiet command. The gypsies may not have known the language, but there was no mistake in the tone, in whatever tongue the words were spoken. Jonathan's they replied to, and at the instant Lord Godalming and Jonathan dashed up at one side and Dr. Seward and Mr. Murray on the other. The leader of the gypsies, a splendid-looking man with a bay horse like a steed, waved them back, and in a brief voice gave to his companions some word to proceed. They alighted the horses which they had brought forward, but the four men raised their Winchester rifles, and in an unmistakable way commanded them to stop. At the same moment Dr. Van Helsing and I rose behind the rock and pointed our weapons at them. Seeing that they were surrounded the men lightened their arms and drew up. The leader turned to them and gave a word at which every man of the gypsy party drew what weapon he carried to his shoulder and held himself in readiness to attack. There was some talk at that.

The leader, with a quick movement of his hand, drew his horse up in front and pointing first to the wall, now close down on the hill, and then to the gate, said something which I did not understand. But at once, and in moment our party threw themselves from their horses and dashed towards the gate. I shot. I have to tell the truth at once, I shot at a bush

danger, but that the ardour of battle must have been upon me as well as the rest of them. I felt no fear, but only a wild, urging desire to do something. Seeing the quick movement of our parties, the leader of the gypsies gave a command, his men instantly formed round the cart in a sort of a close, joined endeavour, each one shouldering and pushing the other in his eagerness to carry out the order.

In the midst of this I could see that Jonathan on one side of the ring of men, and Quincey on the other, were forcing a way to the cart. It was evident that they were bent on finishing their task before the sun should set. Nothing seemed to stop, or even to hinder them. Neither the leveled weapons, nor the flashing knives of the gypsies in front, nor the howling of the wolves behind, appeared to even attract their attention. Jonathan's impetuosity, and the unflinching singleness of his purpose, seemed to overawe those in front of him, and not very far behind, as he passed. In an instant he had jumped upon the cart, and with a strength which seemed marvellous, raised the great box, and flung it over the wheel, to the ground. In the meantime Mr. Morris had had to use force to pass through his side of the ring of gypsies. At the time I had been breathlessly watching Jonathan I had, with the aid of my eye, seen him pressing desperately forward, and had seen the knives of the gypsies flash as he won a way through them, and heaved at him. He had parried with his great bowie-knife, and at first I thought that he too had come through in safety, but as he sprang beside Jonathan, who had by now crept from the cart, I could see that with his left hand he was clutching at his side, and that the blood was spurting through his fingers. He did not delay notwithstanding, but as Jonathan, with desperate energy, attacked one end of the chest, attempting to prize off the lid with his great knife-knife, he attacked the other frantically with his bowie. Under the efforts of both men the lid began to swell. The nail drew with a quick, screeching sound, and the top of the box was thrown back.

By that time the gypsies, seeing themselves covered by the Winchester, and at the mercy of a cold, containing and Dr. Seward, had given in and made no further resistance. The sun was a good deal down on the mountain tops, and the shadows of the whole group fell upon the snow. I saw the Count lying with the box upon the earth, where at what the tide falling from the cart had splattered over him. His was death's pale, and like a waxen image, and the red eyes glared with the horrible, suggestive look which I knew too well.

As I looked, the eyes saw the sinking sun, and the look of hate in them turned to triumph.

But in the instant came the sweep and flash of Jonathan's great knife. I shrieked as I saw it shear through the throat, whilst at the same moment Mr. Morris's bowie-knife plunged into the heart.

It was like a miracle, but before our very eyes, and almost in the drawing of a breath, the whole body crumbled up to dust and passed from our sight.

I shall be glad as long as I live that even in that moment of final dissolution there was in the face a look of peace, such as I never could have imagined might have rested there.

The castle of Dracula now stood out against the red sky, and every

stone of its broken battlements was articulated against the light of the setting sun.

The gypsies taking us as in some way the cause of the extraordinary disappearance of the dead man turned, without a word, and rode away as if for their lives. Those who were unmounted jumped upon their leather wagon and shouted to the horsemen not to desert them. The wolves, which had withdrawn to a safe distance, followed in their wake leaving us alone. Mr. Morris, who had sunk to the ground, leaned on his elbow, holding his hand pressed to his side: the blood still gushed through his fingers. I flew to him, for the Holy circle did not now keep me back, so did the two doctors. Jonathan knelt behind him and the wounded man laid back his head on his shoulder. With a sigh he took, with a feeble effort, my hand in that of his own which was unstained. He must have seen the anguish of my heart in my face, for he smiled at me and said—

"I am only too happy to have been of any service. Oh God!" he cried suddenly, struggling up to a sitting posture and pointing to me, "It was worth for this to die! Look, look!"

The sun was now right down upon the mountain top, and the red gleams fell upon my face, so that it was bathed in rosy light. With one impulse the men sank on their knees and a deep and earnest "Amen" broke from all as their eyes followed the pointing of his finger. The dying man spoke:—

"Now God be thanked that all has not been in vain! See! the snow is not more stainless than her forehead. The curse has passed away!"

And, to our bitter grief, with a smile and in silence, he died, a gallant gentleman.

NOTE

Seven years ago we all went through the flames, and the happiness of some of us since then is, we think, well worth the pain we endured. It is an added joy to Mina and to me that our boy's birthday is the same day as that on which Quincey Morris died. His mother holds, I know, the secret belief that some of our brave friend's spirit has passed into him. His bundle of names links all our little band of men together, but we call him Quincey.

In the summer of this year we made a journey to Transylvania, and went over the old ground which was, and is, to us so full of vivid and terrible memories. It was almost impossible to believe that the things which we had seen with our own eyes and heard with our own ears were living truths. Every trace of all that had been was blotted out. The castle stood as before, reared high above a waste of desolation.

When we got home we were talking of the old time—which we could all look back on without despair, for Guldring and Seward are both happily married. I took the papers from the safe where they had been ever since our return so long ago. We were struck with the fact that in all the mass of material of which the record is composed, there is hardly one authentic document, nothing but a mass of typewriting, except the later notebooks

of Mina and Seward and myself and Van Helsing's memorandum. We could hardly ask any one, even did we wish to, to accept these as proofs of so wild a story. Van Helsing summed it all up as he said, with our boy on his knee:—

"We want no proofs, we ask none to believe us! This boy will some day know what a brave and gallant woman his mother is. Already he knows her sweetness and loving care: later on he will understand how some men so loved her that they did dare much for her sake."

—JONATHAN HARKER.

THE TURN
OF
THE SCREW

Henry James

The story had held us round the fire sufficiently breathless, but except the obvious remark that it was gruesome—as, on Christmas Eve in an old house, a strange tale should essentially be, I remember no comment uttered till somebody happened to say that it was the only case he had met in which such a visitation had fallen on a child. The case, I may mention, was that of an apparition in just such an old house as had gathered us for the occasion—an appearance of a dreadful kind to a little boy sleeping in the room with his mother and waking her up in the terror of it, waking her not to dissipate his dread and soothe him to sleep again, but to encounter also herself before she had shaken him. It was this observation that drew from Douglas—not immediately, but later in the evening—a reply that had the interesting consequence to which I call attention. Someone else told a story not particularly effective, which I saw he was not following. This I took for a sign that he had himself something to produce and that we should only have to wait. We waited in fact till two nights later, but that same evening, before we scattered, he brought out what was in his mind.

I quite agree—in regard to Griffin's ghost, or whatever it was—that its appearing first to the little boy, at so tender an age, adds a particular touch. But it's not the first occurrence of its charming kind that I know to have involved a child. If the child gives the effect another turn of the screw, what do you say to two children? —"

"We say, of course," somebody exclaimed, "that they give two turns!" Also that we want to hear about them."

I can see Douglas there before the fire, to which he had got up to present his back, looking down at his interlocutor with his hands in his pockets. Nobody but me till now has ever heard. It's quite too horrible! This, naturally, was decorated by several voices to give the thing the utmost price, and our friend, with quiet art, prepared his triumph by turning his eyes over the rest of us and going on, "It's beyond everything. Nothing at all that I know touches it."

"For sheer terror?" I remember asking.

He seemed to say it was not so simple as that, to be really at a loss how to qualify it. He passed his hand over his eyes, made a little winning grimace. "For dreadful—dreadfulness!"

"Oh, how delicious!" cried one of the women.

He took no notice of her; he looked at me but said instead of her he saw what he spoke of. His general unobtrusive ugliness and height and port.

"Well then," I said, "sit me right down and beg—"

He turned round to be sure gave a kick to a dog, watched it and start. Then as he faced us again, I saw he began to shiver. I shall have to send to town. There was a motionless groan at this and much reproach, after which, in his grown-up way, he explained. The story's writer, it is in a locked drawer, it has not been opened for years. I could write to my man and enclose the key—he could send down the packet as he finds it. It was to me in particular that he appeared to propound. It appeared a most beautiful plea and not to hesitate. He had spoken a thickness of air, the formation of many a winter, had had his travels for a long season. The others resisted postponement but I was far more agreeable, having harmed me. I wrote him to write by the first post and to agree with us for a really beating then I asked him if the experience in question had been his own. I thought his answer was prompt. Oh, thank God no.

As this is the second story, "You took the thing down—"

"Nothing but the impression I took that here," he tapped his heart, "I've never lost it."

"Then your manuscript—"

It is old, faded ink, and in the most beautiful hand. He brought it again. A woman. She has been dead these twenty years. She sent me the pages in question before she died. They were of interesting now and of course there was somebody to be at home or at any rate to draw the inference. But I left the inference by without a while it was answered by a reputation. She was a most charming person, but she was ten years older than I. She was my sister's governess, he quietly said. She was the most agreeable woman I've ever known in her position, she would have been worthy of whatever. I was long ago, and that episode was long before. I was at Trinity, and I found her at home on my coming down the second summer. I was much here, half year, it was a beautiful time, and we had in her off hours some strong attacks in the garden, talks in which she struck me as awfully clever and new. Oh yes, don't you? I liked her extremely and am glad to this day to think she liked me too. If she hadn't she wouldn't have told me. She had never told anyone. It was simply that she said so, but that I knew she hadn't. I was sure. I could see. You'll easily judge why when you hear."

"Because the thing had been such a scare—"

He continued on the "You easily judge," he repeated, "you will." I fixed him, too. "I see. She was in love."

He agreed for the first time. "You are sure? Yes she was in love. That is she has been. That came out, she couldn't tell her story without its coming out. I saw it, and she saw I saw it, but neither of us spoke of it. I remember the time and the place—the corner of the lawn, the shade of the great beeches and, being, hot summer afternoon. It was a scene to a shatter, but in— He pulled the fire and dropped back into his chair.

"You'll receive the packet Thursday morning," I inquired.

"Probably not till the second post."

"Well then; after dinner—"

"Yes! I shall meet me here. He looked us round again. Isn't anybody going? It was a most the tone of hope."

"Everybody will stay!"

I wait—and I wait—till the ladies whose departure had been fixed. Mrs. Griffin, however, expressed the need for a little more light. Who was it she was in love with?

The story will tell. I took upon myself to reply.

"Oh! I wait—till for the story."

The story goes on—said Douglas—not in any other vulgar way.

More's the pity, then. That's the only way I ever understand.

What's your tea, Douglas?—somebody else inquired.

He sprang to his feet again. Yes, tomorrow. Now I must go to bed. Good night. And, putting out the candles, he left us slightly bewitched. From one end of the great hall we heard his step on the stair where—poor Mrs. Griffin spoke. Well, if I don't know who she was in love with, I know who he was."

She was ten years older—said her husband.

From *de pite*—at that age. But it's rather nice, his long reticence."

"Forty years!" Griffin put in.

"With this outbreak at last."

The outbreak I returned, we make a tremendous incursion of Thursday night—and everyone agreed with me that in the light of it we lost all attention for everything else. The last story, however, incomplete as I like the mere opening of a serial had been told, we handshook and candlestick—as somebody said—and went to bed.

I knew the next day that a letter containing the key had by the first post gone off to his London apartments, but in spite of—so perhaps you on account of—the eventual diffusion of this knowledge we quite let him alone till after dinner, till such an hour of the evening, in fact, as might best accord with the kind of emotion on which our hopes were fixed. Then he became as communicative as we could desire and indeed gave us his best reason for being so. We had it from him again before the fire in the hall, as we had had our mind wonders of the previous night. It appeared that the narrative he had promised to read us really required for a proper intelligence a few words of prologue. Let me say here distinctly to have done with it, that this narrative, from an exact transcript of my own made much later, is what I shall presently give. Poor Douglas, before his death—when it was night—committed to me the manuscript that reached him on the third of these days and that, on the same spot, with immense effect, he began to read to our hushed little circle on the night of the fourth. The departing ladies who had said they would stay did not of course, thank heaven, stay; they departed, in consequence of arrangements made in a rage of anxiety as they pretended, produced by the troubles with which he had already worked us up. But that only made his title to a yet more compact and select kept it round the hearth subject to a common thrill.

The first of these touches conveyed that the written statement took up the tale at a point a tet it had, in a manner, begun. The last to be in possession of was therefore that his old friend, the youngest of several daughters of a poor country parson, had, at the age of twenty, on taking service for the first time in the school, soon come up to London, in

trepidation to answer a person so adventurously he had already placed her a letter of respectation with the advertiser. This person proved on her possessing herself for judgment at a house in Harley Street that impressed her as vast and imposing—the prospective patron proved a gentleman, a baronet in the prime of life, such a figure as had never been seen in a drawing-room or in a drawing-gallery before at a street address, but in a Harley Street carriage. One could easily fix his type of never-happier-father-in-law. He was handsome as the Lord of Pleasure—handsome, gay and kind. He struck her very far as a gallant and spendthrift, but what took her most of all—and gave her, he thought, the shrewdness she showed—was that he put the whole thing to her as a kind of avowal, a declaration he should grant it by right. She received him as rich, but as least a little extravagant—saw him as in a glow of high fashion, of good looks, of expensive habits, of charming ways with women. He had, for his own town residence, a big house filled with the sports of travel and the trophies of the chase, but it was his country home, an old-fashioned place in Essex, that he wished her immediately to proceed.

He had been left by the death of their parents in India a great deal to a small nephew and a small niece, children of a younger and distant brother, whom he had lost six years before. These children were by the strangest of chances for a man of his position—a young man without the slightest experience or a glacial patience—very heavily on his hands. It had all been a great worry and in his own partlessness a series of disasters, but he had immensely pleased the poor chucks and had done all he could, had in particular sent them down to his other house, he never gave for them being too close, he thought, and kept them there from the start with the best people he could find to look after them, paying even with his own salary to lead so, them and going down himself whenever he might see them, they were young. The awkward thing was that they had each a mother-in-law and that these affairs took up a fortune. He had put them in possession of his which was healthy and secure, and had placed at the head of each of these establishments his beloved sister-in-law, an excellent woman, Mrs. Loring, whom he was a little bit too weak, like he and who had formerly been close to his mother. She was now housekeeper and was also acting for the time as superintendent to the daughter of whom without a moment of her own, she was by good luck extremely fond. There were plenty of people to be found, of course the young lady who should go down as governess would be no prize as the title. She would also have in both cases to look after the situation, which had been for a term at school—something as he was to be sent, but what else could be done—and who, as the holidays were about to begin, would be back from one day to the other. There had been for the two children at first a young lady whom they had had the first time to lose. She had done for them quite bravely, she was a most respectable person, in her death the great awkwardness of which had pressed on him as a necessity but he should for Mrs. Mrs. Loring since that, in the way of neatness and things had done as she could for them, and there were for her a cook, a housemaid, a daywoman, an old pony, an old groom, and an old gardener, all likewise thoroughly respectable.

So that he was as presented his picture when someone put a question. And what did he do for his governess, he did with much respectation.

Our friend's answer was prompt: "That will come out. I don't anticipate."

"Excuse me. I thought that was just what you are doing."

"In her successor's place. I suggested. I should have wished to learn if the office brought with it——"

"Necessary danger to life. Douglas completed my thought. She did wish to learn, and she did learn. You shall hear to-morrow what she learned. Meanwhile, of course, the prospect struck her as slightly grim. She was young, untried, nervous; it was a vision of serious duties and the company of really grim line men. She hesitated; took a couple of days to consult and consider. But the salary offered much exceeded her modest measure, and on a second interview she faced the music, she engaged. And Douglas, with this, made a pause that, for the benefit of the company, moved me to throw in——"

"The mortal of which was of course the seduction exercised by the splendid young man. She succumbed to it."

He got up and, as he had done the night before, went to the fire, gave a stir to a log with his foot, then stood a moment with his back to us. She saw him only twice.

"Yes, but that's just the beauty of her passion."

A little to my surprise, on this, Douglas turned round to me. "It was the beauty of it. There were others, he went on, who hadn't succumbed. He told her frankly all his difficulties, that for several applicants the conditions had been prohibitive. They were somehow simply afraid. It sounded odd—it sounded strange, and all the more so because of his main condition."

"Which was——?"

"That she should never trouble him, but never, never, neither appeal nor complain nor write about anything, only meet all questions herself, receive all moneys from his executor, take the whole thing over and let him alone. She promised to do this, and she mentioned to me that when, for a moment, disburdened, delighted, he held her hand, thanking her for the sacrifice, she already felt rewarded."

"But was that all her reward?" one of the ladies asked.

"She never saw him again."

"Oh," said the lady, which, as our friend intimated already, was the only other word of importance contributed to the subject till, the next night, by the corner of the hearth, in the best chair, he opened the tailed red cover of a thin old-fashioned gilt-edged album. The whole thing took indeed more nights than one, but on the first occasion the same lady put another question: "What is your title?"

"I haven't one."

"Oh, I have," I said. But Douglas, without heeding me, had begun to read with a fine earnestness that was like a rendering to the ear of the beauty of his author's hand.

CHAPTER ONE

[illegible][illegible]

positive in her regard against showing it too much. I wondered even then a little why she should wish not to show it, and that with reflection with expansion might I have made me uneasy.

But it was a comfort that there could be no uneasiness in a connection with a thing so beautiful as the radiant image of my little girl, the vision of whose angelic beauty had probably more than any thing else of which the restlessness that had been troubling made me several times rise and wander about my room to take in the whole picture and prospect to watch from my open window the last summer dawn to look at each person in the rest of the house as I could, and to listen while in the fading dusk the first birds began to twitter for the possible first arrival of a word or two from Maria and not without her return. But I had learned I heard. There had been a moment when I perceived I recognized faint and far the cry of a child, there had been another when I found myself out of nowise by starting at the passage before my door of a night I awoke. But these faintness were not marked enough to be thought of, and it is always the light of the growth I should rather say of flower and subsequent matters that they now come back to me. I watch each form of the Flora and the exuberance the making of a happy and useful life. It had been agreed between us downwards that after this first season I should have her as a matter of course at night her share while her being already arranged to that end in my room. What I had undertaken was to be whole and other, and she had remained ever his assistant with Mrs. Cresswell as an effect of our conversation for my negative suggestion and her natural kindliness. In spite of this timidity which the child herself in the strict way in the world had been perfectly frank and brave about, a something without a sign of artificial statue consciousness with the deep sweet serenity indeed of one of Raphael's who is fancies to be the wisest to be exposed to her and to determine us a few years into the world presently we see. It was part of what I already said Mrs. Cresswell here for the pleasure I could see her feel in my admiration and wonder as I sat at a quarter with four tall candles and with my point in a high chair and a few things facing me between them over bread and milk. There were no stars though that in her presence could pass between us as in as in a garden and grassed walks of nature and roundabout a scene.

And the little would she be with her. Is he too very remarkable?

The would that of a child. Oh my most remarkable. It is that we and his mother and she stood there with a plate in her hand bearing at our disposition who would from one of us to the other with plain heavenly eyes that retained nothing to check us.

"Yes, if I do—"

You can be carried away by the more general.

Well that I think is what I came for. I am carried away. I am at home. I remember feeling he impose ready. I am rather easily carried away. I was carried away in London.

I can see Mrs. Cresswell's head face as she took him. "In Harley Street?"

"In Harley Street."

We may have not the first and you may be the last.

Oh I've no pretensions. I could laugh to being his only one. My

other pupil at any rate, as I understand, comes back tomorrow.

Not tomorrow—Friday, miss. He arrives, as you did, by the coach under care of the guard, and is to be met by the same carriage.

Forthwith expressed that the proper as well as the pleasant and friendly thing would be therefore, but on the arrival of the public conveyance I should be in waiting for him with his little sister, an idea in which Mrs. Grose concurred so heartily that I somehow took her manner as a kind of comforting pledge—never faded, thank heaven—that we should on every question be quite at one. Oh, she was glad I was there.

What I felt the next day was, I suppose, nothing that could be fairly called a reaction from the cheer of my arrival; it was probably at the most only a slight oppression produced by a fuller measure of the same, as I walked round them, gazed up at them, took them in, of my new circumstances. They had, as it were, an extent and mass to which I had not been prepared and in the presence of which I found myself, freshly, a little wasted away. I am a little proud, I confess, in that agitation certainly suffered some delay. I reflected that my first duty was, by the gentlemen, I could contrive it, to win the child into the sense of knowing me. I spent the day with her out of doors. I arranged with her, to her great satisfaction, that it should be she, she only, who might show me the place. She showed it step by step and room by room and secret by secret, with delightful chatty talk about it and with the result, in her at least, of our becoming immense friends. Young as she was, I was struck throughout our intercourse with her confidence and courage with the way in empty chambers and dark corridors on a twisted staircase that made me pause and even on the summit of an out-murdered square tower that made me dizzy, her morning music, her disposition to tell me so many more things than she asked, raring out and led me on. I have not seen her since the day I left it, and I daresay that to my older and more accustomed eyes it would now appear but merely contracted. But as it is, one could stress with her heart of gold and her trick of blue, flaked before me round corners and patterned down passages, I have the view of a casual romance initiated by a low spirit, such a place as would somehow, for I was one of the young idea, take its color out of storybooks and fairytales. Wasn't it just a storybook cover which I had taken above and adored? No, it was a big ugly antique, but convenient house, embracing a few features of a brooding severity, had repared and harmonized in which I had the taste of our being almost as good as a hand-toed passenger in a great drizzling ship. Well, I was strangely at the helm.

CHAPTER TWO

This time home to me when, two days later, I drove over with Flora to meet an Mrs. Grose said the other gentleman, and as he more than incited that, presenting me, the second evening, had deeply disinterested me. The first day had been, on the whole, as I have expressed, reassuring, but I was to see it wind up in a great apprehension. The postbag that evening of some late, contained a letter to me which, however, in

the hand of my employer. I found to be composed but of a few words enclosing another addressed to himself with a seal still unbroken. This, I recognize as from the headmaster, and the headmaster's an awful bore. Read him, please, draw with him, but mind you don't report. Not a word I'm off. I broke the seal with a great effort—so great a one that I was a long time coming to it—took the unopened missive at last up to my room and only attacked it just before going to bed. I had better have set it wait till morning, for it gave me a second sleepless night. With no counsel to take the next day, I was full of distress, and it finally got so the better of me that I determined to open myself at least to Mrs. Grose.

"What does it mean? The child's dismissed his school."

She gave me a look that I remarked at the moment, then visibly with a quick blankness seemed to try to take it back. "But aren't they all——?"

"Sent home—yes. But only for the holidays. Mies may never go back at all."

Consciously under my attention she reddened. "They won't take him."

"They absolutely decline."

At this she raised her eyes, which she had turned from me. I saw them fill with good tears. "What has he done?"

I hesitated, then I judged best simply to hand her my letter—which however had the effect of making her, without taking it, simply put her hands behind her. She shook her head sadly. "Such things are not for me, miss."

My counselor couldn't read. I winced at my mistake, which I attenuated as I could, and opened my letter again to repeat it to her, then faltering in the act and feeling it up once more I put it back in my pocket. "Is he really bad?"

The tears were still in her eyes. "Do the gentlemen say so?"

"They go into no particulars. They simply express their regret that it should be impossible to keep him. That can have on your meaning. Mrs. Grose listened with dumb emotion, she forbore to ask me what this meaning might be, so that presently to put the thing with some coherence and with the mere aid of her presence to my own mind, I went on: "That he's an injury to the others."

At this with one of the quick turns of simple folk, she suddenly flamed up. "Master Mies, *him* an injury?"

There was such a flood of good faith in it that though I had not yet seen the child, my very tears made me jump to the absurdity of the idea. I found myself to meet my friend the better, uttering it on the spot sarcastically. "To his poor little innocent mates?"

"It's too dreadful," cried Mrs. Grose, "to say such true things. Why he's scarce ten years old."

"Yes, yes, it would be incredible."

She was evidently grateful for such a profession. "See him, miss, first. Then believe it. I feel forthwith a new impatience to see him, it was the beginning of a curiosity that for a little the next hours was to deepen almost to pain. Mrs. Grose was aware. I could judge of what she had produced in me, and she followed it up with assurance. "You might as well believe it of the little lady. Bless her," she added the next moment, looking at her.

I turned and saw that Flora, whom ten minutes before I had exab-

lashed in the school-room with a sheet of white paper, a pencil, and a copy of the rounds—now presented herself to view at the open door. She expressed in her style was an extraordinary detachment from disagreeable duties, looking to me, however, with a great childish light that seemed to offer it as a mere result of the affection she had once vested for my person, which had rendered necessary that she should follow me. I needed nothing more than this to feel the full force of Mrs. Grose's compassion, and catching my pupil in my arms, covered her with kisses in which there was a sob of atonement.

Nonetheless, the rest of the day I waited for further occasion to approach my colleague, especially as toward evening I began to fancy she rather sought to avoid me. I overtook her. I remember, on the staircase, we went down together, and at the bottom I detained her, holding her there with a hand on her arm. "I take what you said to me at noon as a declaration that you've never known him to be bad."

She threw back her head, she had nearly, by this time, and very honestly, adopted an attitude. "Oh, never known him! I don't pretend *that!*"

"I was upset again. Then you *have* known him——"

"Yes indeed, miss, thank God!"

On reflection I accepted this. You mean that a boy who never is——

"Is no boy for me!"

I held her tighter. "You like them with the spirit to be naughty. Then, keeping pace with her answer, "So do I. I eagerly brought out, "But not to the degree to contaminate——"

"To contaminate?" my big word left her at a loss. I explained it. "To corrupt."

She stared, taking my meaning in, but it produced in her an odd laugh. "Are you afraid he'll corrupt you?" She put the question with such a fine bold humor that, with a laugh, a sure and doubtless to match her own, I gave way for the time to the apprehension of ridicule.

But the next day, as the hour for my drive approached, I scribbled up in another place. "What was the lady who was here before?"

"The last governess. She was also young and pretty—a most as young and almost as pretty—miss, even as you."

"Ah, then, I hope her youth and her beauty helped her. I recollect throwing off. "He seems to like as young and pretty."

"Oh, he *did*," Mrs. Grose assented. "I was the way he lured everyone. She had no sooner spoken, indeed, than she caught herself up. "I mean that's *his* way—the master's."

"I was struck. But of whom did you speak first?"

She looked back, but she colored. "Why, of him."

"Of the master?"

"Of who else?"

There was so obviously no one else that the next moment I had lost my impression of her having accidentally said more than she meant, and I merely asked what I wanted to know. "Did he see anything in the boy——?"

"That wasn't right. She never told me."

"I had a scruple, but I overcame it. Was she careful—particular—"

Mrs. Grose appeared to try to be conscientious. About some things—yes."

"But not about all?"

Again she considered. "Well, miss—she's gone. I won't tell tales."

"I quite understand your feeling. I hastened to reply, but I thought, after an instant, not opposed to this concession to pursue. "Did she die here?"

"No—she went off."

I don't know what there was in this brevity of Mrs. Grose's that struck me as ambiguous. "Went off to die?" Mrs. Grose looked straight out of the window, but I felt that hypothetically I had a right to know what young persons engaged for Bly were expected to do. She was taken ill, you mean, and went home?"

She was not taken ill so far as appeared in this house. She left it at the end of the year, to go home, as she said, for a short holiday, to which the time she had put in had certainly given her a right. We had then a young woman—a nursemaid who had stayed on and who was a good girl and clever, and *she* took the children altogether for the interval. But our young lady never came back, and at the very moment I was expecting her I heard from the master that she was dead.

I turned this over. "But of what?"

"He never told me. But please, miss," said Mrs. Grose, "I must get to my work."

CHAPTER THREE

Her thus turning her back on me was fortunately not for my just preoccupations, a snub that could check the growth of our mutual esteem. We met after I had brought home little Miles more intimately than ever on the ground of my stupefaction, my general emotion, so monstrous was I then ready to pronounce it, that such a child as had now been revealed to me should be under an interdiction. I was a little late on the scene, and I felt, as he stood wistfully looking out for me before the door of the inn at which the coach had put him down, that I had seen him, on the instant, without and within, in the great glow of freshness, the same positive fragrance of purity, in which I had, from the first moment, seen his little sister. He was incredibly beautiful, and Mrs. Grose had put her finger on it, everything but a sort of passion of tenderness for him was swept away by his presence. What I then and there took him to my heart for was something divine that I have never found to the same degree in any child—his indescribable little air of knowing nothing in the world but love. It would have been impossible to carry a bad name with a greater sweetness of innocence, and by the time I had got back to Bly with him I remained merely bewildered, so far, that is, as I was not outraged—by the sense of the horrible letter tucked up in my room, in a drawer. As soon as I could compass a private word with Mrs. Grose I declared to her that it was grotesque.

She promptly understood me. "You mean the cruel charge—?"

It doesn't give an instant. My dear woman, I said at last."

She smiled at my preference to have discovered his charm. "I assure you that I do nothing else. What was you say then?" she immediately asked.

In answer to the latter, I had made up my mind. "Nothing."

"And to his uncle?"

I was incisive. "Nothing."

"And to the boy himself?"

I was wonderful. "Nothing."

She gave with her apron a great swipe to her mouth. "Then I'll stand by you. We'll see it out."

We'll see it out. I suddenly echoed, giving her my hand to make it a vow.

She held me there a moment. Her whisked-up her apron again with her detached hand. "Would you mind, miss, if I used the freedom?"

To kiss me. No. I took the good treasure in my arms and, after we had embraced like sisters, let us a more contented and indulgent.

There at an event was for the time a time with that as I recall the way it went, it reminds me of all the art I now need to make it a little distinct. What I look back at with amazement is the situation I accepted. I had undertaken, with my companion, to see it out, and I was at least a battle apparenly that could smooth away the even, and the far and the little connections of such an effort. I was shied and on a great wave of relaxation and pity. I found I was quite in my guise, in my old-fashioned and perhaps my content to assume that I was dealing with a boy whose education for the world was as on the point of beginning. I am unable even to remember a day, I say what proposal I framed for the end of his holidays and the rest of his work. I in studies, lessons with me, indeed, but charming summer, we had a theory that he was to have, but I wonder that for weeks the lessons must have been rather his own. I learned something, at last, certainly, that had not been one of the teachings of my usual atmosphere. I learned to be amused and even amused, and not to think for the moment. It was the first time in a manner that I had known space and an art of freedom, as the music of a universe at the mystery of nature. And then there was consideration and consideration was sweet. It was a trap, not designed, but deep, for my imagination to my decay, perhaps to my vanity in whatever in me was most exorable. The best way to put it at its worst was that I was at my guard. They gave me some trouble, they were of a generous way of doing it. I must expect more, but even then with a direct, well-ordered way, as to how the right future for a future state, I might handle them and might know them. They had the heart, the heart and happiness, and yet as I had been in charge of a party of young ladies of privacy of the bond, for whom every thing a being it would have to be enclosed and protected the way from the land in my hands, the other years could take for them was that of a romantic area, a very extensive, the garden and the park. It may be of course above all that what makes it better, it gives the previous time a heart of its own, that is to say, in which something gathered its own life. The change was at once with the spring of a heart.

In the first weeks the days were long, they then a then, then gave me

what I said — can my own heart be heard when I turn my prayer toward
any heart? He has a good one and good. I had not realized a statement a
man could make. Much as I had my sympathy, his heart was the
strongest. The day I stood at a distance, it was not as when the light
faded — or rather, I then — say, the day I gazed and the darkness of the
last birds wounded in a forest sky, from the old trees. I could see a
light in the ground and new action with a sense of property that
aroused and I altered me. He heard and digested the place. I was a
pleasure at these moments, as I see myself, and not a sad, foolishness,
perhaps a little, but by my own, that my good sense and
general high property. I was giving pleasure and he even thought of
it. The person whose presence had responded. What I was doing
was what he had earnestly hoped and I truly asked of me, and that I
could alter a — I it proved even a greater joy than I had expected. I
felt as if I were I used to shoot a remarkable young woman that and took
it — that he said that it was in me to appear. We were needed
in some remarkable — or a little — the remarkable things that presently
gave their first sign.

[illegible]

I put me in the back of the seat with 1 tiered but two
 tiers of gas in the room. What were sharp, the shock of the first and
 that of the second. My second was a severe 1 per cent of the
 in state. I was at the time who had his eyes was not the person I had
 previously had passed. I was at the time a few days of a week
 and I had these seats. He was a young man that was at the time of
 All of the work was a little under a per cent of the total work.

[illegible][illegible]

CHAPTER FOUR

It was not that I didn't wait—in this season, for more, for I was rooted as deep as I was shaken. Was there a secret, at this—a mystery of it—perhaps at it sure—an admirable relative kept in unsuspected confinement? I can't say how long I tried it over, or how long in a continuous anxiety and dread I remained where I had had it so long. I only recall that when I re-entered the house darkness had quite closed in. As I came in, the oval mirror had been turned and broken for I must have been going about the place, have walked three miles, but I was to be later on, much more eyes were turned that this mere dawn of dawn was a comparatively human. But the most singular part of it, in fact—singular as the rest had been—was the part I became in the hall aware of in meeting Mrs. Grose. This picture comes back to me in the general train—the impression, as I received it in my reticence of the wide white paneled space, bright in the lamp light and with its portraits and red carpet and of the good well-prized look of my friend, which immediately told me she had known me. It came to me straight away under her countenance that with plain heartiness, more reserved anxiety at my appearance, she knew nothing whatever that could bear upon the matter I had there ready for her. I had not suspected in advance that her countenance face would put me, just as I sometimes mean to test the importance of what I had seen by my thus hiding myself, I hesitated to mention it. Scarce anything in the whole history seems to me so odd as this fact that my real beginning of train was one, as I may say, with the distinct of sparing my companion. On the spot, according to the pleasant chance and will her eyes on me. I found reason that I could not then have pleased, achieved an inward resolution—offered a vague pretext for my lateness and with the plea of the heaviness of the night and of the heavy dew and wet feet went as soon as possible to my room.

Here it was another place, here, for many days after, it was a queer affair enough. There were hours from day to day—so at least here were minutes scratched even from dead days—when I had to shut myself up to think. I was not so much yet that I was more nervous than I could bear to be as that I was remarkably afraid of becoming so, for the truth I had now a fair view was simple and clear, the truth that I could arrive at no account whatever of the case of with whom I had been so inexplicitly and yet, as it seemed to me, so intimately concerned. It took it to me to see that I could sound without formality, inquiry and without exciting remark any domestic complication. The shock I had suffered must have sharpened all my senses. I let some, at the end of three days and as the result of more closer attention, that I had not been pleased upon by the servants nor made the object of any game. Of whatever it was, but I knew nothing was known around me, there was but one safe refuge, someone had taken a liberty rather gross. That was what repeatedly I

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

That was the question I used to put to my many witnesses. I was daunted by their answers.

[illegible][illegible]

or was not there—not here if I didn't see him. I got hold of this, then, instinctively, instead of returning as I had come, went to the window. It was confusedly present to me that I ought to place myself where he had stood. I did so. I applied my face to the pane and looked as he had looked, into the room. As it, at this moment, to show me exactly what his range had been, Mrs. Grose, as I had done for himself just before, came in from the hall. With this I had the full image of a repetition of what had already occurred. She saw me as I had seen my own visitor; she pulled up short as I had done. I gave her something of the shock that I had received. She turned white, and this made me ask myself if I had blanched as much. She stared, in short, and retreated on just my lines, and I knew she had then passed out and come round to me and that I should presently meet her. I remained where I was, and while I waited I thought of more things than one. But there's only one I take space to mention. I wondered why *she* should be scared.

CHAPTER FIVE

Oh, she let me know as soon as, round the corner of the house, she loomed again into view. What in the name of goodness is the matter? She was now flushed and out of breath.

I said nothing till she came quite near. "With me?" I must have made a wonderful face. "Do I show it?"

"You're as white as a sheet. You look awful."

I considered. I could meet on this without scruple any innocence. My need to respect the bloom of Mrs. Grose's had dropped, without a rustle, from my shoulders, and if I wavered for the instant it was not with what I kept back. I put out my hand to her and she took it. I held her hard a little, liking to feel her close to me. There was a kind of support in the shy heave of her surprise. "You came for me for church, of course, but I can't go."

"Has anything happened?"

"Yes, you must know now. Did I look very queer?"

"Through this window? Dreadful!"

"Well," I said, "I've been frightened." Mrs. Grose's eyes expressed plainly that *she* had no wish to be, yet also that she knew too well her place not to be ready to share with me any marked inconvenience. Oh, it was quite settled that she *must* share. Just what you saw from the dining room a minute ago was the effect of that. What I saw—just before—was much worse."

Her hand tightened. "What was it?"

"An extraordinary man. Looking in."

"What extraordinary man?"

"I haven't the least idea."

Mrs. Grose gazed round us in vain. "Then where is he gone?"

"I know still less."

"Have you seen him before?"

"Yes—once. On the old tower."

She could only look at me harder. "Do you mean he's a stranger?"

"Oh, very much!"

"Yet you didn't tell me?"

"No—for reasons. But now that you've guessed—"

Mrs. Grose's round eyes encountered this change. "Ah, I haven't guessed," she said very simply. "How can I if you don't imagine?"

"I don't in the very least."

"You've seen him nowhere but on the tower?"

"And on this spot just now."

Mrs. Grose looked round again. "What was he doing on the tower?"

"Only standing there and looking down at me."

She thought a minute. "Was he a gentleman?"

"I found I had no need to think. No." She gazed in deeper wonder. "No."

"Then nobody about the place? Nobody from the village?"

"Nobody—nobody. I don't tell you, but I made sure."

She breathed a vague relief, this was, oddly, so much to the good. It only went indeed a little way. But if he isn't a gentleman—

"What is he? He's a horror!"

"A horror?"

"He is—God help me, if I know *what* he is."

Mrs. Grose looked round once more, she fixed her eyes on the duskier distance, then pulling herself together, turned to me with abrupt incunsequence. "It's time we should be at church."

"Oh, I'm not fit for church."

"Won't it do you good?"

"It won't do *them*——" I nodded at the house.

"The children?"

"I can't leave them now."

"You're afraid, —?"

I spoke boldly. "I'm afraid of *him*."

Mrs. Grose's large face showed me, at this for the first time, the faraway faint glimmer of a consciousness more acute. I somehow made out in it the dawning dawn of an idea I myself had not given her and that was as yet quite obscure to me. It comes back to me that I thought instantly of this as something I could get from her, and I felt it to be connected with the desire she presently showed to know more. "When was it—on the tower?"

About the middle of the month. At this same hour—

"Almost at dark," said Mrs. Grose.

"Oh, not nearly. I saw him as I see you."

"Then how did he get in?"

"And how did he get out?" I laughed. "I had no opportunity to ask him." This evening, you see, I pursued, "he has not been able to get in."

"He only peeps?"

"I hope it will be confined to that." She had now let go my hand, she turned away a little. I waited an instant, then I brought out, "Go to church. Goodbye. I must watch."

Slowly she laced me again. "Do you fear for them?"

We met in another long look. "Don't you?" Instead of answering she came nearer to the window and for a minute applied her face to the glass. "You see how he could see," I meanwhile went on.

She didn't move. "How long was he here?"

"Till I came out. I came to meet him."

Mrs. Grose at last turned round, and there was still more in her face. "I couldn't have come out."

"Neither could I," I laughed again. "But I did come. I have my duty."

"So have I mine," she replied, after which she added, "What is he like?"

"I've been dying to tell you. But he's like nobody."

"Nobody?" she echoed.

"He has no hair." Then, seeing in her face that she already, in this, with a deeper dismay, found a touch of picture, I quickly added stroke to stroke. "He has red hair, very red, close-curling, and a pale face, long in shape, with straight, good features and little, rather queer whiskers that are as red as his hair. His eyebrows are, somehow, darker, they look particularly arched, and as if they might move a good deal. His eyes are sharp, strange, awfully, but I only know clearly that they're rather small and very fixed. His mouth's wide, and his lips are thin, and except for his little whiskers he's quite clean-shaven. He gives me a sort of sense of looking like an actor."

An actor! It was impossible to resemble one less, at least, than Mrs. Grose at that moment.

"I've never seen one, but so I suppose them. He's tall, active, erect," I continued, "but never—no, never!—a gentleman."

My companion's face had blanched as I went on; her round eyes started, and her mild mouth gaped. "A gentleman?" she gasped, confounded, stupefied. "a gentleman *he?*"

"You know him then?"

She visibly tried to hold herself. "But he is handsome!"

I saw the way to help her. "Remarkably."

"And dressed——?"

"In somebody's clothes. They're smart, but they're not his own."

She broke into a breathless affirmative groan. "They're the master's!"

I caught it up. "You *do* know him?"

She tattered but a second. "Quint," she cried.

"Quint?"

"Peter Quint, his own man, his valet, when he was here."

"When the master was?"

Gaping still, but meeting me, she pieced it all together. "He never wore his hair, but he did wear, well, there were waistcoats missed. They were both here—last year. Then the master went, and Quint was alone."

"I followed, but having a little. Alone?"

"Alone with us." Then, as from a deeper depth, "In charge," she added.

"And what became of him?"

She hung fire so long that I was still more mystified. "He went, too," she brought out at last.

"Went where?"

Her expression at this became extraordinary. "God knows where. He died."

"Died?" I almost shrieked.

She seemed far wry to square herself, plant herself more firmly to utter the wonder of it. "Yes, Mr. Quint is dead."

CHAPTER SIX

[illegible][illegible]

"He was looking for me, the car you sat in, the who was in it
you?"

He was thinking that he'd miss. A part of his life was in a possession
 that he was thinking of.

"But how do you know?"

"But now do you know?
I know I know I know. My name is Karen. And now know my
dear!"

She told her husband (her father) that she was not a virgin and that she was not a virgin. What she was, she was.

"Little Miles? That's what he wants!"

She looked at me as I stared again. "The child."

Heaven forbid! The man. He wants to appear to *them*. "That he might be an awful exception and yet somehow I could keep it all as which moreover, as we lingered there, was what I succeeded in practically proving. I had an absolute certainty that I should see again what I had already seen, but something within me said that by offering myself bravely as the sole subject of such experience, by accepting, by inviting, by surmounting it all, I should serve as an exemplary victim and guard the tranquility of my companions. The children, in especial, I should thus fence about and absolve, to say I recall one of the last things I said that night to Mrs. Grose.

"It does strike me that my pupils have never mentioned—"

She looked at me hard as I strongly pressed up. "This having been here and the time they were with him?"

The time they were with him, and his name, his presence, his history in any way?"

"Oh, the little lady doesn't remember. She never heard or knew."

The circumstances of his death. I thought with some intensity. "Perhaps not. But Miles would remember. Mrs. Grose would know."

"Ah, don't try him—break from Mrs. Grose."

I returned her the look she had given me. "Don't be afraid. I continued to think, "It is rather odd."

"That he has never spoken of him?"

"Never by the least occasion. An evening, I am told, they were great friends."

"Oh, it was that!" Mrs. Grose with emphatic deprecation. "It was Quint's own fancy. To play with him, I mean—to spoil him." She paused a moment, then she added, "Quint was much too free."

This gave me straight from my vision of his face, such a face—a sudden sickness of disgust. "Too free with my boys."

"Too free with everyone!"

I forbore for the moment to analyze this few ripen further than by the reflection that a part of it applied to several of the members of the household, the half dozen maids and men who were so fit of our small colony. But there was everything further apprehensive in the lady's fact that no discomfortable legend, no perturbation of conscience had ever within anyone's memory attached to the kind old place. It had neither had name nor blame, and Mrs. Grose, most apatently, only tested me, coming to me and to quake in silence. I ever put her, the very last thing of all, to the test. I was when, at midnight, she had her hand on the schoolroom door to take leave. I asked from her, then, for it of great importance, that he was dead, to say, and I admitted it had.

"Oh, not admirably. I knew it, but the master didn't."

"And you never told him?"

"We—he didn't like the beating—he hated it, and his life was terribly short with anything of that kind, and I suppose were a right shame—"

He was doing his best, however, with it. This square I was enough with my impression of him, he was not a trouble-loving gentleman, nor so very particular, perhaps about some of the company he kept. At the same time, I pressed my mistress, I promise you, I would have to—"

She felt my determination. "I dare say I was wrong. But really, I was afraid."

"Afraid of what?"

"Of things that may come to Quint was so clever—he was so deep. I took his—no more than probably I should. You weren't afraid of anything else. Not of his effect."

"Havette—she appeared with a face of anguish and warning while I faltered."

"Of course, the precious ones. They were in your charge."

"No, they were not in mine. You took 'em and—yes, eventually returned."

"The master—reverted in him and placed him there because he was supposed not to be wicked and the country all so good for him. So he had everything to say. Yes—she let me have it—even about *him*."

"I know that creature—I had to smother a kind of howl. And you could bear it!"

"No, I couldn't—and I can't now. And the poor woman burst into tears."

"A regret over it from the next day was as I have said to follow them yet how clear that—how passionately—for a week we came back—together to the subject. Mr. Hays we had to leave for that. So was right. I was in the house for many hours in especial for it may be imagined whether I was not so haunted with the suspicion of something she had not told me. I myself had kept back nothing, but there was a worst Mrs. Grove that kept back. I was sure, however, by morning that this was not from a failure of frankness, but because on every side here were rays. It seems to me to feed in retrospect, but by the time the morrow was high I had restlessly read to the last before us almost as the meaning they were to receive from us we got, and more and more, sentences. What they gave me above all was just the sinister light of the living man—the dead one would keep away—and of the plots he had often—may passed at Bay which added it made a formidable stretch. The turn of things I then had arrived on, when on the dawn of a winter's morning Peter Quint was found by a water-gang to early work stone-lead in the road from the village—a day to be explained, as perhaps at least by a victim would I have heard such a word as I might have been pronounced—and as on the first evidence had been by a lady's slip of the dark and after leaving the point of view on the steep shewy path a wrong path altogether at the bottom of which he lay. I knew some of the turn mistaken at night at a distance and would let me be plain as I could. He ended after the first stage was over, but after that everything but there had been matter for his strange passages and petty secret disclosures very more than suspected that would have accounted for a good deal more."

"I want to know how to put the story in words, but this is a terrible picture of my state. For I feel I was in these days to a very extent. I pay to the eye a—any light—erasing the on and denuded side I now saw. But I have been asked for a severe and that and I was not to be a great deal of it. He seen on the high—rate—that I could have and where it was a thought enough to have taken. It was an immense help to me. I could see I had a good deal of my day back. And I saw my service so struck and so sure. I was there to protect and I knew he—the features—he would be most betrayed and the most loyal. The object of the work he was now had value of a secret in it. I had

the appearance of one of the men about the place—or even of a messenger, a postman, or a tradesman's boy from the village. That reminder had as little effect on my practical attitude as I was conscious—still even without looking—of its having upon the character and attitude of our visitor. Nothing was more natural than that these things should be the other things that they absolutely were not.

Of the positive identity of the apparition I would assure myself as soon as the small clock of my courage should have ticked out the right second. Meanwhile, with an effort that was a really sharp enough, I transferred my eyes straight to little Flora, who, at the moment, was about ten yards away. My heart had stood still for an instant with the wonder and terror of the question whether she too would see, and I held my breath while I waited for what a cry from her, what some sudden, innocent sign either of interest or of alarm, would tell me. I waited, but nothing came, then, in the first place—and there is something more dire in this, I feel, than in anything I have to relate. I was determined by a sense that, within a minute, all sounds from her had previously dropped, and, in the second, by the circumstance that, also within the minute, she had, in her play, turned her back to the water. This was her attitude when I at last looked at her—looked with the confirmed conviction that we were still together under direct personal notice. She had picked up a small flat piece of wood, which happened to have in it a little hole that had evidently suggested to her the idea of sticking in another fragment that might figure as a mast and make the thing a boat. This second morse—as I watched her, she was very markedly and intently attempting to lighten in its place. My apprehension of what she was doing sustained me so that after some seconds I felt I was ready for more. Then I again shifted my eyes—I faced what I had to face.

SEVEN

I got hold of Mrs. Grose as soon after this as I could, and I can give no intelligible account of how I fought out the interval. Yet I can hear myself cry as I fairly threw myself into her arms: "They *know*—it's too monstrous, they know, they know!"

And what on earth—? I felt her inwardly as she held me.

"Why, what *we* know—and heaven knows what *else* besides!" Then, as she released me, I made it out to her, made it out perhaps only now with too coherent even to myself, two hours ago, in the garden. I could scarce articulate—"Flora *saw*!"

Mrs. Grose took it as she might have taken a blow in the stomach. "She has told you?" she panted.

Not a word—that's the horror. "She kept it to herself!" The cloud of eight *that* child's utterable statement to me was the superlative of it.

Mrs. Grose, of course, could only gape the wider. "Then how do you know?"

I was there—I saw with my eyes, saw that she was perfectly aware

"Do you mean aware of *him*?"

"No—of *her*." I was conscious as I spoke that I looked prodigious things for I got the slow reflection of them in my companion's face. Another person at this time, but at a greater distance as unmistakable horror and evil—a woman in black—pale and dreadful—with such an air, a so—and such a face—on the other side of the lake I was—here with the child—quiet for the hour, and in the midst of it she came."

"Came how—from where?"

"From where they come from. She just appeared and stood there—but not so near."

"And without coming nearer?"

"Oh! not the effect—and the feeling she might have been as close as you."

"My friend—with an odd impulse—fell back a step. Was she someone you've never seen?"

"Yes. But someone the child has. Someone you have. The— to show how I had thought it all out. My predecessor—the one who died—"

"Miss Jesse."

"Miss Jesse? You don't believe me? I pressed."

"She turned right and left in her distress. How can you be sure?"

"I was drew from me—in the state of my nerves, a flash of impatience. Then ask Flora—*she's* sure. But I had not sooner spoken than I caught myself up. No, for God's sake *don't*. She I say she said—she'll be—"

"Mrs. Grose was not to be bewildered in this way, I protest. At how can you?"

"Because I'm clear. Flora doesn't want me to know."

"It's only then to spare you."

"No, no—there are depths, depths. The more I go over it the more I see in it. The more I see in it the more I hear. Let it know what I *don't* see—what I *don't* fear!"

"Mrs. Grose tried to keep up with me. You mean you're afraid of seeing her again?"

"Oh, no—that's nothing at all." Then I explained. "It's of *not* seeing her."

"But my companion—my wicked wail—I don't understand you."

"Why not? at the end of day keep it up—and that the child assuredly *wail*—without my knowing it."

At the image of this possibly Mrs. Grose for a moment collapsed, yet presently composed herself together again, as if from the positive force of the sense of what should have been. I am rich there was a ready way to give way to. Dear, dear—we must keep our heads. And later on, if she doesn't mind it— She even tried a grim pike—perhaps she likes it."

"Lakes *such* things—a scrap of an infant."

"Is that just a proof of her blessed piety?" my friend bravely inquired.

"She brought me for the instant a rattle round. Oh, we must clack at that—we must clack on. It is not a proof of what you say—it's a proof of—God knows what. For the woman is a horror of horrors."

"Mrs. Grose at this fixed her eyes a moment on the ground, then at last raising them—'I've never known—' she said."

"When you admire it's what she was," I cried.

"I've never known—' my friend slowly repeated."

"Know. By seeing her. By the way she looked."

"At you, do you mean—so wickedly?"

‘Hear me, no—I could have borne that. She gave me never a glance
She only fixed the child.’

Mrs. Grose tried to see it. "Fixed her:

"Ah, with such awful eyes!"

She stared at me as if they might really have resembled them. "Dove a mean of disake?"

(and he is no Ol' something or other)

We see that dislike — it's felt but entered at a loss.

With a determination to describe "With a kind of half intention."

I made her turn pale. "Intention?"

To get hold of her. My cause—her eyes not lingering on mine—gave a shudder and I walked to the window and when she stood there looking at I completed my statement. *That*—what Huzak knows.

After a while she turned round. The person was ~~in~~ on the way.

In mourning, rather poor, almost shabby. But, yes—with extraordinary beauty. I now recognized to what I had almost struck by a stroke on the victim of my confidence. For she quite seriously weighed this job that to me—very, very—I insisted—was worth a handsome B.A. infamy."

"We were both infamous," she finally said.

So for a little while even the more together, and I'll and also, only a degree of help, as seeing it now so straight. I appreciate, I said, the great decency of your not saying anything to speak. But the time has certainly come to give me the whole thing. She appeared to assent to this. I still sat in a room, seeing which I went on. I must have it now. Oh what a service. Come, there was something between them.

"There was everything."

"In spite of the difference-

"In spite of the difference
 of their rank their relation she brought it with her. She
 was a lady."

1. I never saw [redacted] Yes, she was a lady

And he said read as he would say Mrs. G. to se

I felt that I do business needing press so hard in such company on the place of a servant in the way but there was nothing to prevent an acceptance of my companion's own measure of my distressed circumstance. There was a way to deal with that as I dealt then more readily for my Father's honor on the evidence of our employer's own ever good looking own man independent assured spirit I replied. The fellow was a hound.

Mrs. Turner considered as if it were perhaps a little wise for a sensible shades. I've never seen one like him. He did what he wished.

"With her?"

"With them all."

It was as I now with my hand I own eyes Miss Jesse had again appeared. I seemed almost to see their eyes again and her as last as I had seen her, a happy and bright and bright in with tears in

"It must have been a so what *she* wished."

Mrs. Grose gave a sigh that said that it had been indeed—but she said at the same time—Poor woman—she paid for it."

"Then you do know what she died of?" I asked.

No—I know nothing. I wanted not to know. I was glad enough I did not, and I thanked heaven she was well out of this.

"Yet you had, then, your idea——"

"Of her real reason for leaving? Oh, yes—as to that. She couldn't have stayed Fanny at home—for a governess. And afterward I imagined—and I still imagine. And what I imagine is dreadful."

Not so dreadful as what I do, I replied—in which I must have shown her—as I was indeed too conscious—a front of miserable defeat. It brought out again all her compassion for me, and at the renewed touch of her kindness my power to resist broke down. I burst, as I had, the other time, made her burst into tears, she took me to her motherly breast, and my lamentation overflowed. I don't know. I sobbed in despair. I don't save or voice them. It's far worse than I dreamed—they're just—

CHAPTER EIGHT

What I had said to Mrs. Grose was true enough: there were in the matter I had put before her depths and possibilities that I lacked resolution to sound, so that when we met once more in the wonder if we were of a common mind about the duty of resistance to extravagant fancies. We were to keep our heads if we should keep nothing else—still, it indeed as that might be in the face of what in our prodigious experience was least to be questioned. Late that night, while the house slept, we had another talk in my room, when she went all the way with me as to my being beyond doubt that I had seen exactly what I had seen. To hold her perfectly in the purview that I feared I had only to ask her how, if I had made it up. I came to be able to give, of each of the persons appearing to me, a picture disclosing to the last detail their special marks—a portrait on the exhibition of which she had instantly recognized and named them. She wished of course—small blame to her—to sink the whole subject, and I was quick to assure her that my own interest in it had now violently taken the form of a search for the way to escape from it. I encountered her on the ground of a probability that with recurrence—for recurrence we took for granted—I should get used to my danger, distinctly professing that my personal exposure had suddenly become the least of my discomforts. It was my new suspicion that was intolerable, and yet even to this complication the later hours of the day had brought a little ease.

On leaving her, after my first outbreak, I had of course returned to my pupils, associating her right remedy for my visit as with that sense of their charm which I had lately found to be a thing I could positively cultivate and which has never failed me yet. I had simply, in other words, plunged afresh into the *raisonnée* society and here became aware—that was a most a luxury—that she could put her little conscious hand straight upon the spot that ached. She had looked at me in sweet speculation and then had

[illegible][illegible]

It was a dreadfully distressing thing, but I was not out of hope, and at any rate, before the gray dawn, a light shed us to separate. I had got my answer. What it was, I had had no time proved to be immensely to the purpose. It was neither more nor less than the circumstance that for a period of several months Quint and the boy had been perpetually together. It was in fact the very appropriate truth that she had ventured to criticize the propriety of him at the feet of a lady of such an advance, and even to go so far on these lines as a frank overture to Miss Jewell. Miss Jewell had, with a most strange manner, requested her to quit her business, and the good woman had, on this, directly approached the Misses. What she had said to him since I pressed, was that he liked to see young gentlemen not forget their station.

I pressed again, of course, at this. "You reminded him that Quint was only a base manual?"

As you might say. And I twas his answer for me thing that was had.

And for a nother thing—I waited. He repeated your words to Quint.

No, not that. It is true what he said, but she could not impress upon me. I was sure, at any rate, she added, that he could not. But he denied certain occasions."

What occasions?

When they had been about together quite as if Quint were his tutor, and a very grand one, and Miss Jewell only for the title lady. When he had gone off with the boy, I mean, and spent hours with him.

He then prevaricated about it, she said he had not.

Her assent was clear enough to cause me to add in a moment, "I see. He lied."

Oh, Mrs. Grose murmured. This was a suggestion that it didn't matter, which in deed she backed up by a further remark. "You see, after all, Miss Jewell didn't mind. She didn't forbid him."

I considered. Did he put that in you as a suggestion?

At this she dropped again. No, he never spoke of it.

Never mentioned her in connection with Quint.

She saw visibly flushing where I was coming out. We I heard not show anything. He denied, she repeated, he denied.

Lord, how I pressed her now. So that you could see he knew what was between the two wretches?"

I don't know—I don't know, the poor woman groaned.

You do know you heard it, I reminded, only you haven't my dreadfulness of mind, and you keep back, and of tardiness and modesty and delicacy, even the impression that, in the past, whenever I had within my aid to boot, let alone in silence, now I had made you miserable. But I shall get it out of you. There was something in the boy that suggested to you. I continued, that he covered and concealed their relation.

"Oh, he couldn't prevent—"

Your learning the truth, I daresay. But heavens, I feel, with vehemence, at thinking what it shows that they must, to that extent, have succeeded in making of him!

Anything that you like now, Mrs. Grose I emphatically pleaded.

I don't wonder you looked queer. I persisted, when I mentioned to you the letter from his school?"

I doubt if I looked as queer as you, she retorted with homely force.

"And if he was so bad then as that comes to, how is he such an angel now?"

"Yes, indeed—and if he was a fiend at school. How, how, how? Well, I said in my torment, 'you must put it to me again, but I shall not be able to tell you for some days. Only put it to me again.' I cried in a way that made my friend stare. 'There are directions in which I must not for the present let myself go.' Meanwhile I returned to her first example—the one to which she had just previously referred—of the boy's happy capacity for an occasional slip. If Quint—on your remonstrance at the time you speak of—was a base mental, one of the things Miles said to you, I find myself guessing, was that you were another." Again her admission was so adequate that I continued, "And you forgave him that?"

"Wouldn't you?"

"Oh, yes." And we exchanged there, in the stillness, a sound of the oddest amusement. Then I went on, "At all events, while he was with the man——"

"Miss Flora was with the woman. It suited them all."

It suited me, too, I feel only too well, by which I mean that it suited exactly the particular & deadly view I was in the very act of forbidding myself to entertain. But I so far succeeded in checking the expression of this view that I will throw just here no further light on it than may be offered by the mention of my final observation to Mrs. Grose. His having acted and been impudent are I confess, less engaging specimens than I had hoped to have from you of the outbreak in him of the little natural man. Still," I mused, "they must do, for they make me feel more than ever that I must watch."

It made me blush the next minute to see in my friend's face how much more unreservedly she had forgiven him than her anecdote struck me as presenting to my own tenderness an occasion for doing. This came out when, at the schoolroom door, she quitted me. "Surely you don't accuse him——"

"Of carrying on an intercourse that he conceals from me? Ah, remember that, until further evidence, I now accuse nobody." Then, before shutting her out to go, by another passage, to her own place, "I must just wait," I wound up.

CHAPTER NINE

I waited and waited, and the days, as they elapsed, took something from my consternation. A very few of them, in fact, passing in constant sight of my pupils without a fresh incident, sufficed to give to grievous fancies and even to odious memories a kind of brush of the sponge. I have spoken of the surrender to their extraordinary chadish grace as a thing I could actively cultivate, and it may be imagined if I neglected now to address myself to this source for whatever it would yield. Stranger than I can express, certainly, was the effort to struggle against my new lights. It would doubtless have been, however, a greater tension still had it not been so frequently successful. I used to wonder how my little charges could help guessing that I thought strange things about them, and the circum-

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

[illegible][illegible]

1. At 10:30 AM, after what I believe had been a guided tour, I went

[illegible][illegible]

CHAPTER TEN

[illegible]

[illegible]

“Well, you know, I thought someone was — she never blushed as she smiled out that at me.”

Oh, how I missed it! And did you see any one

As we see, the retained β is still with the β of the original β (this shows its sequence, even though it is β), although with a long sweetness in the β of the β of the negative.

At that moment, in the state of my nerves I almost believed she lied and I felt more aroused than ever I was before the making of the three or four possible ways in which I might take this up. One of these for a moment I adopted, one with such singular intensity that I was that I felt I must have gripped my little girl with a spasm that would surely, she committed to write it away as a sign of truth. Why not break out a net in the spot and have it covered—give it to her straight in her very true lighter face—You see you see you know that you do and that you can easily come suspect I believe it therefore why not break it out to the so that we may at least live with it together and learn perhaps in the strangeness of our fate where we are and what it means. It is some time I hope I may as I came it from I suppose, are you have so much of it. I might have spared myself, why you see what I instead of you can be a I sprang again to my feet looked at her face, at I took a heavy and the way. Why do you put the curtain over the place can make me think you were still there?"

because I don't like to frighten you.

$$H_{\text{eff}} = H_0 + H_1 + H_2 + \dots + H_n + \dots$$

She answered dreamily: "The picture she turned her eyes to the fame of the candle as if the question were as irrelevant as a day-dream to a person—as Mrs. Margery found becoming. (Oh, but to know she

questionnaire answered that I might drink and that
you were. And then a letter when she had just been told that
me by almost saying her brother had a very good friend
the pertinence of my return

[illegible][illegible]

Thy strong head—re-solutely to make me—pass by thy threshold and pause again. I perceived that I stared. I figured to myself what might portentously be. I wondered if he had been alone, and he or we were secretly at work. It was a deep secret, swimming in the air at the end of which my impulse lay. He was past it, though he had seen the risk was hideous. I turned away. There was a figure in the grounds—a large prowling figure—a sight the victim with whom Flora was engaged. Yet I was not the victim most concerned with my boy. I hesitated a rest, but on other grounds and only a few seconds, then I had made my choice. There were empty rooms at last, and—was only a question of choosing the right one. The right one suddenly presented itself to me as the tower room, though high above the garrets—in the solid corner of the house. I had have spoken of as the old tower. This was a large square chamber, attached with some state as a bedroom—the extravagant size of which made it so inconvenient that it had not for years—though kept by Mrs. Grose in exemplary order—been occupied. I had often admired it and I knew my way about in it. I had only after just a retreating first glimpse, of its disuse, a passing view, and I had but as quietly as I could one of the shutters. Achieving this transit, I uncovered the glass with out a sound and, looking its face in the pane, was aware of the darkness with a feeling of a blindness that when it see that I commanded the right direction. Then I saw something more. The moon made the light extra clear, as penetrable and showed me on the lawn a person, dimly seen, by its shade, who stood there motionless and as it faded, looking up to where I had appeared, looking that is not so much straight at the eye as at something that was apparently above me. There was clearly another person above me—there was a person on the tower. But the presence on the lawn was not in the least what I had conceived and I had not felt a hurried retreat. The presence on the lawn—I felt sick as I made a dash—was poor little May herself.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

It was not till the next day that I spoke to Mrs. Grose the rigor with which I kept my pupils in sight, making certain efforts to meet her privately, and the more as we each felt the importance of our working—on the part of the servants quite as much as on that of the children—a suspicion of a secret, the try of a business of mystery. I drew a great security in this particular from her mere smooth aspect. There was nothing in her freshness to pass on to others my horrible confidence. She believed me. I was sure a secretly—she had not to know what would have become of me, for I could have seen the business done. But she was a strong-minded, direct, one, pressing a wanted agitation and if she could see in all the charges nothing but her beauty and a child, my then happiness at her return, she had no direct conversation with the sources of my trouble. If they had been at a visibly highed or battered, she would doubtless have grown, on reaching it, back, bigger, and enough to match them, as far as strength, however, would be her when she surveyed them, with one large white arm, folded and the habit of

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

the force of the idea that he must know how he really, as they say, had me. He could do what he liked with a child's cleverness to be pithy so long as I should continue to defer to the old tradition of the fatalistic of those caterers of the young who minister to superstitions and fears. He had me indeed, and in a net, stuck to, who would ever absolve me, who would consent that I should go unchasing it by the faintest gleam of an overture. I were the first to introduce it to our perfect intercourse an enemy. I would die. No, not it was useless to attempt to convey to Mrs. Grose, just as it is scarcely less so to attempt to suggest here, how in our short, still breath in the dark, he fairly shook me with admiration. I was of course thoroughly kind and merciful; never, never yet had I placed on his little shoulders hands of such tenderness as those with which, while I rested against, he held I heard him there well understood. I had no alternative but, in form at least, to put it to him.

"You must tell me now—and all the truth. What did you go out for? What were you doing there?"

I can still see his wonder. I am in the whiteness of his beautiful eyes, and the uncovering of his little teeth shine to me in the dark. "I tell you why, why you understand." My heart at this leaped into my mouth. Would he tell me why I found no word on my lips to press it, and I was aware of it, replying only with a vague, repeated, gurgling nod. He was gentleness itself, and while I wagged my head at him he stood there more than ever a little fairy prince. It was his brightness, indeed, that gave me a respite. Would it be so great if he were really going to tell me? Well, he said at last, just exactly in order that you should do this—

"Do what?"

"I think me—for a change—*bad*." I shall never forget the sweetness and gaiety with which he brought out the word, nor how on top of it he bent forward and kissed me. It was practically the end of everything. I met his kiss and I had to make, while I looked at him for a minute in my arms, the most stupendous effort not to cry. He had given exactly the account of himself that permitted least of my going behind it, and I was on my way, the effect of confirming my acceptance of it, that as I presently gazed about the room, I could say—

"Then you didn't undress at all?"

He fairly gurgled in the gloom. "Not at all. I sat up and read."

"And when did you go down?"

"At midnight. When I'm *bad* I am *bad*."

"I see, I see—it's charming. But how could you be sure I would know it?"

"Oh, I arranged that with Flora." His answers rang out with a readiness. "She was to get up and look out."

Which is what she did do. "It was I who led me into the trap."

"So she disturbed you, and to see what she was looking at you *as* I looked—you saw?"

"Where you? I am tired—caught your death in the night air."

He never says a word to form this expectation that he could afford radiant consent. How otherwise should I have been, *bad* enough, he asked. Then, after another embrace, the incident and our interview closed on my recognition of all the reserves of goodness that, for his pike, he had been able to draw upon.

CHAPTER TWELVE

The particular impression I had received, passed in the morning, and I repeat not quite accurately, preserved in Alex. Colver, though I never found it with the man himself. Another thing is that he had made up his mind to separate from me in that direction, was I saw his words that day, settle his mind. I think you know what I imply. He knew that I was not on the wrong side, he is. He knows down a long road what he might do, what he gave them a taste of, at which

Let's say the program is not installed.

I don't hange. I simply make it out. The low departed per it
purpose is three stories below the average level. I had seen with that
child you would nearly have understood. The more I've watched and
waited the more I've felt that if there were nothing else to make us try I
would be there to fix the system that makes it such. No other way, and the
the more have they as much as a side to either of them. I know any
more that Mary has adopted a fine expression. Of course we are all
look at them and they that show it to us but I don't know even if
they pretend to be so much better than they are. They are steeped in the
the dead restored. He is not reading. I see a few they are making
them. They are taking history. I go to school and I were say and say
wonder I must. What I've seen would have made a good deal of a
made me more. You made me get by it. I don't know what they

My mind then no longer seemed at fault, but he that was eating the wheat
wrote with a pen, passing and repassing, the letter upon her sweetness
gave his image with it, and I thought I saw him, and I felt how right she had
been, as without stirring in the least, her passion discovered her soul with
her eyes. I felt that I was a beggar, and I was a beggar.

Why all the very things I have denigrated, I accepted and yet at last—as I now so strangely see myself and those before me—there that earth's years then also, my duty to goodness I began. I went on, "It's a policy and a fraud!"

"On the part of little darlings—

As yet there are no highways. Yes, and as far as we know, the very act of bringing goods to market is becoming a thing of the past. I remember that long ago, when I was a young man, they used to use a sort of cart, very easy to use with them, because they were so small, and I have seen them used in the same way. They are now used in the same way.

"Quint & and that woman's

$$Q = \begin{bmatrix} 1 & 0 & 0 \\ 0 & 1 & 0 \\ 0 & 0 & 1 \end{bmatrix} \quad K = \begin{bmatrix} 1 & 0 & 0 \\ 0 & 1 & 0 \\ 0 & 0 & 1 \end{bmatrix} \quad \text{and} \quad R = \begin{bmatrix} 1 & 0 & 0 \\ 0 & 1 & 0 \\ 0 & 0 & 1 \end{bmatrix}$$

what?

For the sake of others, but if I ever heard that he had put
them And I shall tell what you keep it, how the things

is what brings the others back."

"Laws!" said my friend under her breath. The exclamation was homely, but it revealed a real acceptance of my further proof of what, in the bad time—for there had been a worse even than this—must have occurred. There could have been no such justification for me as the plain assest of her experience to whatever depth of depravity I found credible in our brace of wound-els. It was an obvious submission of memory that she brought out after a moment. "They were raw at it. But what can they now do?" she pursued.

"But," I echoed so loud that Miles and Flora, as they passed at their distance, paused an instant in their walk and looked at us. "Don't they do enough?" I demanded in a lower tone while the children, having smiled and nodded and kissed hands to us, resumed their exhibition. We were held by it a minute, then I answered, "They can destroy them!" At this my companion did turn, but the inquiry she launched was a silent one, the effect of which was to make me more explicit. "They don't know, as yet, quite how—but they're trying hard. They're seen only across, as it were, and beyond—at strange places and on high places, the top of towers, the roof of houses, the outside of windows, the further edge of pools, but there's a deep design, on either side, to shorten the distance and overcome the obstacle, and the success of the tempters is on a question of time. They've only to keep to their suggestions of danger."

"For the children to come?"

"And perish in the attempt!" Mrs. Grose slowly got up, and I scrupulously added, "Unless, of course, we can prevent."

Standing there before me while I kept my seat, she visibly turned things over. "Their uncle must do the preventing. He must take them away."

"And who's to make him?"

She had been scanning the distance, but she now dropped on me a foolish face. "You, miss."

"By writing to him that his house is poisoned and his little nephew and niece mad?"

"But if the *are*, miss?"

"And if I am *myself*," you mean. That's charming news to be sent him by a governess whose prime undertaking was to give him no worry."

Mrs. Grose considered, following the children again. "Yes, he do hate worry. That was the great reason—"

"Why those friends took him in so long. No doubt, though his indifference must have been awful. As I'm not a friend, at any rate, I shouldn't take him in."

My companion, after an instant and for all answer, sat down again and grasped my arm. "Make him, at any rate, come to you."

I stared. "To me?" I had a sudden fear of what she might do. "Him?"

"He ought to be here—he ought to be."

I quickly rose, and I think I must have shown her a queerer face than ever yet. "You see me asking him for a visit? No, with her eyes on my face she evidently couldn't. Instead of it even—as a woman reads another—she could see what I myself saw, his derision, his amusement, his contempt, or the break-down of my resignation at being left alone and for the fine machinery I had set in motion to a tract his attention to my sighted

charms. She didn't know, or we knew, how proud I had been to serve him and to stick to it so firmly, yet she is nonetheless took the measure. I think of the waiting I now gave her. . . . You should have seen your head as to appeal to him for me——"

She was really frightened. Yes, now.

I would leave on the spot, both him and you.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

It was as very well as join them, but speaking to them proved quite as much as ever an effort beyond my strength. I lived in those quarters of studies as discomfortable as before. The situation continued a month, and with new agitations and particular cares the more alone as the part and that part of the study of my new business in the part of my pupils. I was not. I am as sure today as I was sure then, in my more intimate imagination, it was about this creature, for they were aware of my predicament and that the strange relation made it a that set for a long time the air in which we moved. I don't mean, but they had their fingers in their cheeks or did at all my ear for that was not one of their dangers. I do mean, on the other hand, that the element of the unnamed and untouched became between us greater than any other, and that with much as silence it did not have been so successfully effected without a great fear of last arrangement. It was as if, at mother's, we were perpetual strangers in sight. I saw men before which we must stop short, turning soldier's out of a less that we perceived to be far from coming with a true feeling that made us look at each other for a few days it was something harder than we had intended. The doors we had to discreetly opened. As I said, lead to home and here were ones when it might have struck us that almost every branch of study or subject of conversation skirted to that ten ground. For that ten ground was the question of the return of the dead to general and of whatever in especial might survive in memory of the friends now broken had lost. There were days when I could have sworn that one of them had with a true invisible badge said to be other. She looks she does this time, but the worst. To do it would have been to indulge for my sake, and for once in a way, in some direct reference to the lady who had prepared them for my leaving. They had a length to ridest at people for passages in my own history to which I had again and again treated them. They were in possession of everything that had ever happened to me, had had with every circumstance the story of my most adventurous and of those of my brothers and sisters and of the cat and the dog at home as well as many particular of the eccentric nature of my father. I had it in a real arrangement of our house and of their conversation of the old women of our village. There were but gradually taking me with another in. I after all, it is one well very far as to know by what not when. . . . go round. I have paid with a part of their own the strings of my invention and my memories, and nothing else, perhaps, when I thought I such a woman a reward gave me the suspicion of being watched from never over. It was that a case over my

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

I have taken her to the hospital and she is now in the hospital. I have taken her to the hospital and she is now in the hospital. I have taken her to the hospital and she is now in the hospital.

advantage perched up. The shock of such had sunk in the mind deeper than I knew. In the night when looking out to see either Quaker or Mass Jewer, as he says I had feared he to see where I was bed and who had immediately brought in with him had straight way there turned it to me the heavy upward look with which I saw the battle meets above me the hole was a quiet room of Quaker had passed it was a question of a man my discovery on this occasion had scared me more than any other and it was in his confusion I overcame myself but I made my own reflections. They harassed me with as sometimes at all moments I shut myself up a day to tell me it was as seen a fainter touch and a renewed despair. The man died in which I might come to be put. I caught it from one side and the other where it is found. I long more about but I may be able to see the process of a creature of various. As he died away it was as I said to myself that I should indeed be patient to represent something additional to by, not knowing them. I should choose as far as the case of constructive to say as any without any physical had ever known. When I said a prayer. They have the mastery to be seen and you trusted as you are the happiness to speak. I to myself I to me and I to rest my face with my hands. And these secret men I had ever wide but ever going to you as they go to one of our people a people bushes or a tree. I at a time nothing else the strange way of or you. I try for terms in a witness a phrase of a man that had nothing real with the voice of just more than at the moment or it is engaged to think and that I can't hear thoughts as deeper extent of it, as he believed that it would surround the point. There was that he where he ministers were there. Though they were not angry they passed as the French say saying the what he stayed to remember with he fear of then addressing to the younger in his home yet made nothing message or more vivid image than they had thought good enough for me.

[illegible]

the spirit of the pledge given not to appeal to him when I let my charges understand that their own letters were but charming literary exercises. They were too beautiful to be posted. I kept them myself. I have them all to this hour. This was a rule in itself which only added to the satiric effect of my being plied with the supposition that he might at any moment be among us. It was exactly as if my charges knew how almost more awkward than anything else that might be for me. There appears to me, moreover, as I look back, no note in all this more extraordinary than the mere fact that, in spite of my tension and of their triumph, I never lost patience with them. Admittedly they must in truth have been. I now reflect that I didn't in these days hate them. Would exasperation, however, if relief had longer been postponed, finally have betrayed me? It is a matter, for regret arrived. I am, I reflect though I was once there, not that a snap brings to a strain or the burst of a thunderstorm to a day of suffocation. It was at least change, and it came with a rush.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Walking to church a certain Sunday morning I had Mr. Miles at my side and his sister in advance of us and at Miss Grosse's well in sight. It was a crisp, clear day, the first of its order for some time; the night had brought a touch of frost, and the autumn air bright and sharp made the church bells almost gay. It was an odd coincidence of thought that I should have happened at such a moment to be particularly and very gratefully struck with the obedience of my little charges. Why did they never resent my inexorable, my perpetual society? Something or other had brought nearer home to me that I had actually pinned them to my shawl, and that in the way that companions were marshaled before me. I might have appeared to provide against some danger of rebellion. I was like a gaoler with an eye to possible surprises and escapes. But all this being over, I meant their magnificent little surrender—yes, to the special array of the facts that were inistabysmal. I turned out for Sunday by his unique station, who had had a free hand and a notion of pretty waist coats and of his grand little air. Misses whose tie to independence, the rights of his sex and situation, were so stamped upon him that I he had suddenly struck for freedom I should have had nothing to say. I was by the strangest of chances wondering how I should meet him when the revolution unmistakably occurred. I call it a revolution because I now see how, with the word he spoke, the curtain rose on the last act of my dreadful drama and the catastrophe was precipitated. Look here, my dear, you know, the charming said, when in, he would please, am I going back to school?

I transcribed here the speech sounds harmless enough, particularly as uttered in the sweet, high, casual, pipe with which, at a interlunary, but a love as at his eternal governess, he threw off his relations as if he were tossing roses. There was something in them that always make one catch, and I caught, at any rate, now well actually that I stopped as short as if one of the trees of the park had fallen across the road. There was something new, on the spot, between us, and he was perfectly aware that I

recognized it though to enable me to do so he had no need to look a whit less candid and charming than usual. I could feel in him how he already from my at first finding nothing to reply perceived the advantage he had gained. I was so slow to find anything that he had plenty of time after a minute to continue with his suggestive but inconcussive smile. "You know my dear that for a fellow to be with a lady *always*— His 'my dear' was constantly on his lips for me and nothing could have expressed more the exact shade of the sentiment with which I desired to inspire my pupils than its fond familiarity. It was so respectful & easy.

But oh, how I felt that at present I must pick my own phrases! I remember that to gain time, I tried to laugh and I seemed to see in the beautiful face with which he watched me how ugly and queer I looked. "And *always* with the same lady," I returned.

He neither blushed nor winked. The whole thing was virtually out between us. "Ah of course she's a jolly perfect lady but after all I'm a fellow don't you see? that's—well—getting on."

I lingered there with him an instant ever so kindly. "Yes you're getting on." Oh, but I felt helpless!

I have kept to this day the heartbreaking little idea of how he seemed to know that and to play with it. And you can't say I've not been awfully good, can you?"

I laid my hand on his shoulder for though I felt how much better it would have been to walk on I was not yet quite able. "No, I can't say that Miles."

"Except just that one night you know."

"That one night?" I couldn't look as straight as he.

"Why when I went down—went out of the house."

"Oh yes. But I forget what you did it for."

"You forget?"—he spoke with the sweet extravagance of childish reproach. "Why it was to show you I could!"

"Oh, yes, you could."

"And I can again."

I felt that I might, perhaps, after all, succeed in keeping my wits about me. "Certainly. But you won't."

"No, not *that* again. It was nothing."

"It was nothing," I said. "But we must go on."

He resumed our walk with me passing his hand into my arm. "Then when *am* I going back?"

I wore, in turning it over, my most responsible air. "Were you very happy at school?"

He just considered. "Oh I'm happy enough anywhere."

"Well, then," I quavered, "if you're just as happy here——"

"Ah, but that isn't everything! Of course you know a lot——"

But you hint that you know almost as much? I risked as he paused. "Nor had I want to," Miles honestly professed. "But it isn't so much that."

"What is it, then?"

"Well—I want to see more life."

"I see, I see. We had arrived within sight of the church and of various persons including several of the household of Bay on their way to it and clustered about the door to see us go in. I quickened our step. I wanted to

get there before the question between us opened up much further. I reflected hungrily that for more than an hour he would have to be silent, and I thought with envy of the comparative dusk of the pew and of the almost spiritual hush of the hassock on which I might bend my knees. I seemed literally to be running a race with some confusion to which he was about to reduce me—but I felt that he had got in first when before we had even entered the churchyard he threw out—

"I want my own sort."

It literally made me bound forward. "There are not many of your own sort, Miles?" I laughed. "Unless perhaps dear little Flora?"

"You really compare me to a baby girl?"

"I have found me singularly weak. Don't you, then, *love* our sweet Flora?"

"It I did not—and you, too, if I didn't—" he repeated as if retreating for a jump, yet leaving his thought so unfinished that after we had come into the gate, another stop, which he imposed on me by the pressure of his arm, had become inevitable. Mrs. Grose and Flora had passed into the church, the other worshippers had followed, and we were for the minute, alone among the old, thick graves. We had paused on the path from the gate by a low, oblong table-like tomb.

"Yes, if you didn't——?"

He looked while I waited about at the graves. "Well, you know what! But he didn't move, and he presently produced something that made me drop straight down on the stone slab, as if suddenly to rest. "Does my uncle think what you think?"

I markedly rested. "How do you know what I think?"

"Ah, well, of course I don't, for it strikes me you never tell me. But I mean does *he* know?"

"Know what, Miles?"

"Why, the way I'm going on."

I perceived quickly enough that I could make to this inquiry, no answer that would not involve something of a sacrifice of my employer. Yet it appeared to me that we were all at Bly sufficiently sacrificed to make that venial. "I don't think your uncle much cares."

Miles, on this, stood looking at me. "Then don't you think he can be made to?"

"In what way?"

"Why, by his coming down."

"But who'll get him to come down?"

"I will," the boy said with extraordinary brightness and emphasis. He gave me another look charged with that expression and then marched off alone into church.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

The business was practically settled from the moment I never followed him. It was a pitiful surrender to agitation, but my being aware of this had somehow no power to restore me. I only sat there on my tomb and read into what my little friend had said to me the fullness of its meaning by the

time I had grasped the whole of which I had almost missed. For absent the pretext that I was ashamed to offer my paper at the best of the congregation such an example of delay. What I said to myself above all was that Mrs. had got something out of me and that the ground of it for him was the best for awkward escape. He had got out of me that there was something I was not afraid of and that he should probably be able to make use of my fear to gain for his own purpose more freedom. My fear was of having to deal with him to determine possession of the grounds of his dismissal from school. For that was really all the question of the household gathered behind. That my whole should have to do with me of these things was a notion. For when speaking I ought not to have desired a thing on but I could not see the way forward the part of it that I simply procrastinated and used him to my mind. The way to my deep satisfaction was immensely in the right way and a position to say to me. I knew you dealing with my guardian he mysteriously interrupted my studies of so I came to expect me to read with you a little but without at all of a day. What was so extraordinary for the particular but I was concerned with was this wonder reveal a sort of a consciousness and a plan.

That was what really overcame me what prevented my going on. I walked round the church hesitating however I realised that I had already which I had missed his and repair. Therefore I could not help feeling as it was in extreme of it. It was as if he were beside him as he knew he would be with me. I was sure that even to pass by at the time and make me sit there for at least ten more minutes contact with his conversation was not to be feared. For he had not yet seen his arrival. I wanted to get away from him. As I passed I turned to the high east window and listened to the wonder of worship. I was taken with an impulse that might master me. I felt completely should I give it the least room. I might easily put an end to my predicament. This getting away at once. Here was my chance. Here was to come to stop me. I could give the whole thing up. Turn my back and return. It was only a question of hurrying again. For a few preparations to the house which he had rejected at the time. Many of the servants would probably have remained quiet. No one in short could blame me if I should not have hesitated. What was to get away if I got away. My conscience. That would be a couple of hours at the end of which I had the same presence. My time paper would play at it. I went wonder about my not appearing at the train.

What did you do your thoughts had this. Why in the world I to worry myself and take of the night. I could not know. I did not see this at the very door. I could not see such questions nor as they asked him then I saw the house as ever. Yet I was a man exactly what I could have to meet that as the prospect grew sharp to me. I at last let myself go.

I got so far as the immediate mother was concerned away. I came straight out of the church and as I thinking hard retraced my steps through the park. I seemed to me that by the time I reached the house I had made up my mind I would fly. The Sunday of my birth. The approaches and of the interior in which I met the servants expected me with a sense of opportunity. Were I to get all quickly this way I should get all without a scene without a word. My quick exit would have been remarkable however and he present of a conservator was the greatest

to settle. I lamented in the hall with its thrones and obstacles. I remember sinking down at the foot of the staircase and leaning my body against the wall on the lowest step and then with a revulsion recalling that it was exactly where more than a month before in the darkness of night and fast so bowed with evil things I had seen the specter of the most horrible of women. At this I was able to straighten myself. I went the rest of the way up. I made in my bewilderment for the schoolroom where there were objects belonging to me that I should have to take. But I opened the door to find again in a flash my eyes mislead. In the presence of what I saw I recoiled straight back upon my resistance.

Seated at my own table in clear noon-day light I saw a person whom without my previous experience I should have taken at the first blush for some housemaid who might have stayed at home to look after the place and who, availing herself of rare relief from observation and of the schoolroom table and my pens, ink, and paper, had applied herself to the consideration of a letter to her sweetheart. There was an effort in the way that while her arms rested on the table her hands with evident weariness supported her head; but at the moment I took that in I had already become aware that in spite of my entrance her attitude strangely persisted. Then it was—with the very act of announcing myself—that her identity flared up in a change of posture. She rose not as I she had heard me, but with an indescribable grand melancholy of indifference and detachment and with a dozen feet of me stood there as my vice predecessor. Dishonored and tragic she was as before me, but even as I fixed and for memory secured the awful image passed away. Dark as midnight in her black dress, her haggard beauty and her unutterable woe, she had looked at me long enough to appear to say that her right to sit at my table was as good as mine to sit at hers. While these instincts lasted, indeed, I had the extraordinary chill of feeling that it was I who was the intruder. It was as a wild protest against it that, actually addressing her, "You terrible, miserable woman!" I heard myself break into a sound that by the open door rang through the long passage and the empty house. She looked at me as if she heard me, but I had recovered myself and cleared the air. There was nothing in the room the next minute but the sunshine and a sense that I must stay.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

I had so perfectly expected that the return of my pupils would be marked by a demonstration that I was freshly upset at having to take into account that they were dumb about my absence. Instead of gallily denouncing and caring for me, they made no allusion to my having failed them and I was left, for the time, on perceiving that she too said nothing to study Mrs. Galloway's face. I felt this to such purpose that I made sure they had in some way bribed her to silence, a silence that however I would engage to break down on the first private opportunity. This opportunity came before tea. I secured five minutes with her in the housekeeper's room where in the twilight amid a smell of stale baked bread, but

with the place all swept and garnished. I found her sitting in pained placidity before the fire. So I see her was so I see her best—facing the flame from her straight chair in the dusky sitting-room, a large clean image of the put-away—of drawers closed and picked as I rest without a remedy.

"Oh, yes, they asked me to say nothing, and to please them—so long as they were there—of course I proposed. But what had happened to you?"

"I only went with you for the walk," I said. "I had then to come back to meet a friend."

She showed her surprise. "A friend—*you?*"

"Oh, yes, I have a couple," I laughed. "But did the children give you a reason?"

"For not wanting to come leaving us? Yes, they said you would like it better. Do you like it better?"

My face had made her tuckful. "No, I like it worse. But after a moment I added: 'But they say why I should like it better.'"

"No, Master Miles only said: 'We trust you mean it but what she likes.'"

"I wish indeed he would. And what did Flora say?"

"My Flora was too sweet. She said: 'Of course, of course'—and I said the same."

"I thought a moment. You were too sweet too—I can hear you all. But nevertheless, between Miles and me—it is now all out."

"A fact. My companion stated. But what miss?"

"Everything. It doesn't matter. I've made up my mind. I came home my dear. I went on for a talk with Miss Jewell."

"I had by that time formed the habit of having Mrs. Grose lie directly well in hand in advance of my sounding that note—so that even now, as she bravely blinked under the signal of my word, I could keep her comparatively calm. A talk. Do you recall she spoke—"

"It came to that. I found her, on my return, in the schoolroom."

"And what did she say? I can hear the good woman still, and the candor of her stupefaction."

"That she suffers the torments——!"

"I was this of a truth that made her, as she fled over my picture, gape. Do you mean she faltered——of the joy?"

"Of the lost. Of the damned. And that's why, to share them—— I faltered myself with the horror of it."

"But my companion, with less imagination, kept me up. To share them——"

"She was, is Flora? Mrs. Grose might, as I gave it to her, fairly have taken away from me had I not been prepared. I was, he did her there, to show I was. As I've told you, however, it doesn't matter."

"Because you've made up your mind. But to what?"

"To everything."

"And what do you call 'everything'?"

"Why, sending for their uncle."

"Oh, miss, in pity do—my friend broke out."

"Ah, but I will, I am. I see it the only way. What's out, as I told you, with Miles is that he thinks I'm afraid to—and has ideas of what he gains by that. He shall see he's mistaken. Yes, yes, his uncle shall have it here to-morrow, on the spot (and here the boy himself, if necessary, that if I am to be reproached with having done nothing again about more school——"

Yes, miss—— my companion pressed me

"We'll there's that awful reason."

There were now clearly so many of these for my poor old league that she was excusable for being vague. But, alas, which?

"Why, the letter from his old place."

"You'll show it to the master?"

"I ought to have done so on the instant."

"Oh, no!" said Mrs. Grose with decision.

I put it before him. I went on inexorably, that I must undertake to work the question on behalf of a child who has been exposed——"

"For we've never in the least known what," Mrs. Grose declared

for wickedness. For what else——when he's so clever and beautiful and perfect? Is he stupid? Is he unsteady? Is he infirm? Is he ill-natured? He's exquisite——so I can be only *that*, and that would open up the whole thing. After all, I said, it's their uncle's fault. If he gets here such people——

He can't really in the least know them. The fault's mine. She had turned quite pale.

"Well, you shan't suffer," I answered.

"The children shan't," she emphatically returned.

I was silent awhile. We looked at each other. "Then what am I to tell him?"

"You needn't tell him anything. I'll tell him."

I measured this. Do you mean you'll write——?" Remembering she couldn't, I caught myself up. How do you communicate?"

"I tell the bailiff. He writes."

"And should you like him to write our story?"

My question had a sarcastic force that I had not fully intended, and it made her, after a moment, inconsequently break down. The tears were again in her eyes. "Ah, miss, you write!"

"Well, tonight," I at last answered, and on this we separated.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

I went so far in the evening as to make a beginning. The weather had changed back, a great wind was abroad, and beneath the lamp, in my room, with Flora at peace beside me, I sat for a long time before a blank sheet of paper and listened to the dash of the rain and the hatter of the gusts. Finally I went out, taking a candle. I crossed the passage and listened a minute at Miles's door. What, under my endless obsession, I had been impelled to listen for was some betrayal of his not being at rest, and I presently caught one, but not in the form I had expected. His voice tinkled out. "I say, you there——come in." It was a gaiety in the gloom!

I went in with my light and found him in bed very wide awake, but very much at his ease. "Well, what are you up for?" he asked with a grace of sociability in which it occurred to me that Mrs. Grose, had she been present, might have looked in vain for proof that anything was out.

I stood over him with my candle. How did you know I was there?"

"Why, of course I heard you. Did you fancy you made no noise? You're

like a troop of cavaliers—he bravely laughed.

"Then you weren't asleep?"

"Not much! I lie awake and think."

I had just as my candle designedly as he it was off, and then, as he heard our foot-steps, I had to come, had sat down on the edge of his bed.

"What is it," I asked, "that you think of?"

"What is the world, my dear, but you?"

Ah, the pride I take in your appreciation! doesn't it show that I had so far rather you slept?"

"Well, I think as you know of this queer business of ours—"

I marked the courtesy I had in the hand. "Oh, what queer business Miles."

"Why, the way you bring me up. And all the rest."

I felt my head it's true, but it's not, and even from my guttering taper there was light enough to show how he smiled up at me from his pillow.

"What do you mean by all the rest?"

"Oh, you know, you know!"

I could say nothing for a minute, though I felt, as I heard his hand and our eyes continued to meet, that my silence had as the air of admitting no change and that nothing in the whole world of reality was perhaps at that moment so fatal as my not acting as a relation. Certainly you shan't go back to school, I said, for he has that troubles you. But now, the old peace—we must find another, a better. How could I know it did trouble you, this question, when you never told me so, never spoke of it at all? His clear, alerting face, framed in its smooth whiteness made him for the minute as appearing as some waiting patient in a children's hospital, and I would have given, as the resemblance came to me, as I possessed, in earthly reality to be, he in use of the water of life, who might have helped to cure him. Well, even as it was, I perhaps might help. Oh, you know you've never said a word to me about your school. I mean the old one, never mentioned it in any way?"

He seemed to wonder, he smiled with the same joy new. But he clearly gained time, he waited, he called for guidance. Haven't I? It wasn't for me to be plain—it was for the thing I had met.

Something it hurt me and the expression of his face, as I got this from him, set my heart aching with such a pang as it had never yet known, so unutterably touching was it to see his little brain puzzled and his little reason taxed to play, under the spectacle in him, a part of ignorance and of mystery. No, never, from he hours you came back. You've never mentioned to me one of your masters, one of your comrades, not the least one thing that ever happened to you at school. Never, my Miles—no, never, have you given me an inkling of anything that may have happened there. I forget the very fancy how much I'm in the dark. I'm so come out that way, this morning, you had, since the first hour I saw you, scarce even made a reference to anything in your previous life. You seemed so perfectly to accept the present. It was extraordinary how my absolute conviction of his secret presence in whatever I might call the person of an influence, but I dared not have to phrase, made him in spite of the faint idea he had his inward trouble appear as accessible as an outer person—supposed him a quest as an intellectual equal. I thought you wanted to go on as you are."

It struck me hard as he lay faintly colored. He gave at any rate like a convalescent slightly fatigued, a languid shake of his head. "I don't—I don't. I want to get away."

"You're tired of Bly?"

"Oh, no. I like Bly."

"Well, then—"

"Oh, you know what a boy wants!"

I felt that I did not know so well as Miles, and I took temporary refuge. "You want to go to your uncle?"

Again at this with his sweet monk face, he made a movement on the pillow. "Ah, you can't get off with that."

I was momentarily a little awed, it was I now. I think when I argued that. "My dear, I don't want to get off!"

"You can't even if you do. You can't, you can't," he lay beautifully staring. "My uncle must come home, and you must completely settle things."

"If we do," I returned with some spirit, "you may be sure it will be to take you quite away."

Well, did not you understand that that's exactly what I'm working for? You'll have to tell him—about the way you've let it all drop, you'll have to tell him a tremendous lot!"

The exaltation with which he uttered this helped me somehow for the moment to meet him rather more. And how much would you, Miles, have to tell him? There are things he'll ask you.

He turned it over. "Yes, like you. But what things?"

The things you've never told me. To make up his mind what to do with you. He can't send you back——"

"Oh, I don't want to go back!" he broke in. "I want a new field."

He said it with admirable serenity, with positive, inimitable gaiety, and doubtless it was that very more that most evoked for me the poignant, the unnatural childish tragedy of his probable reappearance at the end of three months with all this bravado, and still more dishonor. It overcame me now that I should never be able to bear that again, it made me let myself go. I threw myself upon him and in the tenderness of my pity I embraced him. "Dear little Miles, dear little Miles——"

My face was close to his, and he let me kiss him simply taking it with indulgent good humor. "Well, good-lays."

Is there nothing—nothing at all, that you want to tell me?

He turned still a little facing toward the wall, and heeling up his hand to look at as one had seen sick children look. "I've told you—I told you this morning."

"Oh, I was sorry for him. That you don't want me not to worry you."

He looked round at me now, as if in recognition of my understanding him, then ever so gently. "To let me alone," he replied.

There was even a singular, noble dignity in it, something that made me release him, yet when I had slowly risen, at last beside him, God knows I never wished to charade him, but I felt that merely, at this not turning my back on him was to abandon or, to put it more truly, to lose him. "I've just begun a letter to your uncle," I said.

"Well, then, finish it!"

I waited a minute. "What happened before?"

He gazed up at me again. Before what—

Before you came back. And before you went away.

For some time he was silent, but he continued to meet my eyes. "What happened?"

It made me—the sound of the words, in which it seemed to me that I caught for the very first time a small faint quaver of consenting consciousness—it made me drop on my knees beside the bed and seize once more the chance of possessing him. "Dear little Miles, dear little Miles, if you knew how I want to be p^{ro} you. It's only that, it's nothing but that, and I'd rather die than give you a pain or do you a wrong. I'd rather die than hurt a hair of you. Dear little Miles—oh, I brought it out now even if I *should* go too far. . . I just want you to be p^{ro} to save you." But I knew in a moment after this that I had gone too far. The answer to my appeal was instantaneous, but it came in the form of an extraordinary blast and chill—a gust of frozen air, and a shake of the room as great as if, in the wild wind, the casement had crashed in. The boy gave a loud high shriek, which lost in the rest of the shock of sound might have seemed, and surely though I was so close to him, a note either of jubilation or of terror. I jumped to my feet again and was conscious of darkness. So for a moment we remained, while I stared about me and saw that the drawn curtains were unstirred and the window tight. Why, the candle's out. I then cried:

"It was I who blew it, dear!" said Miles.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

The next day, after lessons, Mrs. Grose found a moment to say to me quietly, "Have you written, miss?"

Yes—I've written. But I didn't add—for the hour—that my letter, sealed and directed, was still in my pocket. There would be time enough to send it before the messenger should go to the village. Meanwhile there had been, on the part of my pupils, no more brilliant, more exemplary morning. It was exactly as if they had both had at heart to gloss over any recent little friction. They performed the dizziest feats of arithmetic, roaring quite out of my feeble range, and perpetrated, in higher spirits than ever, geographical and historical jokes. It was conspicuous of course to Miles in particular that he appeared to wish to show how easily he could let me down. This, had to my memory, reads over in a setting of beauty and misery that no words can translate: there was a dissonant of his own in every impulse he revealed, never was a small natural creature to the uninitiated eye, a frankness and freedom, a more ingenuous, a more extraordinary little gentleman. I had perpetually to guard against the wonder of contemplation into which my initiated view betrayed me. To check the irrelevant gaze and discouraged sight in which I caught him both attacked and renounced the enigma of what such a little gentleman could have done that deserved a penalty. Nay that, by the dark protogy I knew, the imagination of all evil had been opened up to him, as he justice with me asked for the proof that it could ever have flowered into an act.

He had never, at any rate, been such a little gentleman as when, after

[illegible][illegible]

"She'll be above," she presently said in one of the rooms you haven't searched."

N. she sat a distance. I had made up my mind. She has gone out. Mrs. Grose stared "Without a hat?"

"She's with her?"

Step 4 with Net: I do arrest. We do not do them.

My hand was on my hip as I stepped back. He moved
and found me with arms at waist level. The man next to me pulled his press
up. She immediately took the picture. In the spot where her press was
and where Master Alex

On the whole, the desire for uniformity is

"Lord, miss—My view, I was myself aware—and therefore I suppose my tone—had never yet reached so calm an assurance."

"The trick's played!" I went on—they've successfully worked their plan. He found the most divine little way to keep me quiet while she went off!"

"Divine?" Mrs. Grose bewilderedly echoed.

"Infernal, then!" I almost cheerfully rejoined. "He has provided for himself as well. But come!"

She had helplessly gloomed at the upper regions. "You leave him—?"

"So long with Quint!" Yes—I don't mind that now."

She always ended at these moments by getting possession of my hand, and in this manner she could at present still stay me. But after gasping an instant at my sudden resignation—"Because of your letter?" she eagerly brought out

I quickly & by way of answer, felt for my letter, drew it forth, held it up, and then, freeing myself, went and laid it on the great hall table. "Luke will take it," I said as I came back. I reached the house door and opened it. I was already on the steps.

My companion still demurred—the storm of the night and the early morning had dropped, but the afternoon was damp and gray. I came down to the drive while she stood in the doorway. "You go with nothing on?"

"What do I care when the child has nothing? I can't wait to dress," I cried, "and if you must do so, I leave you. Try meanwhile yourself upstairs."

"With *them*?" Oh, on this the poor woman promptly joined me.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

We went straight to the lake, as it was called at Bly, and I daresay rightly called, though I reflect that it may in fact have been a sheet of water less remarkable than it appeared to my untraveled eyes. My acquaintance with sheets of water was small, and the pool of Bly, at all events on the few occasions of my consenting, under the protection of my pupils, to affront its surface in the old flat-bottomed boat moored there for our use, had impressed me both with its extent and its agitation. The usual place of embarkation was half a mile from the house, but I had an intimate conviction that wherever Flora might be, she was not near home. She had not given me the slip for any small adventure, and since the day of the very great one that I had shared with her by the pond, I had been aware, in our walks, of the quarter to which she most inclined. This was why I had now given to Mrs. Grose's steps so marked a direction—a direction that made her, when she perceived it, oppose a resistance that showed me she was fresh & mystified. "You're going to the water, Miss—you think she's in——"

"She may be, though the depth is, I believe, nowhere very great. But what I judge most likely is, that she's on the spot from which, the other day, we saw together what I told you."

"When she pretended not to see——?"

"With that astounding self-possession! I've always been sure she wanted to go back alone. And now her brother has managed it for her."

Mrs. Grose still stood where she had stopped. "You suppose they really *lost* it, then?"

"I could meet this with a confidence. They say things that, if we heard them, would simply appal us."

"And if she is there——?"

"Yes?"

"Then Miss Jessel is?"

"Beyond a doubt. You shall see."

"Oh, thank you," my friend cried, planted so firm that taking it in, I went straight on without her. By the time I reached the pond, however, she was close behind me, and I knew that whatever of her apprehension might betide me, the exposure of my society struck her as her least danger. She exhaled a murmur of relief as we at last came in sight of the greater part of the water without a sight of the child. There was no trace of Flora on that nearer side of the bank where my observation of her had been most startling, and none on the opposite edge, where, save for a margin of some twenty yards, a thick copse came down to the water. The pond, oblong in shape, had a width so scant, compared to its length, that, with its ends out of view, it might have been taken for a scant river. We looked at the empty expanse, and then I felt the suggestion of my friend's eyes. I knew what she meant and I replied with a negative headshake.

"No, no, wait. She has taken the boat."

My companion stared at the vacant mooring place and then again across the lake. "Then where is it?"

"But not seeing it is the strongest of proofs. She has used it to go over, and then has managed to hide it."

"All alone—that child?"

"She's not alone, and at such times she's not a child; she's an old, old woman. I wanded a little visible shore where Mrs. Grose took again into the queer element, I offered her one of her plunges of submission, then I pointed out that the boat might perfectly be in a small refuge formed by one of the recesses of the pool, an indentation masked, for the hither side, by a projection of the bank and by a clump of trees growing close to the water."

"But if the boat's there, where on earth's she?" my colleague anxiously asked.

"That's exactly what we must learn. And I started to walk further."

"By going all the way round?"

"Certainly, far as it's. It will take us but ten minutes, but it's fat enough to have made the child prefer not to walk. She went straight over."

"Laws," cried my friend again, the chain of my logic was ever too much for her. It dragged her at my heels even now, and when we had got halfway round—a devious, tiresome process, on ground much broken and lumpy by a path choked with overgrowth—I paused to give her breath. I sustained her with a grateful alarm, as if I thought that she might hugely help me, and this started, as a trifle, so that in the course of our few minutes more we reached a point from which we found the boat to be where I had supposed it. It had been attention as swift as much as possible out of sight and was tied to one of the stakes of a fence that came just there, down to

the trunk and that had been at my service, I observed I recognized as I looked at the pair of short, thick ears—the ears I drew up the prodigious that were at the feet for a change—how I had loved by this time to be lying among willows and had parted to too many sweet memories. There was a gate in the fence through which we passed, and I thought it after a fitting interval, more into the open. Then here she is, we both exclaim at once.

For a short way of slow, set, steady, he glances, I turned and her performance was now complete. The next thing she did, however, was to stop straight away and look at me as if it were as if she was here for a long, long space of wintered time, a static, weathered she had become, and the space. She waited for us, not herself taking a step, and I was conscious of the rate with which we presently approached her. She smiled and smiled, and we met, but it was as if there was a victory by this time (agitatedly, it seems). Mrs. Fosse was the first to break the spell; she threw herself on her knees and, yawning her head, her breath, clasped in a long embrace, he, the tender, viewing body. While they were busy, it was as if I could not wait, but I did, for he more perfectly when I saw his face peep at me over his shoulder, and I was serious now—the finger had still, but I still heard the pang with which I at that moment entered Mrs. Fosse's company, and her relation. Now, as if nothing more passed between us save that I had set her to wash her face again, I got to the ground. What she and I had so far said to each other was that, it seems, were over now. When Mrs. Fosse then got up she kept the first talk, and so that he two were in before me, and I the wing at return, and the conversation was ever more talked to the trunk, and she, as if he had, I said, I speak.

It was but a while, gazing at her, that I did wonder was he first. She was struck with our face, and I spoke. Why, where are you things?

Where you are, my dear, I pointed, returned.

She had already got back her gait, and I, waited to take this as an answer, to say, and I. And where is Miss? she went on.

There was something in the small, and I that quite troubled me, these three words from her were, in a flash, like the gutter of a dawn blade, the note of being that is hard for weeks and weeks had heard high, and I, to the first, and I, we even heard speaking. I felt our time in a change. I heard, and I, to me. I heard myself say, then heard the first, and I, to me.

"Well, what?"

Mrs. Fosse's answer looked at me, but it was too late now, and I brought the long, and I, to me. Where, my dear, is Miss Jesse?

CHAPTER TWENTY

Just as in the first I dealt with Mary, the whole thing was upon us. Much as I had made it plain that his name had never come between us, been sounded, the quick, stinging glare with which the child's face now received it fairly, struck my forehead, he seemed to the smash of a pane of glass. It added to the time passing, as if it was the doom that Mrs. Cressie, at the same time, uttered over my violence, the shriek of a creature slain, or rather wounded, which, not with the few seconds was completed by a gasp of my own. I seized my comrade's arm. "She's there, she's there!"

Miss Jessie stood before us in the opposite bank exactly as she had stood before me, and I remember so angry, as the first feeling now produced in me, my feeling was at having thought of a friend. She was there, and I was just as if she was here, and I was neither nor more. She was there for just what Mrs. Cressie, but she was there more for Julia, and no moment. I say moment, because she was perhaps so extraneous as that in which I consciously threw up to her, with her face so that pale and rapturous fervor as she was, she would catch and understand that intimate message of gratitude. She rose erect on the spot my friend and a hand was quivered, and there was not in a breathing reach of her desire, an inch of her eye that he should. His first softness of vision and emotion were things of a few seconds, during which Mrs. Cressie's dazed look across to where I pointed struck me as a sovereign sign that she too had seen, as if it carried its own eyes precipitately to the child. The revelation then of the manner in which Julia was affected startled me, in truth far more than it would have done to find her so merely agitated, but I felt that was of course not what I had expected. Prepared and on her guard, I say our ports in had as they made her, she would reject every betrayal, and I was therefore shaken, on the spot, by my first glimpse of the pathos at me, or which I had not dreamed. I see her without a conscious. Then that pink face, not even beginning once in the direction of the prodigy I announced, but it is instead of that to put me an expression of half-visible gray, an expression almost as new and unexpected and that appeared to read as "accuse at" to me, this was a stroke that somehow converted the time gathered into the very presence that could make me glad. I paused even though my certainty that she then rightly saw was never greater than at that instant, and in the immediate need to defend myself I said it passed a my witness. She's there, she's there, it happens, I say, there, here, there, and so we see her as well as we see me. I had said that to retreat to Mrs. Cressie, but she was not at these times a child, but an old, old woman, and her description of her, I should have been to it that I was, but in the way in which I had answered, for she was just showed me without a conscious, an admission of her eyes, a mixture of deeper and deeper, if I could

[illegible][illegible]

"She said there's no body out there, and I never see nothing like them. How about poor Miss Jesse, when poor Miss Jesse's dead?" "Butter, we know that we are," said she, appearing to understand it, "the dead is a a mere mistake and a worry and a ache, and we'll go home as fast as we can!"¹⁴

That suspicion, which I had resolutely thrown aside, took possession of my mind, and I was again with Mrs. Elmore, her feet, as well as I were, in painful position, the blood rushed to her face, and with her usual mask of repugnance, and even at that moment I prayed God to bring to me the strength to see that as she was here to do good, so I tried to free her from it, and she, when it came to be stated, had quite satisfied her soul that ready she was, she was indeed very kind, she had indeed intended at last to do so. I found out what it meant, I see it now. I see nothing further to it. I think, because I did not say so. Then, after this declaration, which things have been that of a singular personage, the first of which I thought Mrs. Elmore more, and indeed, I have said to her, that she was the face of the position, she put her hand on a most strange way. I am not away take her away, so I take me away from her!"

"From me?" I panted

"From you—from you!" she cried.

Then Mrs. Lamer went back as at the first where I had not yet
done a thing and was again with the girl that in the previous talk
with me was not as good as the young woman that I had
known was as good as the first. I was not there for a long
time. The woman that I had seen was as good as the first.

[illegible][illegible]

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

Before a new day in my room had I awoke, my eyes opened to Mrs. Cruse, who had come to my bedside with worse news. Flora was so markedly feverish, but at the same way perhaps at hand, she had passed a night of extreme distress, a night agitated above all by fears that had for their subject not in the least her father, but which her present governess, I was told, against the possibility of her leaving Miss Jesse on the scene. But she protested it was only in jest, and passionately against it. I was promptly in my bed of course, and with a little time to ask, he more than my friend for some time, how good he had just been to me. This he answered as a happy other, for any one, very sense of the character of his own. She persists in denying you, but she saw, or has ever seen, anything?"

My view of the matter was great. Ah, miss, it is a matter on which I can push her. Yet I will either let you stay, and I will be needed to I have made her every inch of her, quite old.

Oh, I see her perfectly here, here. She resents, for a, the word like so the high, the personage, the impression on her to the others, and I say it were her respectability. Miss Jesse, indeed. Ah, Ah, she's respectable, he said. The impression, she gave me there yesterday was, I assure you, the very strongest, and it was quite beyond any of the others. I had put my foot on it. She'll never speak to me again.

Flora is and she is as far away as I can get. Mrs. Cruse briefly went, then she glanced my point with a frankness which I made sure had more behind it. I think indeed, miss, she never will. She'll have a grand manner about it."

"And that manner?" I summed up— "sprawls is what's the matter with her now?"

Oh, that manner, I could see it in my own face, and not a, the new beauty. She asks me every three months, if I think you're coming in.

I see, I see. I think my own had with a more than worked it out. Has she said, or said, or yesterday, except to reproduce her father's words with anything so dreadful, as saying, other words about Miss Jesse?

No, one miss. And of course you know, my friend added. I looked from her, by the lake, far, by the water, and there, at least, there, somebody.

Rather. And naturally, you like it from her side.

I can't contradict her. What else can I do?

Nothing in the world. You're the cleverest little person to deal with. They've a lot to tell, then, we're, is I think, she's feverish even, at nature, it for I was with my state in my own. I have a way, now, her grievance, and she'll work it to the end.

"Yes, miss, but to what end?"

Why, I think, it's doing with her, other, or. Such, make me, it is, the lowest creature——"

I winced at the full show of the scene in Mrs. Grose's face: she looked for a minute as if she sharply saw them together. "And him who thinks so well of you!"

He has an odd way—it comes over the now. I laughed—of proving it. But that doesn't matter. What Flora wants, of course, is to get rid of me."

My companion bravely concurred. "Never again to so much as look at you."

"So that what you've come to me now for—I asked—is to speed me on my way? Before she had time to reply, however, I had her in check. "I've a better idea—the result of my reflections. My going *is* and *was* the right thing, and on Sunday I was terribly near it. Yet that won't do. It's you who must go. You must take Flora."

My visitor at this did speculate. "But where in the world—?"

"Away from here. Away from *them*. Away, even if not of all, now, from me. Straight to her uncle."

"Only to tell on you——?"

"No, not only. To leave me in addition with my remedy."

She was still vague. "And what is your remedy?"

"Your rivalry, to beg it with. And then Miles's."

She looked at me hard. "Do you think he——?"

What if he has the chance turn on me? Yes, I venture still to think it. At all events, I want to try. Get off with his sister as soon as possible and leave me with him alone. I was amazed myself at the spirit I had now in reserve, and therefore perhaps a little the more disconcerted at the way in which, in spite of this fine example, if it she hesitated. There's one thing, of course. I went on—they mustn't believe she goes, see each other for three seconds. Then I came over me that in spite of Flora's presumable sequestration from the instant of her return from the post, it might already be too late. "Do you mean," I anxiously asked, "that they *have* met?"

At this she quite flushed. "Ah, miss, I'm not such a fool as that. If I've been obliged to leave her three or four times, it has been each time with one of the maids, and at present, though she's alone, she's locked in safe. And yet—and yet—there were too many things."

"And yet what?"

"Well, are you so sure of the little gentleman?"

I'm not sure of anything but you. But I have, since last evening, a new hope. I think he wants to give me an opening. I can believe that, poor little exquisite wretch—he wants to speak. Last evening, in the fire-light and the silence, he sat with me for two hours as if it were last coming.

Mrs. Grose looked hard through the window at the gray-gathering day. "And did it come?"

No, though I waited and waited. Unless it didn't and it was without a breath of the silence or so much as a faint allusion to his sister's confinement and absence that we at least kissed for good night. All the same." I continued. "I can tell her, once hers he'll consent to his seeing her brother without my having given the boy—and most of all because things have got so bad—a little more time."

My friend appeared on this ground more reluctant than I could quite understand. "What do you mean by more time?"

"Well, a day or two—really to bring it out. He'll then be on *my* side—of which you see the importance. If nothing comes, I shall only fail, and you will, at the worst, have helped me by doing, on your arrival in town, whatever you may have found possible." So I put it before her, but she continued for a while so inscrutably embarrassed that I came again to her aid. "Incess, indeed? I wound up, 'you really want *not* to go.'"

I could see it in her face at last clear itself, she put on her hand to me as a pledge. "I'll go—I'll go—I'll go this morning."

I wanted to be very just. "If you *should* wish still to wait, I would engage she shouldn't see me."

"No, no, it's the place itself. She must leave it." She held me a moment with heavy eyes, then brought out the rest. "Your idea's the right one. I myself miss——"

"Well,——"

"I can't stay."

The look she gave me with it made me jump at possibilities. "You mean that, since yesterday, you *have* seen——?"

She shook her head with dignity. "I've *heard*——!"

"Heard?"

From that chad horrors. There," she sighed with tragic relief. "On my honor, miss, she says things——!" But at this evocation she broke down, she dropped with a sudden sob, upon my sofa and, as I had seen her do before, gave way to all the grief of it.

It was quite in another manner that I, for my part, set myself go. "Oh, thank God!"

She sprang up again at this, drying her eyes with a groan. "Thank God!"

"It so justifies me."

"It does that, miss!"

I couldn't have desired more emphasis, but I just hesitated. "She's so horrible——"

I saw my colleague scarce knew how to put it. "Really shocking."

"And about me?"

"About you, miss—since you must have it. It's beyond everything, for a young lady, and I can't think where she must have picked up——"

"The appalling language she applied to me? I can't then," I broke in with a laugh that was doubtless significant enough.

It only, in truth, left my friend still more grave. "Well, perhaps I ought to also—since I've heard some of it before. Yet I can't bear it," the poor woman went on while, with the same movement, she glanced, on my dressing-table, at the face of my watch. "But I must go back."

I kept her, however. "Ah, if you can't bear it——"

"How can I stop with her, you mean? Why, just, or that, to get her away far from this," she pursued, "far from *them*."

"She may be different? She may be free?" I seized her almost with joy. "Then, in spite of yesterday, you *believe*——"

In such doings? Her simple description of them required, in the light of her expression, to be carried no further, and she gave me the whole thing as she had never done. "I believe."

Yes, it was a joy, and we were still shoulder to shoulder, if I might continue sure of that I should care but little what else happened. My

to open up the presence of disaster was the he knew as I had seen in my early need of confidence and that my friend would answer for my honesty. I would answer for it at the test. On the point of asking leave of her, nonetheless, I was in some extent embarrassed. There's one thing of course it occurs to me to remember. My piece giving the alarm will have reached town before you."

I was perplexed to learn how she had been beating about the bush and how weak at last it had made her. Your letter won't have got here. Your letter never went."

"What then became of it?"

"Goodness knows! Master Miles—"

"Do you mean *he* took it?" I gasped.

She hung fire, but she met at once her reluctance. "I mean that I saw yesterday when I came back with Mrs. Fura that it wasn't where you had put it. Later in the evening I had the chance to question Luke, and he declared that he had neither noticed nor touched it. We could only exchange on this one of our deeper mutual soundings, and it was Mrs. Grove who first brought up the point with an almost raised voice. You see—"

"Yes, I see that if Miles took it instead he probably will have read it and destroyed it."

"And don't you see anything else?"

I faced her a moment with a sad smile. "It strikes me that by this time your eyes are open even wider than mine."

They proved to be so indeed, but she could not brush a move to show it. "I make out now what he must have done at school. And she gave in her ample sharpness an almost drowsy disavowal. "At the same—"

I turned it over. I tried to be more direct. "Well, perhaps—"

She looked as if she found me unexpectedly calm. "He stole letters—"

She couldn't know my reasons for a calm new after all pretty shallow, so I showed them all as I might. The point then was to more purpose than in this case. The note, at any rate, that I put on the table yesterday. I pursued—now have given him so want an advantage. Let it contained only the bare demand of an interview—that he was a tragedy much ashamed of having gone so far for so little, and that what he had achieved that evening was precisely the need of confession. I seemed to have it for an instant to have mastered it to see it all. Leave us, leave us. I was already at the door, hurrying her off. I got round of him. He meet me—he confess. If he confesses, he's saved. And if he's saved—"

"Then you are—" The least woman kissed me on the cheek. I took her farewell. "I save you with it," she cried as she went.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

Yet it was when she had got off—and I missed her on the spot—that the great pinch really came. If I had counted on what it would give me to find myself alone with Mrs. F. I speedily perceived, at least, that it would give me a measure. No hint of this way in fact was so assailed with apprehensions as that of my coming down to hear—that the carriage

I wish it were I, right would I have done a right thing. Here a present I felt a rush, for I had felt it again and again—how my eyes, how my dependence on the very excess of my sight with the words that my eyes and glances possible to the truth that what I had to leave with was resting my eyes against nature. I could only get on at all by taking nature into my confidence and my account by treating my monstrous idea as a push in a direction unfavourable to crime and unpleasant but demanding after all for a fair trial only another turn of the screw of ordinary human virtue. No attempt, nevertheless, could we make to see quite plain that this was a temptation to my eyes, the very nature. How could I put even a trace of that article into any expression of reference to what had occurred. How, on the other hand, could I make reference without a new plunge into the bottom of white. Well, a sort of answer after a time had come to me and it was so far confirmed as that I was put into my stability by the quickened vision of what was fair in my idea of my opinion. It was a deed as if he had found even now—as he had when he found at less—still some other delicate way to ease it off. Wasn't there ought in the fact which, as we shared out with it, broke out with a serious grief it had never yet quite worn—the fact that opportunity and a previous opportunity which had now come it was to be preposterous with a child was allowed to to give the help one might wrest from elsewhere intelligence. What had I never get to be given but for but to save him. Might it be to teach him not to risk the stretch of an angel at an over his character. It was as if when we were fair to face in the evening from he had already shown me the way. The most of it was on the table and I had disjunctured with attendance. Mrs. before he said down stood a moment with his hands in his pockets and looked at the point on which he seemed on the point of passing some humorous judgment. But what he presently produced was—I say, my dear, as she says very well—yes.

I see I see. Not so bad—that that she presently be better. I order was set her up. His had ceased to agree with her. Come here and take your mutton."

He gently obeyed me, carried the plate and lay to his seat and when he was established went on. But his disagree with her so terribly suddenly.

Not so violently as you might think. One had seen it coming on.

I even why did I get her off before.

"Before what?"

Before she became too ill to travel."

I heard it well enough. She was not to travel, she only might have become so if she had stayed. This was just the moment to seize. The journey was to dissipate the influence which I was granted—and carry it off."

I see I see. Mrs. for that matter was granted too. He seemed to his repast with the harmless game table matter—that from the day of his arrival had relieved me of a grossness of a truth. Whatever he had been driven from whom for it was not for long feeling. He was treacherable as a way to say, but he was unmistakably more conscious. He was heartily trying to take the granted more things than he found without any assistance, quite easy, and he dropped it to peacefully come while he felt a sensation. Our meal was of the latest, to be a fair pretense.

and I had the things immediately removed. While this was done Miss Stuart again with his hands in his coat pockets and his back to me—stood and looked out of the wide window through which that other day I had seen what pulled me up. We continued silent while the maid was with us—as silent as whimsical you cared to me—as some young couple who on their wedding journey at the inn, leaning in the presence of the waiter. He turned round only when the waiter had left us. Well—so we were alone!"

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

"Oh, more or less. I fancy my smile was paid. Not absolutely. We shouldn't like that!" I went on.

No—I suppose we shouldn't. Of course we have the others.

We have the others—we have indeed the others. I murmured.

Yet even though we have them, he returned, still with his hands in his pockets and planted here in front of me, they don't much count, do they?"

I made the best of it, but I felt wan. It depends on what you call 'much!'"

Yes—with all accommodation—everything depends. On this, however, he faced to the window again and presently reached it with his vague, restless, cogitating step. He remained there awhile, with his forehead against the glass, in contemplation of the stupid shrubs I knew and the dull things of November. I had always my hypocrisy of work behind which now I gained the safety of leading myself with it there as I had repeatedly done at those moments of torment that I have described as the moments of my knowing the children to be given to something from which I was barred. I sufficiently obeyed my habit of being prepared for the worst. But an extraordinary impression dropped on me as I extracted a meaning from the boy's embarrassed back—none other than the impression that I was not barred now. This inference grew in a few minutes to sharp insights and seemed bound up with the direct perception that it was positively *he* who was. The frames and squares of the great window were a kind of image for him of a kind of face. He it that I saw him at any rate, shut in or shut out. He was admirable, but not comfortable. I took it in with a throb of hope. Wasn't he looking through the haunted pane for something he couldn't see—and wasn't it the first time in the whole business that he had known such a lapse? The first, the very first. I found it a splendid portent. It made him anxious, though he watched himself, he had been anxious all day and even while in his usual sweet little manner he sat at table had needed all his small strategic genius to give it a gloss. When he at last turned round to meet me, it was a most as if his genius had succumbed. Well, I think I'm glad. By agrees with me.

You would certainly seem to have seen these twenty-four hours, a good deal more of it than for some time before, I hope. I went on bravely—that you've been enjoying yourself.

Oh, yes. I've been ever so far, a round about—nearly and miles away. I've never been so free."

He had really a manner of his own, and I could not resist to keep up with him. We were very near it.

He stood here staring then at last he put out two words—*“The sea?”* more distinctly, and than I had ever heard, two words to contain. Before I had time to deal with that however, he continued as if with the sense that this was an impertinence to be softened. Nothing could be more charming than the way you take it for of course if we were alone together now it is you that are alone most. But I hope, he threw in, you don't passionately read.

Having to do with you, I asked. My dear child, how can I keep minding. Though I've remained a stranger to your company, you are so beyond me. I at least greatly enjoy it. What else should I stay on for.

He looked at me more directly, and the expression of his face, as ever now, struck me as he most beautiful I had ever found in it. You stay on just for *that?*

Certainly, I stay on as your friend and I don't he trusted—as interest I take in you. If something can be done for you that may be more worth your while, that need surprise you. My own troubles that I feel it impossible to suppress, he shook. Don't you remember how I told you when I came and sat on your bed the night of the storm, that there was nothing in the world I wouldn't do for you.

Yes, yes. He no longer more and more soft, nervous had a tone to master, but he was so much more susceptible and that laughing out through his gravity, he could pretend we were pleasantly joking. Only that I think way to get me to do something for you.

I was partly to get you to do something. I needed. But, you know, you didn't do it.

“Oh, yes,” he said with the brightest superficial eagerness, “you wanted me to tell you something.

That's it. Of straight. What you have on your mind, you know.

And then, is that what you've stayed over for.

He spoke with a gaiety through which I could still catch the faint little quiver of resentful passion, but I can't begin to express the effect upon me of an implication of surrender even so faint. It was as if what I had yearned for had come at last only to avow itself. We'd yes. I may as well make a clean breast of it. It was precisely for that.

He wore I was long that I supposed it for the purpose of repudiating the assumption on which my action had been founded, but what he really said was, “Do you mean now—here?”

There could not be a better place at time. He looked round in an uneasy, and I had the rare, soft the queer impression of the very first symptom I had seen in him of the approach of his real fear. It was as if he were suddenly afraid of me, which struck me in deed as perhaps the best thing to make him. Yet in the very pang of the effort he refused to cry sternness, and I heard myself the next instant so gentle as to be almost grotesque. You want to go on it again.

Awful. He smiled at me hetero- and the touching line, a very of it was enhanced by his actualy laughing with pain. He had picked it up but which he had brought in, and stood waiting for it in a way that gave me even as I was just nearly reaching port, a perverse hint of what I was doing. In doing in any way was an act of violence, for what did I consist of but the old notion of the idea of grossness and guilt in a small heinous

creature who had been for me a revelation of the possibilities of beautiful intercourse? Wasn't it base to create for a being so exquisite a mere a mere awkwardness? I suppose I now read into our situation a clearness it couldn't have had at the time, for I seem to see in it poor eyes a ready lighted with some spark of a prevision of the anguish that was to come. So we tumbled about with terrors and scruples, like fighters not daring to close. But it was for each other we feared! That kept us a little longer suspended and unbruised. "I'll tell you everything," Miles said— "I mean I'll tell you anything you like. You stay on with me, and we shall both be all right, and I won't tell you— I can't! But not now."

"Why not now?"

My insistence turned him from me and kept him once more at his window, in a silence during which, between us, you might have heard a pin drop. Then he was before me again with the air of a person for whom outside someone who had frankly to be reckoned with was waiting. "I have to see Luke."

I had not yet reduced him to quite so vulgar a defeat as I felt proportionately ashamed. But horrible as it was, his lies made up my truth. I achieved the oughtful by a few loops of my knitting. "Well, then, go to Luke, and I'll wait for what you promise. Only in return for that satisfy before you leave me, one very much smaller request."

He looked as if he felt he had succeeded enough to be able still a little to bargain. "Very much smaller——"

"Yes, a mere fraction of the whole. Tell me—— why my work preoccupied me, and I was offhand—— I yesterday afternoon, from the table in the hall, you took, you know, my letter?"

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

My sense of how he received this suffered for a minute from something that I can describe only as a fierce spurt of my attention—a stroke that at first, as I sprang straight up, reduced me to the mere blind movement of getting hold of him, drawing him close, and, while I just led for support against the nearest piece of furniture, instinctively keeping him with his back to the window. The appearance was full upon us that I had a ready hand to deal with here. Peter Quint had come into view like a sentinel before a prison. The next thing I saw was that, from outside, he had reached the window, and then I knew that, close to the glass and gazing in through it, he offered once more to the room his white face of damnation. It represents but grossly what took place within me at the sight to say that on the second my decision was made, yet I believe that no woman so overwhelmed ever in so short a time recovered her grasp of the act. It came to me in the very horror of the immediate presence that the act would be seeing and facing what I saw and faced, to keep the boy himself unaware. The inspiration—I can call it by no other name—was that I felt how volcanically, how transcendently, I might. It was like fighting with a demon for a human soul, and when I had fairly so appraised it I saw how the human soul—he d out, in the tremor of my hands, at arm's length—

had a perfect dew of sweat on a rose with lily forehead. The face that was close to mine was as white as the face against the glass, and out of it presided calm, a sound, not low, not weak, but as if I were much further away, that I drank like a waft of fragrance.

"Yes—I took it."

At this, with a moan of joy, I endeavored I drew him close, and while I held him to my breast, where I could feel up the sudden fever of his late body the tremor, the pulse of his heart, I kept my eyes on the thing at the window and saw it move and shift its posture. I have likened it to a sentry, but its slow wheel for a moment was rather the prow of a baffled beast. My present quickened courage, however, was such that not too much to let it through, I had to shake it as it were my flame. Meanwhile the glare of the face was again at the window, the sound re-fixed as if to watch and wait. It was the very confidence that I might now detain him, as well as the positive certitude by this time of the brazen and unreasonableness that made me go on. What did you take it for?

"To see what you said about me."

"You opened the letter?"

"I opened it."

My eyes were now, as I held him off a little again, on Miles's own face, in which the collapse of mockery showed me how complete was the ravage of unreason. What was prodigious was that at last, by my success, his sense was sealed and his confusion stopped: he knew that he was in presence, but knew not of what, and knew still less that I also was and that I did know. And what did this strain of trouble matter when my eyes went back to the window only to see that the air was clear again and—by my personal triumph—the influence quenched? There was nothing there. I felt that the cause was mine and that I should surely get on. And you found nothing. I let my exaltation out.

He gave the most mournful thoughtful little headshake. "Nothing."

"Nothing, nothing. I almost shouted in my joy."

"Nothing, nothing," he sadly repeated.

I kissed his forehead; it was freckled. "So what have you done with it?"

"I've burned it."

"Burned it? It was now or never. Is that what you did at school?"

"Oh, what brought it up? At school?"

"Did you take letters, or other things?"

"Other things." He appeared now to be thinking of something far off and that reached him only through the pressure of his anxiety. Yet it did reach him. "Did I steal?"

I let myself fall ten to the roots of my hair, as well as wonder if it were more strange to put to a gentleman with a question or to see him take it with a pretence that gave the very distance of his fall in the world. Was it for that you mightn't go back?"

The only thing he felt was rather a dreary little surprise. "Did you know I mightn't go back?"

"I know everything."

He gave me at this the longest and strangest look. "Everything?"

"Everything. Therefore *did you* . . . But I couldn't say it again."

Miles could, very simply. "No, I didn't steal."

My face must have shown him I believed him utterly, yet my hands—

but it was his pure tenderness—shook him as I to ask him why. "It was all for nothing," he had condemned me to months of torment. "What then did you do?"

He looked to vaguer pains and round the top of the room and drew his breath two or three times over, as I watched him do. He might have been standing at the bottom of the sea and raising his eyes to some faint green twilight. "Well—I said things."

"Only that?"

"They thought it was enough!"

"To turn you out for?"

Never really had a person turned out, shown willing to explain it as this blue person. He appeared to weigh my question, but in a manner quite detached and almost hesitant. "Well, I suppose I ought to."

"But to whom did you say them?"

He evidently tried to remember, but it dropped;—he had lost it. "I don't know!"

He almost smiled at me in the desolation of his utterance, which was indeed practically, by this time, so complete that I longed to have left it there. But I was infuriated. I was—indeed with victory, though even then the very effect that way to have brought him so much nearer was already that of added separation. "Went it to every one," I asked.

"No, it was only to——" But he gave a sick little headshake. "I don't remember their names."

"Were they then so many?"

"No—only a few. Those I asked."

Those he asked, I seemed to float not in clearness, but into a darker, obscure, and without a doubt there had come to me, and my very pulse the appalling alarm of his being perhaps innocent. It was for, he—usual common decency and better—less for, the were if innocent, what then on earth was I? Paralyzed while I asked, by the mere brush of the question, I felt brought a little so that with a deep sigh he moved away from me again, which as he faced toward the near window, I entered, feeling that I had nothing now there to keep him from. "And did they repeat what you said?" I went on after a moment.

He was now at some distance from me, still breathing hard and again with the air, though now without a regret for it, of being confined against his will. Once more, as he had done before, he looked—just the dim day as it is, of what had hitherto sustained him, nothing was left but an unspeakable anxiety. "Oh, yes," he nevertheless replied, "they must have repeated them. I suppose they liked," he added.

There was somehow less of it than I had expected, but I turned it over. And these things came round——

To the masters. "Oh, yes," he answered very simply. "But I didn't know they'd tell."

The masters. They didn't—they've never told. That's why I ask you.

He turned to me again, lost the breath in levelled face. "Yes, it was I so bad."

"Too bad?"

"What I suppose I sometimes said. To write home."

I can't name the exquisite pathos of the contradiction given to such a speech by such a speaker. I only know that the next instant I heard myself

throw off with his me y force. "Stuff and nonsense." But the next after that I must have wounded stern enough. "What are these things?"

My sternness was as hot as his, judge his executioner, yet it made him avert himself again and, ha! quivered, to make me with a single bound and an impressive cry springing upon him. For there again, against the glass, as if to brighten or lessen and stay his answer, was the hidden author of our woes, the white face of damnation. I felt a sick swim at the drop of my victory and at the return of my victim so that the weakness of my verbal leap on my served as a great betrayal. I saw him from the midst of my act meet it with a distraction, and on the perception that even now he was gassed, and that he would now stay to his own eyes free. I let the impulse I am apt to convert, he amax of his loss, into the very proof of his liberation. No more, no more, no more. I shrieked, as I tried to press him against me, to my visitor.

Is she here? Mies patted as he caught with his sealed eyes the direction of my words. Then as his strange, she staggered me and, with a gasp I echoed it. Miss Jewer, Miss Jesse, he with a sudden lurch gave me back.

I seized, startled, his position, some sequel to what we had done to her, but this made me only want to show him that it was better still than that. It is not Miss Jesse. But it is at the window, straight before us. It is there, the coward horror, there for the last time.

At that, after a second, in which his head made the movement of a baffled dog given a scent and then gave a frantic shake for air and light, he was at me in a white rage, how dare I glaring varly over the place and musing who's thought it now to my use, tried the room like the taste of poison, the wide, overwhelming presence. It is he?

I was so determined to have at my proof, that I flashed into me to challenge him. Whom do you mean by he?

Peter Quint, you devil. His face gave again, round the room, its convulsed supplication. "Where?"

They are in my ears still, his supreme surrender of the name and his tribute to my devotion. What does he matter now, my own, what will he ever matter. I have you. I am touched at the heart, but he has lost you forever. Then, for the demonstration of my work, "here there," I said to Mies.

But he had a ready jerked straight round, stared, gaped again, and seen but the quiet day. With the stroke of the loss I was so proud of he entered the cry of a creature hurled over an abyss, and the grasp with which I recovered him might have been that of catching him in his fall. I caught him, yes, I believe, but may be imagined with what a passion, but at the end of a minute I began to feel what a heavy way that I held. We were alone with the quiet day, and his little heart, dispossessed, had stopped.

(Continued from front flap)

A similar theme appears in *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. A doctor discovers a potion that has the power to transform him into a fiend whose deeds become more and more horrifying. Awakened by a nightmare, Robert Louis Stevenson feverishly wrote *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* in three days, destroyed it, and wrote it again in another three days.

In *Dracula*, Bram Stoker created a monstrous being founded in folklore and legend; it is a tale made the more horrifying by the enduring belief in the possible existence of real vampires. With superhuman power, the vampire Count Dracula lures victims into his clutches and drains them of life until they too join the living dead.

Oscar Wilde portrays a beautiful, ever-youthful Adonis who leads a life of decadence in *The Picture of Dorian Gray*. As Dorian ruins and corrupts those around him, his portrait strangely alters with each new crime he commits. We follow him down this path of decay to a shattering, inevitable climax.

In *The Turn of the Screw*, Henry James, the master of ambiguity, tells the story of a governess, her two charges, and the spiritual presence of a dead valet and a dead governess. If we cannot be sure that these ghosts are real or imagined, there is no doubt about the terror this tangled tale inspires.

Complete and together in one volume, these six gothic classics of the supernatural, by great writers who are masters of the macabre, provide new insights—and heightened terrors—with each reading.

Jacket painting by Hector Garrido

ISBN 0 7529 0245 8



A GOTHIC TREASURY OF THE SUPERNATURAL

Horace Walpole
The Castle of Otranto

Mary Shelley
Frankenstein

Robert Louis Stevenson
The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde

Oscar Wilde
The Picture of Dorian Gray

Bram Stoker
Dracula

Henry James
The Turn of the Screw

ISBN 0-7529-0245-8



9 780752 902456